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THE KING OF THE FRENCH, FRANCE, WELLINGTON, AND EUROPE.

FRANCE now attracts the universal eye, and as a great portion of her conduct must be determined by the character of her chief, the history of Louis Philippe has a peculiar interest at the present time.

Of all the countries of Europe, France has seldomest seen the succession to her throne disturbed by war, conspiracy, or the influence of foreign powers. Yet, since the tenth century she has been governed by seven dynasties: the Capet, the Valois, the Orleans Valois, the Angoulême, the Bourbon, the Napoleon, and the Orleans; or on an average, one every century.

The death of Louis le Faineant, a profligate youth, left Hugh Capet, who had been appointed his guardian, master of the crown, in 987. Charles, Duke of Lorraine, the late king's uncle, disputed his right; but Capet's descent from Charlemagne, and his own intelligence, moderation, and virtue, secured the affections of the people. His dynasty governed France down to the fourteenth century, when, in 1328, Charles the Fourth, named the Handsome, died, leaving no male issue.

The Valois branch of the Capets now succeeded; a memorable event in French history, as the origin of those dreadful wars with England, which devastated France for almost a hundred and fifty years. The right to the crown was claimed by Edward the Third, in virtue of his descent by the female line. But the French pleaded the Salique law against him, and the nobles chose Philip, the son of Charles de Valois, brother of Philip the Fair, and uncle of Charles the Handsome. In Charles the Eighth the line failed, in 1498.

The Orleans branch ascended the throne, in the person of Louis, Duke of Orleans, cousin of Louis the Eleventh. He married a sister of the English Henry the Eighth. In speaking of those various branches as dynasties, of course we have not taken the word in its general sense, of a long succession in each, but merely as the change of a direct lineage.

The Angoulême branch succeeded in 1515. Francis, Duke of Angoulême, the famous Francis the First, the rival of Charles the Fifth of Germany, ascending the throne, by the death of Louis the

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Twelfth, without issue. The death of Henry the Third, formerly Duke of Anjou, and King of Poland, brother of Charles the Ninth, that atrocious author of the massacre of St. Bartholomew, left the crown to the Bourbon branch.

In 1589, Henry Bourbon, King of Navarre, the famous Henry the Fourth, was called to the throne. He was allied to the Capets, as ninth in descent from St. Louis, and was at once a Valois by blood, and a Bourbon by parentage. The death of the unfortunate Louis the Sixteenth on the scaffold, in 1793, left France without a monarch, as she had left herself without a throne.

In 1804, Napoleon, the First Consul, was made Emperor, and retained his sovereignty till 1814, when he abdicated for the first time, and returning, was finally expelled in 1815. The Bourbons then returned. The fatal ordonnances of the 27th of June, 1830, overthrew them, and the Orleans branch were again summoned to the throne, (August 7th,) by the general acclamation of the people, and the sanction of the Chamber of Deputies.

The History of the late Duke of Orleans, the father of the King, is one of warning to the restlessness and folly of men of rank. He had fortune, high station, and extensive popularity; he had even personal acquirements and no trivial ability. But he had ambition; a giddy, reckless, and cruel desire of being the first, where nature, fidelity, and honour would have kept him the second. Yet it is remarkable that he lost his grand prize, the throne, by *want of vice*! Personally profligate, and publicly ready for all excesses of politics or the passions, he was not prepared to exhibit the due proportion of ferocity. He had not made up his mind to drink blood, and roar blasphemies with the true men of the revolution. The Marats outran him in frenzy, the Dantons in blasphemy, and the Robespierres in massacre. Thus left behind in the popular race of the glorious time of philosophy and the scaffold, the unfortunate Duke stood a solitary and forlorn figure for the scoff of the Republic—soon to be its victim. The old question of who or what was the true origin of that tempest of horror and carnage, is brought to decision in the character of the Duke of Orleans.—He was the richest subject in France:—the King was oppressed with financial perplexities.—He was at the head of all the intellectual profligates of France: the King was surrounded only by the court imbeciles, by feeble adulators, keen enough in their own interests to keep him constantly in the clouds, whenever the public interests were concerned, but utterly unfit to contend, in intelligence, experience, or activity, with the World of France.—The Duke was a man of ability, the King was, like his councillors, imbecile, though not, like them, dishonest; and destitute of all opportunities to learn the public mind, though not, like them, unwilling. With all those advantages on the side of Orleans, advantages, to a man of his unprincipled spirit, galling him every hour by the contrast, he had a personal and keener source of resentment: he felt that he was suspected by the King, and hated by the Queen.

The private scandals of French life must find another detail than ours. But they had reached a dreadful extent in the time of the old court of France. The Queen's artless manners had given rise to suspicions of more than levity, and in the infinite idleness of Versailles, and the infinite malice of Paris, she had been traduced without mercy. There is not the slightest evidence that she was deserving of the slightest



of those rumours. Her ease of manner arose from an unstained heart, her familiarity was innocence, and her open ridicule of the repulsive formality of court etiquette, the natural result of security of mind. But it is hazardous to stand in opposition to the customs of a whole country. The profligate countesses, to whom life had but one profligate purpose, exclaimed in all their coteries against the "indecorums" of the Queen. The profligate nobles conceived that even the highest rank of female life was no more guarded by virtue than that of the brood of painted and gambling women of their circle. The profligate populace, always rejoicing at the opportunity of lowering their superiors to the level of their own vices, rejoiced at the probability of being able to stigmatize the Queen, who had the additional unpopularity of being an Austrian, the director of her weak husband, and the true and known pillar of royalty in the councils of France.

Whether the duke was repulsed in his politics or his person—whether as a rebel or a lover, his hatred against the Queen was notorious and irreconcilable. The Queen repaid him. She has been heard to say, as he walked through the levee, "Look at that man's countenance: it carries death to me."

From the year 1787, the Duke of Orleans had placed himself in the foremost position as leader of the anti-royal party. The quarrels of the Parliament of Paris with the Court, had compelled the King to do something more than eat, dream, and talk to his confessor. In the famous sitting of November, 1787, Orleans had the hardihood to ask the King whether the meeting was for deliberating on the state of the country, or merely for registering the royal will? Whether it was to be a real council, or simply a 'bed of justice?' The question was bold; the whole assembly of courtiers had never heard such a sound before; the poor King was all astonishment, and the duke received the reward of his intrepidity, in a ministerial order to leave Paris, and go to Villers Coterets.

But what duke of the old regime, or what Frenchman, of any, could bear exile from Paris? Orleans solicited his recal, and even solicited the Queen to obtain that recal.

On the 8th of May, when the Estates of the Kingdom met in the Cathedral at Notre Dame, the duke was observed to desert the procession of the princes of the blood to mingle with the populace, and exhibited by his manner a sufficient contempt for the grave mockery of the ceremonial. The amalgamation of the Deputies into one body, the National Assembly, owed much of its success to the duke, and his speech formidably widened the distance between him and the royal family. A remarkable contrast to the King, the Court, and the People, was, that while they were growing poor, the Duke was growing rich. One of his most reprobate companions, Louvet, had suggested the idea of throwing the greater part of his palace into shops. The Palais Royal was instantly an enormous revenue, and he had soon money enough to blind one half of Paris, and to bribe the other.

The plot now began to thicken. "The Jacobin Club," damned to everlasting fame, were the duke's partizans, purchased, doubtless, by the duke's gold. The crown was visibly slipping off the head of the unfortunate Louis. The Jacobins were ready to put it on the head of their master. But his distinctions were to be of another kind. He was sent by the King into exile, on pretence of a mission to England.

On his return, he found that his chance was at an end. The Jacobins had made up their minds—"There was to be no king in France." The duke was expelled from Versailles; and from that moment he threw off the mask, if he had ever worn one.

The infamous 6th of October, 1792, came, and the King, Queen, and the royal children, were dragged to Paris by a mob, who paraded the heads of the *gardes du corps* before the royal carriage, on pikes. This was the day that stamped Lafayette for life. While he lives, it will never be forgotten that "he slept on the 6th of October." He was commander of the National Guard, of forty thousand men. At the head of this force, he ought to have stopped the mob of Paris from going to Versailles to insult the Constitutional King. He did no such thing. This band of blood, drunkenness, and robbery, got the start of him by six hours. He then followed them, to rescue the King. Lafayette arrived, and fortunately found that nothing had yet been done. The National Guard were quartered round the palace. Lafayette had an audience of the King, and solemnly assured him that he might retire to rest with the utmost security; he would answer for it, and would guarantee the royal family against any attack by the mob. On this assurance the King ordered the exterior posts of the palace to be given up to the National Guard, and went to sleep. Lafayette *went to sleep too!* and slept so soundly, that he slept till the mob had burst their way into the royal chambers, gutted the palace, stabbed the *gardes-du-corps*, and taken the unfortunate monarch prisoner, to take him as a felon to Paris. Then Lafayette put himself at the head of the National Guard again, and again followed the mob. All this might have been mere negligence or folly, but it was singularly disastrous in the end. So much for the Patriot who is now to watch over the pillow of Louis Philippe.

Titles were next extinguished, and the proud name of Orleans was sunk in the popular one of *Egalité*. Citizen Equality was now a plebeian like the rest, the fellow of the citizen tinker and the citizen cobbler. His rabble compeers soon gave him a lesson in the rights of man. His estates followed his titles. Some of his family fled, and were glad to fly. His son entered the Revolutionary army. His own life was in perpetual hazard. On the 21st of January, 1793, Louis the Sixteenth was murdered on the scaffold. The Duke of Orleans had voted for his death; and even in that band of blood, the vote caused an universal shudder. He was utterly undone from that hour. No man's career ever gave a more striking example of the miseries of guilty ambition. The Nobles hated him, as the betrayer of their order, the Church as the patron of their confiscation, the King's friends as his unnatural enemy, the People as a remnant of the aristocracy on which they rejoiced to trample. To save himself in this general repulsion, he had plunged into fatal intrigue with the Jacobins; that troop of assassins which seemed congregated for the scourge of France, and the abhorrence of human nature. They received him in triumph, kept him as a tool, and then cast him off as a victim. Robespierre, who mastered all his rivals by a supremacy in bloodshed, marked him for the scaffold.

The malice of the master-fiend turned even his sacrifices and services against this miserable man.—"He has two sons in our army in Belgium; his influence is therefore dangerous. He has friends among our generals—he must be watched. He has called himself *Egalité*—he cannot be sincere, he must wish to be a duke again; his hypocrisy must be

punished. He has given up large sums to forward the Revolution. It must have been with the idea of ascending a new throne. The Republic allows of no throne. He must be extinguished." The reasoning was irresistible, and the proud Philip of Orleans was cast into the dungeons of Marseilles. Trial rapidly followed; he was found guilty; and the justice which he had eluded during a long career, at length overtook him at the hands of a tribunal of assassins. He died firmly, as became a man of high name, and still retaining the single virtue that saves the criminal from utter contempt. The populace, for whose plaudits he had sacrificed all things, rewarded him by scoffs and hisses on his way to the scaffold. "They will applaud me yet," said he, with a sudden sense of the giddiness of popular opinion. Yet he was mistaken. No man has since applauded him. He has been left in the neglect due to his crimes. No hand has planted the laurel, nor even the cypress, on his grave.

Louis-Philippe, the present King of the French, was born on the 6th of October 1773, in the Palais Royal, eldest son of the late Duke, and of Louisa Maria Adelaide, daughter of the Duc de Bourbon Penthièvre, Admiral of France. In infancy his title was Duc de Valois, but in 1782 he assumed that of Duc de Chartres, on the death of his grandfather, the Duke of Orleans, from whom he had been called, his father's name being Louis Philippe Joseph. He had two brothers, the Duc de Montpensier, and the Comte de Beaujolais, who both died of consumption about twenty years ago, and one sister, Adelaide Eugene Louisa, Princess of Orleans, born in 1777.

The education of the Orleans family was for many years in the hands of Madame de Genlis, well known for her novels, her tracts on education, her scribbling at the age of eighty, and her figuring in the scandalous chronicle of Paris. Her system of education was founded on the fanciful absurdities of Rousseau, and the young Duke was to be the Emilius. A large part of this was foolish, but some was practical, and all was better than the wretched system of flattery, indolence and vice, in which the children of the French nobles were generally brought up. De Genlis removed the Orleans children from the pestilent habits of Paris to the country, and there gave them the exercise, and in a considerable degree the habits and pursuits of the peasantry. The boys were taught to live on simple food, to run, swim, even to climb trees, and walk on poles, for the purpose of accustoming them to help themselves in any case of personal hazard. The results were, health, handsome proportions and activity; but the Countess taught them more, for in her ideas of life she mingled, like all fools of both sexes, the glories of political bustle, and she took the children to see the fall of the Bastille. Doubtless every man of common sense on earth must have rejoiced at the fall of an infernal prison, in which the caprice of a minister, or the mistress of a minister, or of a clerk in office, or the mistress of a clerk in office, might shut up the most innocent man for life. The Bastille could not exist in any country without degrading the very nature of man, and making every individual, writer or not writer, tremble for every syllable he uttered. Still it was a piece of indecorum and insolence in the governess of infants to lead them to a spectacle, which to their minds could be only one of riot and butchery, and which was at the moment a direct triumph over the unfortunate king and relative of their father. The truth was, Madame volunteered revolutionary displays for the honour of her *friendship* with M. le Duc.



But one display that took place the year before was exempt from those charges. In the French convents, as in all places, under the uncontrolled dominion of the popish priesthood, horrible cruelties were practised; sometimes on monks and nuns who happened naturally to get weary of their condition, or disgusted with the cold cruelty of their superiors; sometimes protestants given over to the hands of those horrid persecutors, and sometimes on state prisoners—unfortunate beings who had, for something or for nothing, excited the suspicion of some tyrant governor of the province, or some scoundrel courtier; or some licentious prince. The convent prisons answered the double purpose of paying a compliment to the monks, saving the government the trouble of keeping those wretched people in charge, and securing them till a miserable death ended their sufferings; for no prison was so secure or so secret as the vault of a convent. St. Michael, in Normandy, was one of those pious safeguards; and there was in the bottom of one of its caverns, a place of peculiar confinement for unfortunates whose crimes were obnoxious to the tastes of royalty. Writers were especially criminal in the eyes of the French kings and courtiers, and one of the tenants of this dungeon was the publisher of a Dutch gazette; who, owing no allegiance to Louis XIV., and probably feeling no more admiration than the royal libertine's subjects for him, had excited his displeasure by some remarks in his paper. The publisher was laid hold on, hurried off to the St. Michael, and in the iron cage of this horrible dungeon he lay for fifteen years! Well may Englishmen bless the tongues and swords that rescued them from tender mercies like this! Well may they look with jealousy and indignation on all attempts to bring them to a condition like this, and well may they deserve it if they suffer the slightest inroad on the Press, which is, after all, the only sure guardian of their liberty,—surer and safer than all the formal guards of laws, which may be abrogated in an hour; of a legislature which may be corrupted; or of a cabinet which may dread the light, for the old reason, of the darkness of its deeds! The French ministers knew what was the friend of freedom and the foe of tyranny, and they fastened all the fangs and claws of power upon the Press. Nations have the example—let them be wise by the warning.

In the first efforts of the French Revolution, the public mind was turned on what had been its especial horror for so many centuries, and the secrets of those dreadful places were dragged to light. Among the rest, the Norman peasantry insisted on relieving the monks of St. Michael of the honour of being prison-keepers to the king; and the dungeon was thrown open for public inspection. Louis XVI. was a mild tempered creature, and the fashion at court was astonishment at the thickness of prison walls, the damp of dungeons, and the rusty solidity of bolts and bars. The prisons became a sort of public curiosity; and among the rest, St. Michael was visited by the Count D'Artois, who was electrified at the sight of the iron cage! gave a general command for its demolition, rode off, and left it as he found it. But it seems as if fate had determined that the Duke of Orleans should always finish what Charles X. left undone. The young *élève* of Madame de Genlis not merely commanded its destruction, but stood by till it was completed. The narrative of this transaction, which was the parent of the fall of the Bastille, is interesting.

“The Prior, followed by the monks, two carpenters, and the greater part of the prisoners, who, at our request, were allowed to be present,



accompanied us to the spot containing this horrible cage. In order to reach it, we were obliged to traverse caverns so dark, that we had to use lighted flambeaux; and after having descended many steps, we reached the cavern where stood this abominable cage, which was extremely small, and placed on ground so damp, that we could see the water running under it!

"I entered with a sentiment of horror and indignation, mingled with the pleasant feeling, that, at least, thanks to my pupils, no unfortunate person would in future have to reflect with bitterness within its walls on his own calamities, and the cruelty of men. The young duke, with the most touching expression, and with a force beyond his years, gave the first blow with his axe to the cage (which was of wood, strongly bound with iron). After which the carpenters cut down the door, and removed some of the wood. I never witnessed any thing so interesting as the transports, the acclamations, and the applauses of the prisoners during the demolition. The old Swiss porter alone shewed signs of grief, which the prior explained, by saying he regretted the cage, because he made money by shewing it to strangers. The duke immediately gave him ten louis; saying, that 'for the future, instead of shewing the cage to travellers, he should have to point out the place where it stood, and that surely would be more agreeable to them.'" So says Madame de Genlis, and the anecdote does credit to the feelings and the understanding of her clever pupil.

There are also some traits of good feeling told of him at subsequent periods. When the decree of the National Assembly put an end to the privileges of eldership, the little Duc de Chartres turned round to his brother Montpensier, and declared "his delight that there would be no longer any distinction between them." This was French, and, besides, argued rather too keen a sense of his previous superiority. But the next anecdote is of the country of every honest and high-minded man. At the age of seventeen he was sent for to Paris by his father, and an establishment was given to him. His time of life was a tempting one, and Paris was a tempting place, for such a time. But the boy felt that he had still something to learn, and he still made regular visits, as a pupil, to the family school in the country. He, yet more to his honour, made the resolution of laying by his pocket-money till he was of age, and appropriating it to charitable and public purposes.

The Duc de Chartres was now to mingle in the stirring life of the world. The Jacobins were the chief partizans of his father, and by that father's command he became a member of the Jacobin Club. But he was happily called from the contact of those blasphemers and murderers to scenes where his virtues would not be so hazardous to himself. In 1790 he was sent to join his regiment quartered in Vendome. He found the populace slaying the priests, and his first exploit was to save one of those unfortunate men; his next was to jump into the river to rescue a custom-house officer from drowning. His activity could not have exercised itself on two more obnoxious classes. For the priest he got nothing, but the city of Vendome gave him a civic crown for the exciseman!

In 1792, France offered the finest lesson ever given to the world of a nation trained from its cradle by Popery and its perpetual associate Despotism! It was all in a blaze. Its only creed an abolition of all

belief in a soul, in the principles of truth, honour, or morality, or in a God; its only law the will of a populace of cut-throats inured to make confessions once a quarter, and receive absolution as often, let the iniquity be what it might, the simple condition being the amount of the fee; and its only freedom the liberty to murder every body, and be murdered in their turn:—the delight of the legislature and the populace alike being the general clearance of the prisons, the streets, and the houses by the pike, the grapeshot, and the guillotine; France declaring herself at war with all the world, all the world compelled to war with France; every day a massacre in Paris, or in the provinces, a battle on the frontier, or a new burst of horrible retaliatory rage in *La Vendée*; The whole aspect of that immense country one cloud of conflagration and slaughter; France bleeding at every pore.

The Duc de Chartres served his first campaign under Biron in 1792, in the army of the north, where he was in several general actions, and commanded a brigade of cavalry. Under Luckner and Dumouriez he fought against the Prussian invasion, and on the famous 6th of November, 1792, the day of Gemappe, he is said to have decided the battle. The French had found the Austrian army strongly intrenched on the heights of Gemappe. But he, as Dumouriez afterwards declared, had no alternative but to attack them, for he had no bread; and he gave one of his columns to the Duc de Chartres, who rushed upon the lines. The Austrians repulsed the first charge, and drove back the column, which had led the centre attack. Dumouriez thought that all was lost, and was galloping across the field to recover the day if possible, when he met an aide-de-camp sent to give him the news of victory. The Duc de Chartres had rallied his young troops, put himself at the head of a regiment, and rushing forward, burst into the Austrian lines. All was now rout; the charge decided the battle, and the battle decided the fate of the Austrian dominion in Flanders. The enemy lost upwards of six thousand in killed, wounded, and prisoners, and Dumouriez instantly overran the whole of Belgium.

But Dumouriez, that fortunate and extraordinary soldier, who first taught the French Republican how to fight, and whose genius was the only one that might have anticipated the splendour of Napoleon's triumphs, was soon forced to acknowledge the uncertainty of military fortune. In February 1793, at the battle of Nerwinde, he was utterly defeated. With the Republic, misfortune was always a crime, and the general was summoned to Paris to give an account of himself. This was notoriously but a summons to have his head cut off. He knew the world, and he contrived to elude the command; while he revolved the idea of overthrowing his masters in their turn. He was said to have then conceived the idea of placing the Duc de Chartres on the throne. But he found that his army would not follow him. Commissioners from Paris arrived to seize the refractory general. By a last instance of dexterity, he turned the tables on the commissioners, cleverly seized them, sent them as an introduction for himself to the Austrian camp, and galloped after them with the young duke at his side. The seizure of these commissioners was of service to more than himself, for they were afterwards exchanged for the Dauphiness, the present Duchess of Angoulême, then in prison in Paris.

The duke had fled, only on knowing that an order for his arrest had been issued from Paris. But though a fugitive by necessity he refused

to serve against France. The Prince of Cobourg, the Austrian general, offered him the command of a division as lieutenant-general. This he declined; and, proscribed by his country, separated from all means of income, and with nothing but his education, his activity, and his honesty, he went to make his way through the world.

Such are the vicissitudes from which at times no rank is exempted. But the duke had more than the ordinary aggravations of a fall from splendid fortune. He was in terror for every member of his family. His father and two brothers were in the dungeons of the Committee of Public Safety, dungeons from which there was scarcely an instance of liberation, and from which his father was taken but to die. His mother and sister had fled from France, and he had no intelligence of them, except that they were separated! He was personally obnoxious to the emigrants, from his Republican services, and the Republicans would have seen him only to send him to the guillotine. In this emergency he made his escape to Switzerland. It seems unfortunate that he did not come to England, where he would have been secure, and highly received. But probably he might have been reluctant to meet the multitude of emigrants here, and, probably too, his proud spirit would have been unwilling, either to appear as a pensioner of the country, or to take the humble means which he must have found necessary for independence.

But in Switzerland he had the satisfaction of finding his sister, whom he placed in the convent of Bremgarten. As soon as his presence was known he was persecuted, and obliged to fly to the Alps from the pursuit of Robespierre. During four months which he passed in this wild country, he and his valet lived on thirty sous, or 1s. 5d. a day. At length, even this failed; he was obliged to dismiss his valet, and assuming the name of M. Corby, he offered himself as teacher of mathematics at the college of the Grisons at Coire. Here he subsisted for eight months. The death of Robespierre, in 1794, made this retirement unnecessary. He received some money from France, and hired a cottage in a Swiss village. He then set out on a tour through the north, and went as far as Lapland.

In an account by Tweddale, the Greek traveller, of his visit to the duke, in Switzerland, he says:—

“The duke is at present determined to proceed to North America, to enjoy that liberty for which he has suffered so much. There, in the midst of forests, he will complete an education so auspiciously commenced by adversity. I doubt not that he will still display that unaffected magnanimity which has hitherto rendered him superior to good and to bad fortune. The same greatness of soul has marked him throughout. A prince, at sixteen, without the least touch of pride; at seventeen, a general rallying his division three times under the fire of Gemappe; a professor of geometry at twenty, as competent as if he had devoted to it long years of study; and in each condition, as if he had been born to fulfil its duties. To conclude, I cannot give you a better idea of the union of strength and moderation in his character, than by a copy of a letter which he wrote a few days ago to an American, who had offered him some waste land to clear.—‘I am heartily disposed to labour for the acquisition of an independence. Misfortune has smitten, but, thank God, it has not prostrated me. More than happy in my misfortunes, that youth prevented the formation of



habits difficult to break through, and that prosperity was snatched from me before I could either use or abuse it."

A new reason was soon added to this manly propensity to struggle for himself in the world. The Directory of France, fearing the return of so popular a branch of the royal family, offered to liberate his brothers on condition of his going to America. He instantly embraced the proposal. The compact was kept by the Directory, and the duke and his two brothers, to whom he was strongly attached, met in Philadelphia, in 1797. After a long tour through the lakes and forests, he passed down the Mississippi, and remained at the Havannah for a year and a half, waiting the King of Spain's permission to return and see his mother. The permission never came. He now visited the Duke of Kent at Halifax, and by his advice sailed for England. Again he sailed for Spain, but was not suffered to land. He returned to England, and was introduced by the Count D'Artois to Louis XVIII. He took a house at Twickenham, where he lost his brother, the Duc de Montpensier, by a consumption. His brother, Beaujolais, was seized with the same disease, and the duke took him to Malta for change of climate; but there he, too, died.

The history of this distinguished man almost exceeds the wanderings of romance. In 1809 he went to Sicily, on a visit to the court. Leopold, the king's second son, had entertained the idea of being chosen head of the Spanish nation, in the absence of their king. He sailed with the duke for Gibraltar; but the governor, justly conceiving that a Sicilian prince was not the proper head for a free insurrection, refused to suffer the royal adventurer to land. The design perished on the spot.

On his return to England he found his sister, and they sailed together to meet their mother, who had escaped from Spain, and the French army, to Port Mahon. With them he returned to Sicily, where he married a daughter of the king, Ferdinand IV., in 1809. He remained four years in Sicily, in the midst of hazard and insurrection. The Spaniards offered him a military command in Catalonia, in 1810. But when he arrived there he found that no command was provided. The English general probably thought that the duke's presence might be some impediment to the national objects. He was refused admission at Cadiz, and he returned to Sicily.

On the king's restoration he came to Paris, and was made colonel-general of hussars. On Napoleon's landing, in March 1815, the Duke went to Lyons to act with the Count D'Artois, but the troops revolted and he returned to Paris. He was instantly sent to command in the north, but there too the troops revolted—he instantly made his decision, gave up the command to Mortier, and followed the king in his way through Belgium. In 1816 he returned with his family from England, and resided in Paris, in a state of cool distance with the court, but usefully employing his vast and accumulating revenue, and patronizing public works and literature.

The story of the celebrated days of July is not now to be told. On the 29th the white flag was replaced on the Tuilleries—on the 31st the king abdicated, and on the 17th of August he arrived in England. On the 7th of August the Duke of Orleans had been declared by the Chamber of Deputies, by the style of "Louis Philippe the First, King of the French." To this splendid elevation has reached one of the most perilous, diversified, and manly courses of



life that history records. Every man who loves personal honour, filial duty, and patriotic wisdom, will be in favour of this elevation; and all will indulge the hope that this amiable and able individual has come to the close of his vicissitudes, and that no cloud may darken the brightness of his proud and fortunate day.

The present state of the British ministry may be disposed of in a very few words. It is at this hour trembling in every limb; it feels that the country is totally against it—that London is against it—that the Tories, who can never forgive the treachery of the year 1829, are against it; that the Whigs, whom it has attempted first to cajole for the purpose of division, and next to divide for the purpose of making them at once weak and ridiculous, are against it, and that nothing is for it but that worthy whipper-in, Mr. Holmes, the new police, and the hangers-on about the Horse Guards. In all the elections the Field Marshal has been utterly beaten. The Treasury computation cheers him with the falsehood that he has gained twenty-nine—the true computation beats him down with the truth that he has lost twice that number.

But the point is not the number of votes, but the nature. Of course the Field Marshal will have all the Bathursts, to their last generation; Mr. Arbuthnot is a sure vote, and gentlemen like Mr. Arbuthnot, are sure votes too. But can he suppose that the refuse of the House, if they were ten times the number, can support him against the sense of the House, aye, and more, against the sense of the nation? Then, let him look to the men who are arrayed against his trained bands, and let him look to the mode by which they were chosen, the places for which they were chosen, and still more, the purposes for which they were chosen! Let him look to York, Middlesex, Southwark, Cumberland, and a crowd of other places, returning members on the sole ground that they are sworn to hostility against the Horse-Guards' cabinet. Let him see every thing that bears the despised name of Peel, cast out into weeping and gnashing of teeth, half a dozen of those would-be legislators less ejected than hurled from the representation, in which the whole interest of the Treasury, the pathetic letters of Mr. Planta, and the glowing promises of Sir Robert Blifil Peel, could not keep them an hour longer.

And what is his prospect of defenders in the House of Commons? Are we to have another session of the frigid eloquence of Sir Robert Blifil? Is a house of six hundred and fifty-eight gentlemen, entrusted with the national business, to sit listening to the heavy fictions and ice-bound graces of Sir Robert's eloquence; and listen, while the country is calling upon them to act; while every interest of England at home and abroad is in the deepest perplexity? Listen, while our manufacturers, our currency, our trade, our laws, our popular privileges, and our religious liberties, are calling, trumpet-tongued, to the wisdom of the great national legislative assembly to restore their vigour, and save them at once from the rash tampering of fools, and the sullen designs of those who see nothing but themselves, and think of nothing but the perpetual increase of an obnoxious power? Listen, while Europe is heaving with universal convulsion; while thrones are crumbling down under the tread of the multitude; while France rises before them with a national, self-equipped, self-officered, self-commanded army of a million of men, a force such as

the world never saw before, and which stands in the presence of Europe the herald of the mightiest and most tremendous innovations? While kings are abdicating, constitutions breaking up, and England is met by the spectacle round the horizon, of fierce change, of desperate passions let loose, of the most fearful power on earth, the military power of the populace, wielding the force of government, and making the safety or the subversion of dynasties dependent on their will, and that will dependent on the evil heart or the mad head, the reckless ambition or the malignant spirit of the first demagogue who shall start up among them, and say, "Come, I will lead you to plunder and massacre?"

And to protect us in this crisis of Europe, we have Lord Aberdeen, a Scotch metaphysician, and anonymous critic of ballads and novels. For our finance, which the newspapers describe as falling off by more than a million a quarter, we have Mr. Goulburn! and so forth of the rest. But will the House of Commons listen to such men, or will the nation suffer it to listen to such men?

We must see the session begin with realizing, for the first time, what kings' speeches have promised time out of mind, but what a patriotic House of Commons alone will ever perform. We must have a reform, grave, rational, and total; a reform not for party but for the nation; not a juggle of whigs and radicals, not for a Lord John Russell the more or less, or any similar infinitesimal of the national understanding, in place; not for a young Apsley the more or less, or sucking politician, even of the Wellesley line, fastened upon the people; but an abolition of all the practices that make the country look with jealousy on its ministers and its representatives; of all the election prostitutions and basenesses, the bargainings and borough-mongering—that whole long list of offences which Parliament itself so fiercely denounces on the eve of its dissolution, and so blandly forgets on the commencement of its next seven years.

We must have a purification of public offices, and must know the reason why the nonentity of Lord Bathurst should be paid 13,000*l.* a year out of the earnings of the people? why the Duke of Wellington, after receiving a national donation that would have purchased a German principality—nearly a million of pounds sterling—cannot serve in office for less than 14,000*l.* a year! Why Lord Melville, in addition to his enormous salary of 5,000*l.* a year, and a palace, and all kinds of allowances at the Admiralty, must have a sinecure of 4,000*l.* besides? Why Lord Rosslyn, with his half-sinecure office of privy seal, should have a whole sinecure of 3,000*l.* besides? Why the burthen of all the salaries of all the officers of state, of the household of the court, and of the whole pomp and foolery attached to the court, should not be strictly examined? Why the pension list, that old source of national disgust, should not be overhauled? We must know the reason why, when the land is overrun with pauperism, and every honest man begins to think of flying from the tax-gatherer to any part of the world where there is no field-marshal, no first lord of the treasury, and no pension list; the Lady Aramintas and Isabellas, the daughters of noble lords and haughty countesses, shall be flourishing about the world with our money in their pockets, or on their coach pannels? The inquiry into the list, too, might make deeper discoveries, and we might be instructed in the merits of ladies more renowned for their friendships than for their other qualities. We should place

pensions on other grounds than even my Lady Hester Stanhope's; who has the handsome-sum of 1,200*l.* a year for wearing man's clothes in Turkey, living like a Turk, talking like a Turk, and declaring that Mahomet is the true prophet! We should hear the history of many a flower which of late years has blushed unseen, however conspicuous it might have blushed a few years ago.—Our representatives will have enough to occupy them for a while, and we will tell them that if they do not shew themselves in earnest in the matter, the people of England will ask them questions too.

As a specimen of the field that is open to Sir James Graham (an able man, a good speaker, and *sure* to be a powerful man, if he persists as he has begun) and his friends, we select an article lately circulated in the country.

**THE WELLESLEY FAMILY.**—The Tories in Essex, in reply to Mr. Long Wellesley's pledge that he would labour for a "shifting of the load from the really industrious and productive classes to those who amass the fruits of labour without the toil of gathering them," printed the following amounts of the pickings of the Wellesleys from the public:—

<i>Imprimis.</i> —The Duke of Wellington has received from the public purse no less a sum than .....	£700,000
	<i>Per An.</i>
In addition to which the family receive annually, in places and pensions .....	14,000
Lord Maryborough (Mr. L. W.'s papa) receives, as master of the buck-hounds!.....	3,000
Lord Cowley (Mr. L. W.'s uncle) receives.....	12,000
Marquis Wellesley (Mr. L. W.'s uncle) receives.....	4,000
A Sinecure in the Court of Exchequer in Ireland, with reversion to his illegitimate son!!! who now enjoys.....	1,200
The Rev. Gerald Wellesley! (Mr. L. W.'s uncle) receives in church preferments.....	7,000!
Lady Mornington (Mr. L. W.'s grandmamma) receives a pension of..	1,000
Lady Anne Smith (Mr. L. W.'s aunt) receives a pension of .....	800
Her husband (Mr. Smith) a place .....	1,200
Lord Burghersh (Mr. L. W.'s brother-in-law) receives.....	4,000
Sir Charles Bagot (Mr. L. W.'s brother-in-law) receives .....	12,000
Lord Fitzroy Somerset (Mr. L. W.'s brother-in-law) receives .....	2,000

But the Field Marshal himself, the man of humanity, and honour, and politics, and the new police!—we remember his saying that he would rather "die than see the havoc of a war in Ireland!" a war which would finish in a week, as it began, with a speech of Mr. O'Connell—though probably in rather a different location from his favourite Corn-Exchange. But with what infinite pleasantry must the "Indian campaigner" have looked on the gentlemen who huzzaed this scrap of sentimentality! It was even better than Sir George Murray's harangue upon a soldier's saying his prayers. What does fact say to the Grand Duke's tenderness? Let his own letters speak for him. Here is a paragraph, just published, from his letters to Sir Thomas Munro, in 1800:—

"I have taken and destroyed Doondiah's baggage, and six guns, and driven into the Malpurba (WHERE THEY WERE DROWNED) about five thousand people! I stormed Dummull on the 26th of July. Doondiah's followers are quitting him apace, as they do not think the amusement



very gratifying at the present moment. The war, therefore, is nearly at an end ; and another blow, which I am meditating upon him and his Bunjarries, in the Kentoor country, will most probably bring it to a close. \* \* \*

We find no regret for this horrible catastrophe. Not a syllable of common commiseration for a set of poor slaves doing their duty, such as it was, to their chieftain, and fighting for him against what they doubtless considered an invasion of robbers. A fine mess-table flourish on the subject, a *veni-vidi-vici* despatch to his correspondent, may be, in the opinion of "the Honourable House," humanity, and heroism, and sentimentality, and "all that sort of thing," as Mathews says. But Heaven defend us from seeing the time when the feelings and virtues of Englishmen shall have any thing to do with military sentimentality !

Why, when Napoleon, who, however, never boasted of his humanity, put twelve hundred Turks to death at Jaffa, all the world were outrageous about it ! The whole vocabulary of execration was poured on him pell-mell. All the newspapers were pouring down on the "miscreant murderer, man of massacre, blood-drinker," and so forth. Sir Robert Wilson himself could not sleep in his bed without a *nightmare* of Napoleon eating up mankind ! All the sycophants of government strained their virgin fancies to find epithets of abhorrence for the Corsican ; and among the rest, Sir John Stoddart, who is now sent to roast in Malta (by *anticipation*), was so peculiarly prolific in the art of calling names, that he obtained a name for himself, and was entitled, thenceforth and for ever, "*Papirius Cursor*." Yet, what had Nap. done ?

The Corsican had to deal with a horde of barbarian Turks, fierce fellows, whom nothing could keep to their word, and who were sure to turn upon him the moment he let them go, and who had already so turned on him. He had *not* to deal with a set of poor shivering devils, whom a rope of straw could bind for life, and who would have asked nothing better than never to hear the sound of a musket for the next thousand years. The Corsican had to deal with a set of desperate cut-throats, whom he had before made prisoners, and who, breaking their promises not to fight against him, fought against him the moment they could get a fresh cartridge.

The Corsican was in the midst of a furious population, hating him and his, like poison, and made implacable by every sense of religious, personal, and national antipathy ; Moslems, the robbers of the desert. He was *not* in the midst of a mob of peasants, poor rogues of rice-eaters, accustomed to see his countrymen walk over their necks whenever it so pleased a warlike governor ; and taking the visitation as tamely as they would a shower of rain. Let the world judge. We are by no means defending the Corsican. He was a murderer ; ferocious, base, and brutal ; and he came to the natural end of ferocity, baseness, and brutality. We say no more.

Again—

"Colonel Montessor has been *very successful* in Bullum ; has BEAT, BURNED, PLUNDERED, and DESTROYED in *all parts* of the country. But I am still of opinion that *nothing has been done* which can tend effectually to put an end to the rebellion in Bullum ; and that the near approach of



the rains renders it impossible to do that, which alone, in my opinion, will ever get the better of Kistnapah Naig."

The deuce is in it, if this Colonel Montessor did not do enough. He *beats, burns, plunders, and destroys*, in *all parts* of the country. Yet, according to the opinion of the great military authority on the occasion, *nothing has been done!* What more, may we take the liberty of asking, was intended to be done? In our limited fancy, we cannot go much beyond "burning, plundering, and destroying, in all parts of the country." This, to be sure, is pronounced being *very successful!* But what is the grand measure behind—unattainable by bloodshed, robbery, and destruction, through a whole country? We must wait for light from some military authority.

Again—

"My troops are in high health and spirits, and their pockets full of money, THE PRODUCE OF PLUNDER. I still think, however, that a store of rice at Hullihall will do us no harm, and if I should not want it, the expense incurred will *not signify*. \* \* \*

"In the province of Bridnore we employed some of the Rajah's cavalry; with the support of our infantry some thieves were caught: SOME OF THEM WERE HANGED, AND SOME SEVERELY PUNISHED IN DIFFERENT WAYS: the consequence has been, that lately that country has not been visited by them, and *most probably, a similar operation in Soonda would have a similar effect.* I STRONGLY ADVISE YOU NOT TO LET THE MAHRATTA BOUNDARY STOP YOU IN THE PURSUIT OF YOUR GAME, when you will once have started it. *Two or three fair hunts, and cutting up about half-a-dozen, will most probably induce the thieves to prefer some other country to Soonda, as the scene of their operations.*" \* \* \*

Such are Indian wars, grand manœuvres, glory, imperishable honours, and the rest, that make the brilliant paragraphs of a Gazette Extraordinary. Now, what are the maxims laid down in this simple extract?

Let our readers judge for themselves. We are not military enough to see their true beauty. But this we must say—that if the time shall come, when Indians publish "*Histories of the late Campaign*"—"Recollections of the War"—"*Memoirs of a late Field-Marshal*," &c., &c., we shall probably understand that fine sentimentality which draws such tears down the cheeks of heroes and the "*Honourable House!*" But we must also say, that we see no possible reason why Napoleon, "*Empereur des Français*," should not be wept with. Poor Nap! he was an injured man after all.

The news from the Continent is peculiarly romantic and animated. The innkeepers must be in raptures; there never was such a demand for post-horses; "*every vehicle*," as our Epsom histories say, "*is in full requisition*," and kings, and princes, field-m Marshals and privy councillors, are running neck-and-neck upon every highway and byway from one end of Europe to the other. The King of France has at last rested from his labours, and he now takes his natural Bourbon pastime of shooting, confessing, regulating the texture of his hair-shirt, and listening to his chaplain jesuit's assurances of the imperishable attachment of Frenchmen to the Son of Henry the Fourth!

But the bustle is still going on with hourly activity among his

"cousins" abroad. The Saxon King, who began by attempting to dragoon Protestants into Papists, has felt the benefits of a change in his own person, and has *abdicated*, and is going or gone somewhere or anywhere, from the love of his faithful subjects. Our fighting friend, the Duke of Brunswick, who challenged all the kings of the round world, has been pelted out of his *opera box*, burned out of his palace, hunted out of his country, and has now come, with a coachful of pistols, to honour England by his residence, and shew off his heroism.

We shall not be long without tidings of locomotion from that brilliant prince in whose hands are the rights of Portugal, and the keys of its five hundred state prisoners. Ferdinand too will be locomotive in good time, and we should recommend the extension of the Railway System, in a direct line between the capital of every court on the continent, and the nearest harbour in the direction of England; for, in England we shall have them all, until kings are as cheap in our streets as common-councilmen.

Can we be suspected of saying a syllable of this in a love for revolution? Not one syllable. We say it in the most perfect hatred and fear of Revolution. But who are the true makers of the mischiefs that are now threatening to go the round of Europe? They are *not* the people. They are *not* the men who must labour for their bread, who know well that labour is the portion of man, and who know, just as well, that the best happiness, virtue, honour, aye, and luxury of life, are to be found in manly industry. But the true Revolution-makers are the dissolute dependants on Courts, the men who do nothing, *can* do nothing, and are good for nothing; the military coxcombs that throng the foreign courts, the profligate nobles, male and female; the whiskered, simpering, slavish race, who spend their ridiculous and wasteful lives between a court-ball, a gaming-house, and the side scenes of a theatre, with all its abominations. The Kings of the Continent are about to be told, in language such as they *must* feel, that they have been placed at the head of nations, *not* for their own luxury, *not* for lives of alternate indolence and tyranny, vulgar ignorance, and gross licentiousness. We disdain to open the private history of any one of those degraded and corrupt courts. But no man can travel without hearing and seeing circumstances in foreign life, of the highest rank, that can only make him wonder at their being suffered by any people. The whole condition of the Continent would justify the most thorough change. There is *no* liberty on the Continent, except we are to call by that name the present democratic wildness of France. There is not a government under which the subject can feel himself safe in doing any one public act, except by the sufferance or neglect of the government. There is not a people which is not ground to the dust with the expenses of the Court, the enormity of the exactions of the great monastic institutions, and the Popish hierarchy, and, above all, by the maintenance of immense standing armies, totally beyond the necessities or the means of the people, and only objects of mutual jealousy to all the powers; but they supply commissions for the young nobles, commands for the creatures of the court, and amuse the military fondness of the monarch for exhibiting in his own person the successive uniforms of his hulans, yagers, grenadiers, and dragoons. Is it possible that such a system should last? We shall see the taste for abdication turned into an epidemic before long.

## THE GOLDEN CITY.

MR. JOHNSON was a brewer in a small country town, and as the natives were not very well-bred people, he carried on a flourishing trade, and was generally said to be *making* money. He had neither wife nor family, or, as the newspapers, by a happy and polite synonyme, express the same condition, he was "without incumbrance;" and to supply the want of both heirs and partners, he had introduced into his business a distant relative, by name Jonathan Maurice. The young man, or rather boy, who had no better prospects, was highly delighted with an offer so promising, and continued for some years an active and cheerful superintendent of the manufacture of ale. An intimacy with the neighbouring family of a wealthy farmer formed one of his chief pleasures, and no higher ambition disturbed an incipient attachment for his youngest daughter, Juliet.

But in an evil hour, as he was on the point of being constituted a partner in the business, he received a pressing invitation from an old school-fellow; and having obtained a month's furlough, set out to pay the required visit. His friend was one of a family who had risen in the world, and exhibited all its vice and pride, with none of its dignity. The father had, by a happy concurrence of circumstances, made a fortune, and his next step was to make himself a family. While he remained in comparative poverty, he cared little whether he had any ancestors or not, but when wealth poured in upon him, he grew very jealous of the idea of regular procreation, and seemed really apprehensive lest some terrible mistake should be made respecting his origin. As his riches increased, so did his ancestors; when he had one thousand a year, his genealogy extended only to one hundred years, and embraced no names of any eminence; but at two thousand, a noble progenitor was beheaded for high treason; at four thousand, he was connected with royalty; and when he retired from business, there was no question that the founder of his race was a Norman Vagabond, attendant on the Conqueror. In establishing his dignity, he was, however, a little puzzled by the brevity and unimportance of his name, which was, simply, John James; but having observed that it was usual in such cases to double the appellation, he thought it would be still more remarkable to repeat it thrice, and, accordingly, denominated himself "John James James-James, Esq., of Nutbridge-park."

The novelty of his pretensions was not displayed by ordinary vulgarity, but, what was far more insufferable, by excessive politeness and inveterate good breeding. His taste was not indeed aristocratically plain, nor could he refrain from making the footman and footboy, one very tall, and the other as remarkably short, both stand together behind his carriage; but he knew enough of the world to be aware that extravagant show is the last means by which a man of moderate sense would seek to display newly acquired wealth. He insisted that his daughters should dress plainly, though exquisitely; refused his sons permission to drive tandem in a dog-cart; and supplied his groom, whom, by the way, he caused to ride so close behind him as to leave no assignable interval, with a horse much handsomer than his own.

But in spite, or rather in consequence, of much study to be polite and easy, an air of pride and vulgar restraint pervaded the whole family. They were proud of every thing—of their wealth, their taste, their con-



descension, but chiefly of their manners. They always came into company with the air of wild beasts imperfectly tamed, and their father bore so exactly the aspect of a showman, that, when he began to say this is my son John, or my daughter Jane, the guest would not have been surprised, had he proceeded to detail the circumstances of their capture, and the mode of their subsequent discipline. His children themselves lived, like Tantalus, in perpetual dread, fearing lest some breach of good manners should fall on their devoted heads. Of that perfection of art which consists in the concealment of art they had no conception. They were constantly talking of politeness.

Their intention in inviting Maurice, was to overwhelm him with alternate pleasure and mortification, and send him home deeply impressed with his own meanness and their superiority. On the first day he afforded them much entertainment, by his hungry amazement at the delay of dinner. At two o'clock he thought it probable they dined at three, and so on, for several hours; but at six, he felt certain they would not dine at all, and even if they should, he doubted whether he should be alive to partake of the repast. At seven, however, he welcomed the sound of a bell, and learnt it was the signal for dressing, upon which he hurried up stairs, and returning with much precipitation, after the lapse of five minutes, was surprised to find several of the party not yet set out on the errand he had so speedily accomplished.

At dinner he eat enormously of the first course, supposing it to be the only one, and called three times for beer. The forks puzzled him extremely, and he seemed wholly unable to determine which side should be kept uppermost, but he failed to apply them to their most important use, and employed his knife where its principal attribute of cutting was more than needless. His companions were shocked; nor was the subject so disgustingly stale to them, as to check the wit of Alexander, the eldest son, and deter him from inquiring, with great simplicity, whether he had seen the Indian Jugglers, and insidiously leading him to explain their method of thrusting knives down their throats.

In the evening, the young ladies entertained him with Italian music, and would not believe he understood nothing of it. One asked his opinion of Rossini, and another was certain he liked Beethoven; but the greatest mirth was excited by his replying to a question respecting a song he held in his hand, that he could not tell its name, but it was from "*Nozzy die Figaro*, by Mozart." Then he was entreated to sing himself, and with so much urgency, that he was obliged to yield; fortunately, he selected a comic subject, and though his auditors were too polite to laugh, he had no reason to be dissatisfied with the amusement they exhibited.

He remarked that the song was in a play, and inquired if they had ever seen it performed. They replied in the negative; and fancying himself in one respect at least their superior, he began to relate how exquisitely he had seen it acted by a strolling company in his native town. They heard him gravely till he concluded, and then gave him to understand that they never frequented the theatres in London, and that, in fact, no body ever did; an assertion which much amazed him at first, since he had been informed they were often almost full; but they soon explained themselves more clearly, and abashed him by the conviction that he had introduced a subject of notorious vulgarity.

A disquisition on the metropolis naturally ensued, and here, having



never seen it, he felt himself in very deep shade, and, while they descanted on its charms, he was not a little galled by their commiseration of his ignorance. London seemed the very utopia of their imaginations—the concentration of all that was beautiful to the eye, and delightful to the intellect. It was the seat and source of all merit; other regions shone only by its reflected lustre; they esteemed Nature an architect inferior to Mr. Nash; and could the moon and stars have been “warranted town-made,” they would have liked them better.

Every succeeding day added to the humiliation Maurice already began to experience; and all the divisions of the day had their appropriate annoyances. If he walked out, he detested his boots or his gloves; if he rode, he inwardly cursed his breeches; and at dinner, he was so bothered by French names for the commonest dishes, that he was reduced to the phrases, “I’ll trouble you,” or, “a little of that dish, if you please;” and if he was asked to take any particular wine, he gave a hurried assent, though, for aught he knew of its appellation, it might have been a solution of arsenic.

“And who,” he inquired, “were the persons that caused him this vexatious abasement?” Merely a London merchant, at one time not much richer than himself, content with a plain cypher on his seal, instead of the splendid coat of arms of horned dogs and winged pigs, which now figured on every signet and every possible article of furniture in the house, from the hall-chairs to the buckets used in the stable-yard. One of his sons had been his school-fellow: so far from being in any way his superior, he had ranked far beneath him in attainments, and was flogged once a week for never washing his face. The reflection on the change produced in their relative situations was of such constant and irritating recurrence, that the pleasure of his visit was wholly annihilated, and as soon as he conveniently could, he made some pretext for returning home.

He resumed the duties of his business, but the smell of malt disgusted him. The workmen, whom he had once respected as industrious or clever servants, seemed to him perfect caricatures of humanity; and the huge tubs, which had excited his pride by their immensity, looked so insupportably hideous, that he almost wished they might burst. A *country brewer*!—that phrase comprised all that was odious. Had he been a London brewer, the case would have been completely changed, for then he might have had no more to do with brewing than with astrology, and, at the expense of having his name gibbeted in capitals all over the city, followed by the mysterious word *Entire*, he might have enjoyed an ample income, and sat, with booksellers and linendrapers, an ornament to the senate of his country.

He concluded, therefore, that the principal difference in human conditions depended on living in, or out of, the metropolis; and he began to consider, whether it was not competent to him to attain all the advantages it could confer, and become, like Mr. James-James, the founder of a polite, wealthy, and ancient family. As the idea began to unfold itself, its attractions increased, and he ventured, at length, to communicate his views to Mr. Johnson, who called him a fool, and strove to convince him that he was one; but, failing in the argument, and hoping that love might have more influence than reason, he sent him on a visit to Miss Juliet Manning.

All families have their distinctive foibles, and the reigning one of the

Mannings was a pathetic love of brute pets. The sitting-room, into which Maurice was ushered, contained two old dogs and a puppy, a parrot, a cat without a tail, and a lamb; Juliet was nursing a kitten, and three of her brothers were in tears—William, because his last pigeon was just dead, and John and Thomas, because the tame hawk of the one had slain the tame mouse of the other. In short, it was impossible to walk across the room, much less to approach the fire, without breaking the tail or the leg of some antiquated favourite, and such an accident was certain to call forth so much tenderness of feeling, that the author of it wished he had only murdered all the family. The present spectacle was deeply interesting. Juliet looked pleased, and welcomed her lover: but she could not rise without disturbing the kitten; her brothers sat bemoaning themselves with undiminished grief, and the dogs lay luxuriously on the hearth-rug: but shortly after the scene was wholly changed; the mourners leaped up and dried their tears; the kitten was laid aside in a little bed, and the dogs raised their unwieldy bodies upon their insufficient legs. Maurice did not at first comprehend the reason, but was speedily informed that Mr. Manning had just sounded a horn, to intimate that he was awaiting them at the pond to entertain their tender sensibilities with the diversion of a duck-hunt. He accompanied them, and witnessed the sport, which was highly satisfactory; the duck, indeed, died from exhaustion, but, as it was not a pet, its sufferings excited no commiseration, and its death no sorrow.

In a happier frame of mind, Maurice would have excused the inconsistency and thoughtless cruelty which he witnessed, but he had begun to despise the actors in the scene, and therefore felt little tenderness for their failings. Juliet, in particular, he condemned with unmeasured severity, and contrasted the unbridled gaiety of her demeanour with the calm dignity of the ladies at Nutbridge-park, till he concluded that she was vulgar as well as silly, and combined ill-breeding with a want of sensibility. As he had once erred in exalting her foibles to the rank of virtues, so he now did by exaggerating them to the dignity of crimes.

Hundreds imagine themselves persons of refined taste or excellent morality, when they are, in fact, only ill-tempered; they feel contempt because they are bilious; and when they are overwhelmed with spleen, they dignify their ailments with the idea of conscious superiority, pity their friends, and write satires. Such, at least, was the foundation of the discontent of Maurice. He struggled to conceal the change in his sentiments, but was not so far successful as to avoid wounding the feelings of Juliet; for his attentions were less spontaneous than usual, and his thoughts so abstracted, that when, by way of experiment, she dropped her glove, she was compelled, half-weeping with mortification, to pick it up again with her own hand.

He concluded his visit, little pleased with his friends, and far less with himself; and as he rode home, he wrought himself up to the resolution, that he would without delay seek his fortune in that *El Dorado*, which had raised so far above him persons whom he had once deemed little more than his equals.

Mr. Johnson was a man who had no idea of arguing, and whether right or wrong, he always got into a passion; whence it arose, that the urgency of Maurice in pressing the execution of his plan—a plan, of which he saw the folly more clearly than he could explain it—led to an

inveterate quarrel. The relatives separated in disgust ; and the younger one, with a hundred pounds in his pocket, and an imagination overcharged with ideas of wealth and pleasure, set out on a cold evening in March for the metropolis.

He found only one vacant space left for him on the exterior of the vehicle, and that considerably encroached upon by the persons and goods of others. Two men of extraordinary dimensions, wearing, each, twenty great coats, with as many score of capes, shared the seat, and opposite to him was the guard ; the space destined for his feet was occupied by a hamper of fish, and two umbrellas had right of possession behind him : but these evils were tolerable, when compared with the annoyance of a box so projecting from among the luggage, that it gave to his head one compulsory position, far from pleasing or perpendicular. The long dreariness of a wintry night lay in prospect before him ; he could not sleep ; and once when he attempted it, the sonorous bugle of the guard, covering his head, awoke him with a start ; but it must not be disguised, that he had the satisfaction, not only of seeing and hearing that several of his companions were asleep, but of feeling the fact, by occasional buttings and oscillations, indicative of happy repose. At length morning broke on the white frosty fields in the neighbourhood of the metropolis ; and shortly after he was deposited in Gracechurch-street, with London all before him where to choose.

The appearance of all he had hitherto seen of his terrestrial paradise rather surprised him. The buildings in Whitechapel did not strike him as more splendid than those of his native town, and the atmosphere, compounded of smoke, gas, and steam, seemed scarcely fluid. It had not rained for some time previously, yet every thing was as wet as if the flood had just subsided : but this, though he knew it not, was an advantage to the prospect, for, otherwise, clouds of dust would have blinded him, and prevented his seeing it at all.

Instead of remaining in the City, he proceeded, as he had been recommended, to the neighbourhood of Covent Garden, which, for its undisturbed quiet, and the sweet perfume of stale vegetables, is a very favourite region for hotels. Here he was ushered into a room, which exactly contained a bed, and after surrendering his boots to a man, who gave him in exchange a pair of slippers, which would have fitted a horse as well as a gentleman, he endeavoured to procure a little rest. But, to say nothing of an "Introduction to Entomology," of which it would be improper to speak more particularly, the bed might have proved an excellent antidote to a pound of opium ; and two persons, one whistling, and the other singing, were getting up in adjoining apartments.

Accordingly, he soon rose again, and attempted to wash himself with water, of which the surface was covered with heaven-descended particles, answering the purpose of rouge, except that they were black, while the soap seemed intended, by its size, to exemplify the infinite divisibility of matter, and, by its unchanged endurance of moisture, proved itself a far better material for public buildings than the external plaster of the new treasury, so lately built to contain the national debt. Nor was it very easy to obtain any alleviation of his numerous afflictions, for, though a rope attached to a wire hung from the ceiling, he laboured at it for a long period without success, and had no other reason to suppose he was ringing a bell, than that nobody came to answer it.



When he had prevailed over all the difficulties of the toilette, and taken the meal naturally succeeding to it, his thoughts turned towards a subject of yet greater importance,—the accomplishment of the first step in creating his own fortune. And here he was surprised to discover how indefinite his ideas had hitherto been, and how much they wanted of any approach to practical application. In this perplexity, he had recourse to the advice of a person slightly connected with him by descent, and was fortunate enough to procure a situation as clerk in a merchant's office. The salary, indeed, was exceedingly small, and the labour required bore to it the usual inverse ratio: but it was precisely the occupation he desired, as affording most room for the splendid results he anticipated.

The ostensible head of the mercantile concern to which Maurice was recommended, was Mr. Merivale; but he committed all its cares to one or two accomplices, and took no active part, except that of spending much the largest share of the profits. There once existed a decided line of demarcation between commercial grandeur and the dignity of nobility and hereditary wealth; and the distinction, though founded in pride, and often invidious, was not wholly mischievous in its tendency. But, at the birth of Mr. Merivale, this boundary-line was fast fading away; and the city wall, weakened by the frequent irruptions of needy nobles, and excursive exploits of ambitious traders, was tottering to its foundation.

In conformity with the prevailing idea, that a merchant not only might be, but ought to be, a gentleman, the father of Mr. Merivale sent him to the university, and educated him, in all respects, as a man of hereditary and independent fortune. The natural consequence was, that, at three-and-twenty, he felt no predilection for the city; was irregular in his attendance at his office, and careless in his transactions; and in process of time, after the death of his father, surrendered the whole management of his affairs to partners and clerks. Thenceforth he regarded his merchandize in no other light than as a disgraceful source of profit—the secret profession of a thief, of which nothing must be known—or an Irish estate, an unseen spring of convenient wealth.

As he totally evaded the labours of his business, he ought in fairness to have been moderately indifferent to its returns; but, in point of fact, he was far more rapacious than the active partners; and the mention of storms, embargoes, blockades, or anything that tended to the diminution of his income, exasperated him to madness. Money, however, was with him an evanescent good: he was habitually extravagant, and lest any motive to profusion should be wanting, he selected for his wife the worst of all possible economists—a poor lady of rank. Her expenses and his own frequently reduced the gentleman-merchant to some difficulties; but, on such occasions, he studied not how to reduce his expenditure, but how to increase his income. With this view, he effected at one time a reduction in the salaries of the clerks, and at another, by abolishing their vacations of a week annually, diminished their numbers—measures by which he saved sixty pounds towards the rent of an opera-box.

On an appointed day, Maurice set out for the counting-house of the Russian merchants. It was situated in a lane leading out of Lombard-street, so narrow that broad daylight could never be said to enter it, and, in winter, sunrise and sunset could most easily be ascertained by

the almanack. Ascending the ancient stairs, he entered a large, low room, lighted with gas, which served to exhibit the filthiness of its condition, and the sallow countenances of ten labourers at their desks. In compliance with the directions there given him, he proceeded to an adjoining closet, where, perched on a stool, sat a very short Tyrian prince, by name Sichæus, or, as he was more commonly and corruptly called, Mr. Sikes.

The room was ridiculously small, but into it were crowded, with much ingenuity, a fire-place, a desk, a stool, and Mr. Sikes. Its contracted dimensions seemed, however, to give its tenant no uneasiness; and, indeed, he could do in it what no man could do in a palace; for, as he sat on his stool, he could open the window, shut the door, stir the fire, or kill a spider on the ceiling. He heard the address of Maurice with attention, but soon exhibited his reigning characteristic, which was to be always busy. He had, indeed, a great weight of occupation; but he affected to have yet more, and never was so hurried or precipitate in dismissing a visitor, as when beginning to kick his legs against his stool for want of any other earthly employment. In fact, being busy was with him as mere a trick as taking snuff, or going to church: he was busy eating, busy sleeping, and busy doing nothing; and though he has since found time to die, he was so much hurried that he died suddenly.

He received Maurice with blunt civility, and, after making a few inquiries, set him immediately to work at copying out a long letter of business, relating chiefly to tallow, to Palcoviwitch, Lorobowsky and Palarislay, merchants at St. Petersburg. He was accordingly introduced into the company of his fellow-clerks, and while undergoing much observation and remark, he, in his turn, made several conclusions respecting them. Most of them seemed to have little care of their manners or appearance; but there was one of more refinement, who, while the rest spat openly, like cats in a passion, put his hand beside his mouth to conceal the operation; and, while two of his companions were quarrelling about the shutting of a window, earnestly and politely entreated them not to make d—d fools of themselves. But they had little time to waste, and, excepting some angry interludes and complaints of an unequal division of labour, their whole attention was absorbed by immense books and numberless papers. Maurice found his own share of the labour sufficiently wearisome, and before he had half completed it, he was assailed by a violent head-ache, which gradually increased till the hour of his release arrived. At that wished-for period, he returned to his hotel, with eyes dizzied by the glare of diurnal gas, and spirits depressed by fatigue; and beginning to suspect that, though London was certainly the mart of wealth and grandeur, it was not a scene of pure and unalloyed pleasure.

The day following he occupied in seeking some place of abode more suited to his very limited finances, and finally selected the first floor (as the second floor of a building is generally called) of a house in the suburbs, which adjoined a large open space, full of new bricks and deep pits, whence their materials had been extracted. On the evening of his establishment in these "pleasant and airy lodgings," he returned from his office to a late dinner, much annoyed by a reproof from his superior, and an insult from one of his fellow-clerks. After knocking three times, he was admitted by a little girl; and having proceeded

up stairs in the dark, he, in course of time, succeeded in obtaining a light. In another half-hour, his dinner appeared, consisting of two mutton-chops, embedded in liquescent grease, which seemed eager to claim kindred with the more perfect character of the tallow of the solitary yellow candle. Two enormous potatoes, pleasingly diversified with black spots, and as hard as cannon-balls, completed the course; and the place of wines, in all their absurd variety, was philosophically supplied by a pint of black liquor, compounded of glue, treacle and wormwood, and denominated porter.

The second course was brought in with much ceremony by the child before-mentioned, whom, in default of a bell, he was obliged to summon by her name—Arrier-Beller. The centre-dish, side-dishes, and top and bottom dishes were ingeniously contracted into one, bearing a small piece of cheese that a hungry rat would have scorned, beside a lump of butter, to the authorship of which sheep and pigs had a better claim than cows; and with this the unsophisticated repast concluded.

All men of business, when left to themselves, fall fast asleep immediately after dinner; and Maurice experienced exhaustion and fatigue enough to induce him to adopt the same course, had his inclinations been his only rule. But it happened that there were lodging over him two little children who screamed incessantly, the one taking turns with the other to sleep; while, during one half of the day and night, their parents made twice as much noise in attempting to quiet them. Not, indeed, that the infants were always ill or out of temper; but the only method their tender age had of expressing pain or pleasure, was by an exertion of the lungs, which made them black in the face; and the amusements contrived for them—such as rattling the latch of a door, or galloping on a footstool—were all of a noisy character. Maurice wished he could explain to them that his head ached, and regretted that the mother, in singing her boy to sleep, thought it necessary, vibrating seconds, to stamp sixty times in a minute on the frail floor; but he endeavoured to recollect that the path to eminence is generally toilsome, and, as his evils were of his own choosing, pride furnished him with a resolution, which he chose to call patience.

More than a month passed away in unremitting labour, and Maurice yet saw no prospect of the advancement he anticipated, and had tasted none of the pleasures with which he had always understood London to overflow. His masters were imperious, and reproved him in unmeasured terms for the mistakes into which he was led by entire ignorance of the system of business; but the annoyances he experienced from them were infrequent, compared with those he received from his fellow-labourers. In admitting an idea so novel as the possibility of a mere countryman being in any respect superior to denizens of the largest, most smoky, and most conceited capital in the world, he was, as it became him, modest; and when they ridiculed his dress or his provincialisms, he strove to believe their taste excellent, and their language English.

When Mr. Merivale abolished the vacations of his unfortunate clerks, he deeply regretted that popular opinion compelled him to let them be idle all Sunday; and had he not, on other grounds, been an infidel, he never could have believed that a deity who knew anything of the world would have been so regardless of the interests of commerce as to make fifty-two days in every year unavailable for the purposes of business.



Multiplying fifty-two by ten, he found five hundred and twenty days were lost to him annually. Indeed the general character of the Sunday seemed to afford him some ground for considering it almost useless as a religious institution. Not that he objected to ministerial dinners and private parties on that day; but he thought it intolerable that the lower classes, for whom religion was certainly invented, should neglect the opportunity afforded them. He considered it obtaining a holiday under false pretences.

Sunday, therefore, Maurice had at his own disposal; and though habit sent him to church in the morning, he thought fit, in the afternoon, to amuse himself by walking towards the West. His dress, with which he had taken unusual pains, consisted of top-boots and drab br—ch—s, a red waistcoat striped with black, and a black neckcloth with red spots, the whole surmounted by a snuff-coloured coat, and a hat of prodigious extent: nor had he any reason to be dissatisfied with the attention he excited. After encountering a few trifling accidents, of which the most important were spraining his ankle by slipping off the pavement; losing his handkerchief he knew not how; having his hat blown off by an unexpected gust of wind; and his foot crushed by a person stepping back upon it; and ensuring a tolerable head-ache by coming in contact with a stout fellow who was walking rapidly, and, like himself, looking another way—he at length entered the Park, not a little irritated and fatigued. Presently he came to an oblong sheet of water, and was told it was the Serpentine; but this was too much for his credulity, and he expressed so freely his opinion of his informant's veracity, that he narrowly escaped a hostile engagement.

Continuing to walk forward among stunted trees, he now saw at a distance a long line of vehicles, and concluded, as they seemed to be perfectly stationary, that it was a stand of hackney-coaches; but as he drew nearer, he perceived them to be in very tardy motion, and settled in his own mind that it was the funeral of some distinguished person. At length he learned the true nature of the spectacle; and never did his ideas of London receive a greater shock, than when he was given to understand that this melancholy procession, this tortoise-hunt, formed the most extatic enjoyment of the highest classes, to whom the kindness of fortune had opened all the avenues of pleasure!

In the midst of the crowd he discovered the family of Mr. James, and thinking he could do no less, he approached the carriage, and offered his compliments at the open window, but, to his great astonishment, they did not recognize him, and, with a stare of surprise, drew up the glass. As he returned to the footpath, he encountered a party of young men who were laughing immoderately, and some of their expressions which reached his ear explained to him that he had just undergone a very marked insult, and was consequently the object of general derision. His feelings were not very comfortable; he could almost have wept with vexation, and growing a little weary of pleasure, he put his hand to his watch hoping to find it time to return home, but his endeavour to find the seals was ineffectual; and he was compelled to admit the melancholy conviction, that he had sustained a second loss more serious than the preceding one.

In his way home he encountered the friend by whose kindness he had obtained the situation he held, informed him of his misfortune, and was advised how to act, that is, to do nothing at all. Proceeding to

inquire after the family of his relative, he learnt, to his surprise, that he had not seen them very lately. To his questions respecting his shop, his gig, and his cottage at Highgate, his answers were very sparing; and at the end of a certain street he bade him farewell, nor could any persuasion induce him to extend his walk. Maurice observed a change in him, and wondered at the modesty with which so prosperous and wealthy a tradesman spoke of his possessions; but shortly after, his admiration was removed by learning that he was at that very period enjoying the rules of the Fleet Prison.

The ensuing week afforded him one of those commercial miracles, a holiday, of human institution. The great question among his companions was how to make the most of it; and it was finally decided that a party should be formed to row up the river, and visit one of the theatres in the evening. He consented to share in the excursion; and as all the party professed themselves expert rowers, and scoffed at the idea of steering, he anticipated very great pleasure.

When they were all seated in an eight-oared boat, it was discovered that every oar was in the wrong place, and the act of exchanging produced so much confusion, and so many disasters, that the whole crew were completely out of temper before the voyage was commenced. At length they made way, but they had no idea of keeping time, and perhaps the universe did not afford any thing more ridiculous than the spectacle they exhibited, dipping their oars into the water in regular succession, like the paddles of a steam-packet, and looking all the while exceedingly earnest, and very angry. One accused another of not rowing, but he insisted upon it that he did, and appealed to his profuse perspiration, and hands already nearly flayed. The steersman, however, bore the blame of all that went wrong, and after undergoing vehement censure from all quarters, surrendered his office to another of the party, who was completely exhausted by ten minutes' labour.

But his successor was still more ignorant, or more unfortunate, and the numberless directions given him puzzled him infinitely, because those who gave them sometimes remembered, and sometimes forgot, that their right was his left, and the converse. Once he steered them against a barge, then against a bridge, and, finally, having spoilt a wherry match near the Red House, he was so much irritated by the reproaches showered on him, that he insisted on being put on shore. His request was granted with many sneers and much laughter; but he was not unrevenged, for as his companions were putting off again, a bargeman dashed his enormous pole into the river, and covered them with mud and water, while a rope carried away the hat of one of them; and he could obtain no other satisfaction for the injury than virulent abuse for being a cockney, and intimations that, one day or another, he would meet with a rope productive of more serious consequences.

It had been fixed that the party should re-assemble at the lodgings of one of them in the evening. There, in the intervals of smoking, they were occupied in discussing many subjects of the last importance. It was astonishing to perceive how easily they determined questions in politics and religion, on which other wise men had doubted and disputed for ages. Occasionally they descended to minor topics: praised an actress to whose "benefit" they had received an order; spoke of fashions in dress, which they imagined to exist at the other end of the town; and established doctrines of etiquette they were fortunate enough to overlook in practice.

They now adjourned to the theatre, and reaching it half an hour before the commencement of half-price, spent the interval in a sepulchral gallery, listening to sounds of mysterious import. The companions of Maurice were not, however, unoccupied, for with commendable forethought, they proceeded, like persons preparing for an expedition to the Pole, to lay in stores of provisions, sufficient, if properly economized, to last them a year or two. But ere many minutes had elapsed, their resolution failed them, and first one, and then another, released from his distended pocket an apple, an orange, or a biscuit; and then ensued a scene of great variety, accompanied by sounds which seemed sufficient to maintain the principle of suction against all philosophy.

When the first rage of appetite had subsided, they began to pelt each other with orange-peel, and practise many other witty jokes, far above the capacity of country people. But the greatest mirth was excited by one of them knocking off the hat of his neighbour, from which there fell a handkerchief, a pair of gloves, two oranges, a cigar and a half, a bill of the play, and some biscuits: a feat which the sufferer took very easily; and while he replaced the rest of his possessions, politely offered Maurice one of the biscuits which had been broken by the fall. At length the third act concluded, and the doors being opened, the expectant multitude rushed with useless eagerness towards the crowded pit.

In the midst, however, of the crush and vapour, Maurice perceived a vacant standing-place, and hastily occupying it, looked with an air of triumph at his companions; but, while he was at the height of his self-gratulation, a good-natured person advised him to take off his hat, which, on examination, he found covered with the droppings of a candle placed above. Then one of the gods thought proper to send down a glass bottle on the heads of those below; fortunately it alighted on that man whose comprehensive hat was before mentioned.

Maurice, overpowered perhaps by the odour of gas and the exhalations of human bodies densely crowded together, thought it just such a play as he had seen performed in the country, and though the theatre was huge, and the performers more elegant, the superiority was not so striking as he expected. Nor could he disguise it from himself that there were many points in the representation more vulgar and wicked than he should have supposed so brilliant an assemblage would tolerate, especially as he had been informed of the notable fact, that, a little time before, a celebrated performer had been hissed off the stage, because he had been found guilty of a breach of the seventh commandment—a circumstance which had struck him forcibly, and naturally led him to conclude, that, as known adulterers were not only endured but courted in every other department of public life, the stage must be superior to them in morality and decorum; nor did it then occur to him to consider it as a mark of detestable hypocrisy in the age, and of petty tyranny in a vicious public over those on whom three-and-sixpence gave them the power of censure.

He had not, however, a complete opportunity of judging on the merits of London theatricals, for while he was almost stunned with the applause lately bestowed on a *double entendre*, and now given to a sentiment of preposterous national vanity, his arm was seized by a spectator, who, having lost his handkerchief, charged him with the theft, and committed him to the custody of an officer, thus putting a suitable conclusion to the pleasures of the day.



The next morning, Maurice was brought forward in a public character as a prisoner at a police-office, whither he was conveyed in company with the lowest and most abandoned of his species. But it happened that the prosecutor, having discovered that one of his own friends had taken his handkerchief in jest, did not think proper to appear, and he was accordingly dismissed, with an insolent congratulation from the magistrate on his narrow escape from transportation. But though the spectators considered him the more guilty from his happily escaping all proof of his guilt, our noble and excellent law, generously acknowledging his innocence, fined him for it the sum of one shilling, and with reluctance dismissed him from her close embrace.

When, late in the day, he returned home in considerable discomfort, but with some satisfaction at the prospect of relief, he was surprised to find the house completely closed, and impregnable to his attacks. However, the sound he created drew together some of the neighbours, who talked a great deal, and disputed for an hour whether it was a hanging matter to break open a house. In the end, Maurice himself forced an entrance, and was astonished to find no traces of inhabitants or of furniture, nor even a single relic of his own possessions. It appeared that the tenants had packed up and departed quietly in the night; but the neighbours were too much used to such occurrences to exhibit the smallest surprise or disapprobation; and, with the exception of one man, who loudly execrated their conduct, and carried off two bell ropes, lest they should be stolen by any one else, they all departed in peaceable horror at the idea of interference.

The loss of his wardrobe was of little consequence to Maurice compared with that of his hundred pounds, which he had left, as he thought, perfectly secure in a very curiously constructed drawer of his writing-desk, not at all considering that the desk, drawer and all, might be carried off at one fell swoop. Overwhelmed with distress and perplexity, and knowing of no friend to whom he might apply for counsel, he resolved to have recourse to the advice of his fellow clerks, but on arriving at the office, he found every thing in extreme confusion, and in answer to his oft-repeated inquiries, was informed that one of the partners had left the country without notice, that it was *up* with the concern, and that all connected with it must begin life afresh, each as he could.

This was too much, and Maurice almost sank under a blow, which seemed equivalent to absolute beggary. He advertised in the newspapers, and generally found his half-guinea statement crowded into a supplementary sheet, amidst columns of applications from young men, who seemed to have every possible merit, and yet in many instances were contented with mere nominal salaries, or anxious only for employment. Finding these methods wholly ineffectual, he had recourse to personal applications, but generally met with so much cruelty and ridicule, that he considered himself happy in a civil repulse. At length, however, he was so fortunate as to procure the office of shopman at a haberdasher's, and continued in it for three months, very wretched, and very hard-worked, till being unjustly suspected of secreting a parcel, he was dismissed without payment of his salary, and threatened with the infliction of that admirable English justice, which is always more ready to hang an innocent man, than a known murderer whose name has been misspelt in the indictment.

In this state of things he found, as if by a strange fatality, several situations vacant; but the inquiry as to his character was always fatal.

To return to Mr. Johnson seemed impossible: every succeeding day added to his despair. At length his feelings became intolerable; and he had actually repaired to London Bridge with the fixed determination of committing suicide, when he was kindly accosted by a passer-by, who had observed his agitation and suspected his purpose.

The first words of interest which he had heard for many weeks, deeply affected him; and inquiry easily drew from him the detail of his circumstances. The benevolent stranger listened with attention, and instead of passing on with expressions of pity, seemed bent on befriending him more effectually; gave him a small sum of money for his immediate necessities; and promising, if he found his statement true, to meet him on the ensuing evening, departed.

At the hour and place agreed upon, both kept the appointment.

"I have to congratulate you," said Warren (for that was the stranger's name); "I have called on your late master, and have ascertained the removal of all suspicion against you: the offender was his own son."

"God bless you!" exclaimed Maurice, eagerly; "then I may yet hope?"

"Certainly, if you mean to obtain another situation in London; but I should rather advise you to return to your relative."

"It is impossible: he will refuse to receive me."

"If he does, you are no worse than at present; but he may relent; it is worth the trial."

"But might I not succeed here? Surely there have been instances——"

"Of splendid success? Yes; but, compared with the cases of deplorable failure, they have been as one to infinity. To rise unassisted from a subordinate situation, is a miracle; to remain in it, a better sort of slavery. Take my own case, which is a favourable one: I have been thirty years in a merchant's office; I labour nearly twelve hours in the day, and receive two hundred a year. As to a week's vacation, I might as well resign as ask for it; and probably the mere mention would lead my employers to exercise that power which they know to be despotic over a man with six children, destitute of all other resource."

Maurice expressed his acquiescence.

"Fortunes," continued Warren, "have unquestionably been made suddenly, but generally at an immense risk, and often by disgraceful means."

"It was not the desire of wealth only that made me leave the country; I had heard the pleasures of London extolled."

"The pleasures of London! What pleasures has it which cannot be better enjoyed elsewhere? I leave out of the question those persons who spend a few months of the year in the metropolis, for to them change and the power of choice may give enjoyment; but to those who inhabit it regularly, it is the most miserable place in the creation. Probably, you had heard a great deal of the theatres; but, as far as my own observation extends, there are very few Londoners who visit them twice a year; and, for my own part, I have not done so for a quarter of a century. The only pure pleasures of life are, domestic intercourse, literature, and religion; and what scene can be more unfavourable to either of them, than a noisy mass of crowded buildings?"

"But those buildings are beautiful."

"The beauty of a scene of labour is absolutely nothing to a man's happiness: a gardener is not a whit happier than a collier; what a man

sees every day he thinks nothing of; and millions pass the Monument daily, without more notice than they would bestow on a watch-house."

"I believe you are right; for the inhabitants of London seem to leave it as often as they can. Yet, certainly, all classes of men are richer here than in the country?"

"A very common mistake: London is the poorest place in England, and half the splendour you see is rotten—the pride which goes before destruction. All live up to their income, and thousands beyond it, almost from necessity."

"I will return, certainly, and throw myself on the mercy of Mr. Johnson."

"Do so: own that you have been wrong; and when, in future, you see any one dreaming of wealth and grandeur, and quitting certainty for hope, tell him your own experience: if he has nothing, let him come to London; but if he is provided for at home, advise him to stay there; and assure him that, if here he may find a larger carcase, he will also find a far greater number of eagles."

"I will write to Mr. Johnson immediately," said Maurice.

"By no means," replied Warren. "If you have any favour to seek, always make a personal application; it is much more difficult to refuse than a written one, and it must be answered one way or another."

Maurice took, with much gratitude, the advice so kindly offered him, and the same evening set out for his native town. His pride, which had yielded to arguments enforced by immediate distress, returned as the prospect of humiliation approached more nearly; and when he was set down at the Castle inn, he had almost resolved to return again to the metropolis. But it happened that, in taking up a local newspaper, an advertisement met his eye, which turned his thoughts into another channel. It was one of those extravagant scholastic annunciations which excite at once pity and contempt: the boys were to be taught with miraculous exactness and celerity, and no vacations were given but at the option of the parents. The name of the principal was Merivale; and all doubt as to the identity of the person was removed by his seeing him, shortly afterwards, pass the window, shabbily dressed, and driving before him two or three boys not his superiors in appearance.

It is needless to explain how his feelings were affected by the spectacle of a man, bred up in ease and affluence, reduced to the adoption of a profession than which there was none more laborious, and few for which he could have been more unqualified. He proceeded with humility and alacrity to the house of his relative, freely avowed his circumstances, and met with less severity than he anticipated. The anger of Mr. Johnson could not be very inveterate against a man who came to tell him he was right, and to admit himself a fool in having ever differed from him.

It remained for him to make his peace in another quarter; and when he again saw Juliet, he was enabled, by a more extended knowledge of the world, to do justice to her merits. If she wanted the refinements, she wanted also the vices of the town. She was not elegant nor fashionable; but neither was she affected and vain, or addicted to filthy and tawdry finery; and her appearance had all those graces which peculiarly belong to health and nature. In short, running, as he was wont, into extremes, he began to admire those very defects he had once despised; and having conceived a strong disgust for the Golden City, he consigned it to utter detestation, hated all that reminded him of it, and was really happy in having escaped the fulfilment of his most anxious wish.



## JOHN GALT AND LORD BYRON.\*

EVERY man his own biographer would be the beau ideal of biography. We should have a vast deal of vanity, of course ; a vast deal of hypocrisy, and a vast deal of that gentle coloured fiction, which the novelists term white lies—we might have some of a deeper tinge too. But we should have, on the whole, a vast deal of human nature, which is the grand desideratum after all.

One of the phenomena in that most curious of all phenomena—man, is, that in talking of himself, long disguise is impossible. He may have the happiest art of covering the truth in other instances, or the strongest reasons for distorting it in his own, but let the dissembler write half a dozen pages, and we find the truth forcing its way, the true features are seen through the mask, or the paint rubs off by the wear and tear of moments ; or he grows tired of the masquerade, flings down his domino, flies out of the artificial light into the real, and gives his natural visage to the inspection of mankind. It is for this reason, that we scorn all Memoirs by a friend—Recollections by a near observer—Sketches by one in the habit of intercourse for many years—and all the other inventions of graceful titles, to tell us that the writer knows nothing of his subject.

But the affair is different in the present instance, and next to a biography from the pen of Lord Byron himself, we should probably wish to see a detail such as Mr. Galt could have furnished, if it had occurred to him at an earlier period to make use of his opportunities. He is well known as a novelist ; he is a poet, has been a traveller and writer of travels, and we should conceive from the pleasantness and facility of his present volume, from his quickness in seizing the peculiarities of Byron's wayward character, and his picturesque skill in giving them clearly and gracefully to the world, that he would be as successful in the romance of real life, as in the romance of fiction.

To the actual history of Byron's career, it cannot be supposed that much addition was in Mr. Galt's power. And we are by no means sorry to escape the eternal stories of his boyhood, his friendship and quarrels, his buffetings with Rice-pudding Morgan, and the other brats of his school : combats which Byron used to triumph in, "through many a thrice told tale," with a silly affectation of precocious valour. But the present biographer has given the only traits of those times which can interest the reader, and spiritedly touched on the probable sources of his love for loneliness, his early conception of natural grandeur, and his original reluctance to mingle with the pleasant and intelligent scenes of the lower world. Byron was undoubtedly a little mad. His mother was mad by misfortune, his father by vice, and his uncle by nature. There was a floating lunacy in every propensity of his mind, and when he, at last, entered public life, every event tended to establish the fluctuation into settled frenzy. Of all the poor and unhappy of the earth, the most tormented must be a poor nobleman. Others may take refuge in a profession, he has none but the poorest, the army, open to him, unless he can reconcile himself to the life of a country churchman—curate, tithe-gatherer, christener, buryer, and all—and be prepared to slip out of the world's memory till he slips into his grave ; for, with all the vigour of patronage we never heard of a lord rising to a mitre.

\* The Life of Lord Byron, by John Galt, Esq. London : Colburn and Bentley.—No. 1, National Library.

Byron had to struggle with poverty embittered by pride, pride embittered by scorn on his descent, scorn pointed by personal deformity, and personal deformity embittered by an almost female vanity of being distinguished as a beauty; for his ringlets cost him as much trouble as his poetry, and the smallness and whiteness of his hands were his favourite patent of nobility. His entrée into the House of Lords was greeted by the rough ceremony of compelling him to prove that his father was born in wedlock, and his first attempt at literature was plunged in the ice-bath of the Edinburgh Review.

So much for the education of this child of spleen. His first lessons were to shun mankind, his second to hate them, and his third to insult, scorn, and satirize them, and it must be owned that misanthropy never had a more devoted pupil.

Mr. Galt's first meeting with the noble poet was accidental. "It was at Gibraltar that I first fell in with Lord Byron. I had arrived there in the packet from England in indifferent health, on my way to Sicily. I only went a trip, intending to return home after spending a few weeks in Malta, Sicily, and Sardinia; having, before my departure, entered into the Society of Lincoln's-inn, with the design of studying the law.

"At this time, my friend, the late Colonel Wright, was Secretary to the Governor, and during the short stay of the packet at the Rock, he invited me to the hospitalities of his house, and among other civilities, gave me admission to the garrison library.

"The day, I well remember, was exceedingly sultry. The air was sickly, and if it was not a sirocco, it was a withering Levanter, oppressive to the functions of life, and to an invalid, denying all exercise; instead of rambling over the fortifications, I was, in consequence, constrained to spend the hottest part of the day in the library, and, while sitting there, a young man came in, and seated himself opposite to me at the table where I was reading. Something in his appearance attracted my attention. His dress indicated a Londoner of some fashion, partly by its neatness and simplicity, with just so much of a peculiarity of style as served to shew, that though he belonged to the order of metropolitan beaux, he was not altogether a common one.

"I thought his face not unknown to me. I began to conjecture where I could have seen him, and after an unobserved scrutiny, to speculate as to both his character and his vacation. His physiognomy was prepossessing and intelligent, but ever and anon his brows lowered and gathered, a habit, as I then thought, with a degree of affectation in it, probably first assumed for picturesque effect and energetic expression; but which I afterwards discovered, was undoubtedly the occasional scowl of some unpleasant reminiscences: it was certainly disagreeable, forbidding; but still the general cast of his features was impressed with elegance and character."

At dinner, Mr. Galt partially made, by the help of "Tom Sheridan," the discovery of the "mysterious man with the knitted brows." Lord Byron and Mr. Hobhouse were mentioned as having arrived in the packet. Still, however, the problem was incomplete. He had not seen either before, and the grand difficulty was to know which was the true Simon Pure. Nay, he would not be certain but that Mr. Cam Hobhouse, on whose poems he pronounces the fatal verdict of being "*rather respectable in their way*,"—one of the most long-drawn tortures that we can conceive to be inflicted in the cruelty of criticism—that the irritable

writer of those respectable poems might himself be the mysterious man with the scowl. However, the solution was expeditious, and happily complete.

"On the following evening I embarked early, and soon after, the two travellers came on board; in one of whom I recognized the visitor to the library, and he proved to be Lord Byron. In the little bustle and process of embarking their luggage, his lordship affected, as it seemed to me, more aristocracy than befitted his years or the occasion, and I then thought of his scowl, and *suspected* him of pride and irascibility. The impression that evening was not agreeable, but it was interesting, and that forehead-mark, the frown, was calculated to awaken curiosity, and to beget conjectures."

We must do Mr. Galt the justice to say that no man could have made more of a frown. However, the rest is more to our taste.

"Hobhouse, with more of the *commoner* (and Mr. Galt might have added, 'with more of the gentleman'), made himself one of the passengers at once, but Byron held himself aloof, and sat on the rail, leaning on the mizen shrouds, imbibing, as it were, poetical sympathy from the gloomy rock, then dark and stern in the twilight. (Ten to one he was sick.) There was in all about him that evening much waywardness, he spoke petulantly to Fletcher, his valet, and was evidently ill at ease with himself, and fretful towards others. I thought he would turn out an unsatisfactory shipmate, yet there was something redeeming in the tones of his voice," &c.

Byron took three days to come round and look human. "About the third day he relented from his rapt mood, as if he felt it was out of place, and became playful." They then went to shooting at bottles overboard, Byron was "not pre-eminently the best shot." They caught a shark, and had a steak of him broiled for breakfast. Mr. Galt does not tell us how the others liked it, but, for his own part, he considered it "but a cannibal dainty."

There is rather too much of this minuteness in the book; but on the general character of Byron's mind, tastes, life, loves, and poetry, his biographer gives a good deal of new and true remark. In one instance he charges the poet with plagiarism "from Mr. Galt," probably true enough, for he plundered wherever he could, without the slightest ceremony in the appropriation, and, odd as the matter may be, the suspicion is rendered more probable, by his protesting that "Mr. Galt is the last person on earth from whom any one would think of taking anything,"—an impudent and insulting scoff, which the biographer has the heroism, or the simplicity, to give to the world.

The story of the Guiccioli is given; but Mr. Galt should have felt it due to his own character to pronounce this a base and profligate connection, and to stamp with the scorn they deserve the contemptible family who could see one of their number thus living in open adultery with any man. But we take it for granted that the gentlemen got their stipend, and the lady her hire, regularly by the month.

One fragment of character is still worth recording. We hope that it may figure in some historic picture of the new school of feeling. When that miserable man, Shelley, was drowned, the surviving partners of the "Liberal" met to give him a classic burial. The performance was quite poetic: open shore, resounding sea, distant forest, murmuring waves, solemn strand, broad sun-bright waves, the "majesty of nature,"



and so forth, all in full dress. To bury the miserable remains was out of the question; the ceremony must be pagan, and they burned him, like an honest and plain-spoken Pagan as he was. Mr. Galt describes the concluding ceremony as giving a fine finish to the ceremonial.

"Those antique obsequies were undoubtedly affecting; but the return of the mourners from the burning is the most appalling *orgie*, without the horror of crime, of which I have ever heard. When the *duty* was done, and the ashes collected, they *dined* and *drank much*, and bursting together from the calm mastery with which they had repressed their feelings—(fudge, Mr. Galt!)—during the solemnity, gave way to frantic exultation.

"They were *all drunk*; they *sung*, they *shouted*, and their barouche was driven like a whirlwind through the forest. I can conceive nothing descriptive of the demoniac revelry of that flight, but scraps of the dead man's own song of Faust, Mephistophelis, and Ignis-fatuus, in alternate chorus."

All this is true, and the biographer talks properly on so odious a subject. We think too his illustration by the rhymes is quite appropriate. As nothing can be a fitter illustration of frenzy in fact than nonsense in rhyme; for example—

"The giant-snouted crags, ho, ho!  
How they snort, and how they blow!

"The way is wide, the way is long;  
But what is that for a Bedlam throng?  
Some on a ram, and some on a prong,  
On poles and on broomsticks we flutter along!

"Honour to her to whom honour is due—  
Old Mother Baubo, honour to you!  
An *able sow*, with old Baubo upon her,  
Is *worthy of glory*, and *worthy of honour*!"

We think this monstrous stuff quite the suitable epitaph, and regret that the bones were burned.

As to the "Liberal," which was projected by Shelley's atheist malignity, Hunt's poverty, and Byron's avarice, the biographer properly pronounces it to have been a most degrading transaction:—

"There is no disputing the fact, that his lordship, in conceiving the plan of the 'Liberal,' was actuated by sordid motives, and of the basest kind, as the popularity of the work was to rest on the art of destruction. Being disappointed in his hopes of profit, he shuffled out of the concern as meanly as any higgler could have done who found himself in a profitless business with a disreputable partner."

All true enough; though even this candour does not reconcile us to Mr. Galt's praises of his lordship's tragedies. The public have already stamped them irrevocably as dull, as having no dramatic power about them, and as greatly tending to that falling-off of fame, of which Byron so keenly complains in his correspondence with his bookseller, and which was clearly the principal cause of driving him to his giddy and Quixotic expedition to Greece. However, the volume is interesting; it gives all that we can expect to know of the poet, or, perhaps, all that could be known without diving into matters that might be better kept concealed. The work begins the "National Library" well, and under the conduct of its popular and intelligent editor, Mr. Gleig, and with its active publishers, we augur very favourably of the enterprise.

## LIGHT AND SHADOW.

"All that's bright must fade."

ALAS! that early Love should fly;  
That Friendship's self should fade and die,  
And glad hearts pine with cankering fears,  
And starry eyes grow dim with tears!  
For years are sad and withering things,  
And Sorrow lingers, and Joy has wings;  
And Winter steals into sunny bowers,  
And Time's dull footstep treads on flowers;  
And the waters of life flow deep and fast,  
And they bear to the sorrowful grave at last.

There were two young hearts that were twins in love,  
As pure as the passion that lives above;  
Two flowers were they on a single stem,  
And the world was the Garden of Eden to them;  
And all things looked bright in the morning beam,  
And life was as sweet as an angel's dream;  
But death has a stern and a pitiless heart,  
And the nearest and dearest at length must part.

The Dark One came, with his fatal eye,  
And the fairest faded as he drew nigh;  
And her pure soul passed from its dwelling away,  
And her beauty was changed into mouldering clay.

It was a fearful sight to see  
The one that was left in his misery,  
As he gazed with a steadfast eye on the dead,  
Watching her charms as they faded and fled!  
For the beauty of death soon passes away,  
When touched by the withering hand of decay.

First, she looked lovely, as if in sleep;  
Then, a rigid and marble look did creep  
O'er her breathless form with a stealthy pace,  
And her shrunk limbs lost their languid grace—  
The placid languor of deep repose,  
When slumber sinks down after music's close;  
And the tender blush her cheek forsook,  
And her features a stony stiffness took;  
And her dim eyes sunk, and their beauty was o'er,  
And her sweet lips settled, to charm no more.

His dreary life still holds him fast,  
Like a chain around a prisoner cast;  
For those who long to die, live on,  
When all that made life dear is gone.

J. R. O.

## THE MUSING MUSICIAN.

I BEG leave to present my card, and to solicit the reader's patronage, as a professor of music. Fifty summers and winters have passed over my head. I have not, however, kept time in the orchestra of life—for life may be aptly likened to an orchestra, whose best performance is but an overture, a promise of something to come; a place where the thunder of the drum and the whisper of the flute, the light violin and the heavy violoncello, are by turns uppermost, and whose most complicated harmony may be entirely jarred by the error of one solitary fiddler—a Nero, or a Napoleon;—I have not, I say, taken part in this performance for half a century, without acquiring a certain degree of experience, and picking up a considerable number of axioms which I believe to be incontrovertible. One of these is, that people who go to parties are more unreasonable than the rest of the world; another is, that the man who hath “music in his soul” hath seldom any mercy in it for the musician; a third is, that gentlemen—quadrilles being once started in an assembly—continue dancing for the rest of their lives, until the gout seizes hold of them; and that ladies never do sit down afterwards. Your quadrille, I am perfectly convinced, is your only perpetual motion. Dancing, to women especially, is like a hoop, which they twirl round and round without coming to an end. They seem to imagine that a ball is, in accordance with its designation, globular; and that, having once commenced, there cannot possibly be any termination to it. I never yet met with a female that would acknowledge herself fatigued—if she danced well. They are always ready to go on, and never willing to go home. They have no notion of giving over—they do not know what breaking-up means—they think the chalk looks as fresh on the floor as ever—they wonder what the old gentleman, who generally goes to bed at eleven, means by gaping at six in the morning—they vow, with Juliet, that it is the nightingale and not the lark that sings—they promise to accept you as a partner in the next dance but nine; and they never will, in short, put an end to their sport until they fall fast asleep—and even then they will be apt to make a somnambular movement, and go through the figures with their eyes shut. They dream that they dance.

If this be the case—and it will scarcely be contradicted—with females generally, to what a height must the evil be increased with those in particular who are celebrated, as so many are, for something or other—talents, beauty, a volume of poems, or a rich relation in a banking-establishment. When I enter a room, and find myself surrounded by pretty faces, and figures not too fat, I prepare myself for the worst. But if, in addition to this disastrous display, I discover that there are two or three of them who dance divinely, two or three more tolerably, and another two or three, who, though they cannot dance at all, have inherited such things as ankles;—if I have reason to apprehend that none of the gentlemen are afflicted with the rheumatism or cork legs;—if I see a harp within reach of somebody that has been taught to play, not because she has a taste for music, but because she has a white arm or a diamond-bracelet;—if I find a lady in the room who, happening to have a good set of teeth, happens to have also what is termed a voice—a female professor of science and sentiment, that has all Bayley's ballads by heart;—when I make any one of these dreadful and by no means



unusual discoveries, I feel that I am indeed fixed. There I am, like Prometheus, chained to a mahogany rock stuffed with horse-hair, with the piano-forte preying upon me like a vulture.

These reflections have been forced upon my mind by a circumstance that occurred the other evening. I was engaged professionally to attend a little party where the mistress of the ceremonies was understood to be an advocate for regular hours, and I accordingly entertained strong hopes of getting home by two or three o'clock. When I entered the room, conceive my dismay and disappointment at beholding, ranged before me, not less than a dozen of the most indefatigable and determined torturers of the fantastic toe that ever danced till seven, drank coffee, and danced again. There were many others scattered about; but the dreadful dozen, that formidable twelve—they were the jury by whom my temper was to be tried—the signs of the Zodiac through which I was destined to travel. They were stars that did not think of shining till the morning—planets that would scorn to turn pale till daybreak. I read my doom in their eyes—they had dressed for my destruction. Seeing that there was to be no mercy, I made up my mind for mischief. After bowing to the multitude—like one who is brought forth to suffer some dreadful sentence for the benefit of society—(the parallel will not hold good, for I lacked the necessary nightcap—how I longed for it!)—I took my seat with a smiling face and a desponding heart. I was determined to endure calmly. I was quite patient—the very personification of an angler fishing for philosophic consolation.

Dancing commenced. The company proceeded to take their pleasure in pairs, entering the ark of happiness two and two; each fop with a female—I with my piano. What a partner!—and to have it for life, too, as appeared at length to be my lot. I bore my fate with calmness—nay, with contentment; particularly as they commenced with some shew of moderation, and allowed me nearly a minute and a half between each quadrille. This playing and purring with me, however, was only to enable them to devour me at last with the greater relish. They appeared to regard me as a mouse instead of a musician. At least it never seemed to enter into the imagination of anybody that I was anything but a part of the instrument; a piece of mortal machinery, that, when out of order, might be tuned or wound up with wine and water.

The situation of the frog renowned in fable presented itself to my recollection, and I felt that their rapture was to be my ruin. I relieved my mind in some degree from the pressure of sorrow, by inveighing bitterly against the legislature, that, while it has provided such appropriate punishments for house-breaking, suffers heart-breaking to be practised with impunity.

It was now long past midnight, and they continued to glide and glisten about the room, with as much vigour and brilliancy as if they had only just commenced. I could read in every face at the termination of a dance, “to be continued in our next.” Like authors who are paid by the sheet, a conclusion was with them quite out of the question. They appeared insensible to fatigue, and were evidently disposed to dance on for ever. Life in their philosophy seemed so short, that it was hardly worth while to leave off. A quadrille was their pursuit, their occupation—the object they were born for. There was nothing else in nature in their eyes. People were created but to dance and die. The world itself

had been for ages past performing a minuet with the sun, and appeared at that moment to be waltzing away with the moon!

My fingers and my faculties began to rebel. I continued to play, however, though I could perceive the incipient symptoms of daylight just breaking through the window-curtains. I wished a vast number of things—the principal and most preposterous of which was, that they would give over. I wished that handsome women were prohibited by Act of Parliament, or that boarding-school beauties, in their eighteenth year, were human beings—as in that case some small degree of pity might be expected from them. The lamps and candles were burning low—I fancied they began to burn blue! How I wished that, by some necromantic misfortune, there might be no more oil or long-fours in the house! I ardently longed for the appearance of an apparition or a housebreaker. Jack Sheppard and the Hammersmith ghost came alternately into my mind, and I wished that we had all been born in an earlier era. Hope would not then have been so utterly hopeless. It seemed just possible that the kitchen-chimney might catch fire;—what a relief would that have been to the fever under which I was suffering! I prayed fervently that the mistress of the house might find the fatigue too much for her;—a fainting fit would have administered much consolation to me—particularly if there were no *sal volatile* to be had. I wished most especially that her husband would get cross and sleepy. And then my imagination would settle again upon those lovely but provoking pests—those laughing, persevering plagues, who were the real movers of my misery, and whom I heard every instant proposing some new mode of torturing me and prolonging the time. It was clear that, having the persons, they considered themselves entitled to the privileges of angels, and had consequently mistaken time for eternity. I hoped that their brothers and uncles might be desperately alarmed at their stay; or that Queen Mab might pay a visit to their grandmothers, frightening them with dreams of elopements, and handsome clerks with eighty pounds per annum.

At last, worn out with incessant exertion, and overpowered with sleep down to my fingers' ends—that continued to touch the keys, though my ears were utterly unconscious of the sounds they produced—I fell into a kind of conscious stupor, a waking vision, a delusion of the senses. A film grew over my mind, and obscured its perceptions. My imagination seemed to have been let on a building lease, and fabrics of a most fantastic architecture were every where springing up on its surface. I could not help fancying that I had been playing there for many years without once leaving off, and that the company had continued dancing for the same length of time. I endeavoured in vain to recollect at what period I had commenced my performance, but I could not divest my mind of a belief that half a century had elapsed since I began. Glancing at a mirror opposite to me, I perceived that I looked alarmingly old—that my whiskers were quite grey, and of more than military dimensions. I observed also that my coat was fearfully unfashionable in its cut, and as shabby as a member of parliament's that has been twice turned. My hat, I conjectured, must be the only part of my apparel that was not worn out. The portion of my dress nearest to the seat, had suffered severely. The very horse-hair was peeping out of the cushion. The dress and appearance of all around me had likewise under-

gone a change for the worse. The long-flounced drapery, and large loose hanging sleeves—the starched cravats and pigeon-tailed dress-coats—gave the figure a most odiously antiquated effect. Seen through the telescope of time, nothing could be more outré and ridiculous. Fancy how the fashions in “*La Belle Assemblée*” will look fifty years hence, and then imagine my amusement in contemplating the scene around me.

I could not account to myself for this singular delusion but by supposing that we had all been so much interested in the festivities, that months had imperceptibly passed on, and we had counted them as minutes. Still, however, they continued dancing: but I consoled myself by reflecting that it could not last much longer, as the charms of the females were rapidly fading away, their cheeks being already pale with age and fatigue—their tresses, whether raven or auburn, requiring the magical and gloss-giving aid of Rowland—and their few remaining teeth beginning to ache—so that, no longer able to “shew off,” they would soon cease to have any reasonable motive for prolonging the dance. As for the other portion of the party, I could easily perceive that they did not caper about with their former ease and alacrity. Their youthful harlequinism had turned into a very Grimaldi-like old age. The gout had done wonders. They limped through the figures like people galloping over burning ploughshares; and, in spite of every effort to disguise it, it was clear that their imaginations were settling very comfortably into easy chairs and velvet caps. They seemed to treat their legs with particular tenderness and indulgence, and were evidently longing to put their feet into wool. I could see very well where the shoe pinched, and how they gilded every twinge with a smile. There was a little girl—one of the musical marvels with which every private family abounds—who had been fondly forced by considerate parents and admiring friends to sing every thing, from the Tyrolese air to Tom Bowling, in the earlier part of the evening; and there to my imagination she stood, in the same spot—ogling what had been an agile young ensign when he entered the room, but who was now probably a corpulent colonel without being at all aware of the change. I could not but smile, amidst all my anxieties and uneasiness, when, reflecting on the gay, airy, tripping step that had distinguished every one on entering, I anticipated a view of their approaching exit, hobbling and humiliated. A feeling of revenge sweetened my regret, as I pictured one of the most youthful of my tormentors, dim and decrepit, leaning for support on the arm of a tender juvenile, who was obliged to send the servant for a stick to sustain him.

In contemplating the changes that had taken place in others, I was not unmindful of myself. And here the first thing that occurred to me was—what would my wife say to me for my long absence! The reflection that followed this was—and I felt the piano tremble beneath the violence occasioned by the overwhelming idea—perhaps she had eloped! This, indeed, appeared the more probable to my apprehension, as fortune had blessed me with a very intimate friend. Perhaps—the thought was succeeded by a strange mixture of sensations—perhaps my poor wife was dead!—and by some extraordinary association of circumstances, I immediately seemed to shake off my years, and to assume something like the semblance of juvenility. I could not help indulging a hope that,



amidst the wreck of my property, my favourite violin had been preserved. I wondered moreover whether my eldest boy's voice had turned out a tenor, and whether the other had left off playing on the jew's-harp.

But my attention was soon called to the state of public affairs, and I began to marvel as to the improvements that had been effected and the changes that had happened during the period of my trance. My first conjecture was—whether the National Debt and the Pimlico Palace were still standing: or had Rothschild paid the one out of his own pocket, as an acknowledgment for the admission of himself and his people into parliament; Nash being condemned to inhabit the other through all eternity, as a punishment for building it. I took some pains to calculate how many new worlds Mr. Buckingham had discovered in the course of his voyage round this; an excursion undertaken with so much regard to the interests of science, and with such manifest indifference and detriment to his own. I wondered also whether there was anybody in existence that recollected who Mr. Milton Montgomery was; or whether the exact extent and duration of a modern immortality had been finally fixed! Had the nation begun to like music, or did they only patronize it! Had Liston really assumed, on his retirement, the honours of the baronetcy (I tried to imagine a Sir John Liston) to which rumour had assigned him the right; and had the mariner-monarch, King William, called Mr. T. P. Cooke to the peerage, as a reward for his talent in the personation of nautical characters, and making the navy popular! I felt a desire to know whether Sir Francis Burdett had ever ascertained the difference between water and prussic-acid; and how many revolutions had taken place in St. Giles's since 1830! Who was Lord Mayor—and were state-carriages drawn by steam! I indulged in a momentary surmise whether steam had been rendered applicable to the purposes of public orations, by bringing one vapour to act upon another; and whether La Porte had introduced it into the Opera to give effect to the chorusses, and to relieve the wind-instruments. Had the works of any more of our popular authors been advertised at half-price! I hoped that the army had recovered from the shock which it sustained in the loss of its mustachios. Had the North-West Passage been discovered!—if so, had Sir Edward Parry, or any navigator in the ocean of human nature, found out—and here my mind rambled over an infinite catalogue of desiderata, comprising the integrity of a stock-jobber, the independence of a state-pensioner, the morality of an actress, the skill of a self-taught curer of consumptions, the enlightenment of his patients, the unimpeachable honour of a representative, the incorruptible honesty of an elector, the diffidence of a counsellor, the disinterestedness of a subscriber to public charities, the meek-heartedness of a judge, the sincerity of a saint, the dignity of a city magistrate, the love of criticism of an artist, the conscience and classic taste of a government architect, the humour of a translator of farces, the anything of a fashionable novelist, the—— But I broke off, as I do now, in the middle; I had stumbled over more improbabilities than the most sagacious expounder of mysteries, the most enthusiastic supporter of the Society for the Diffusion of Knowledge, could hope to discover between this and the millenium. A thousand questions started up involuntarily, pressing for answers on all subjects, from poetry to pugilism. Every thing had acquired an interest from time—the most

trivial objects had become hallowed in my absence. How anxiously I longed to see the "Times:" even the advertisements would have been welcome. From this dream, or whatever it may be called, I was at length aroused by the actual breaking up of the party. They were positively going. I had glimpses at first, and then full views, of hats and cloaks—my dungeon-bolts were withdrawn. Alas! I felt myself in the situation of the "Prisoner of Chillon," so affectingly described by our great poet. I had become so accustomed to my confinement, that I was almost indifferent to release—and at length

"Regained my freedom with a sigh!"

I resembled a person that was so exceedingly hungry that he had lost his appetite. I would as soon stay as go. I had no relish for home—indeed I had almost forgotten the way to it. With some difficulty I succeeded in tracing it out, and reached it in time for breakfast. There, faithful as the eggs and coffee themselves, presided my wife, who, notwithstanding my friend, had never even dreamed of eloping. The girls were as guiltless of marriage, and the boys as innocent of music, as when I left them. One of them was spoiling my favourite violin and a newly-published air at the same moment; and the other was, as usual, playing the jew's-harp to a favourite poodle, who sat shaking his ears over it with all the solemnity of a profoundly fashionable critic at a composition of Handel's. B.

#### PARAGRAPHS ON PREJUDICE: BY THE LATE WILLIAM HAZLITT.

It is not an easy matter to distinguish between true and false prejudice; for it is a mistake to suppose that all prejudices are false. Prejudice is properly an opinion or feeling, not for which there is no reason, but of which we cannot render a satisfactory account on the spot. It is not always possible to assign a "reason for the faith that is in us," not even if we take time and summon up all our strength; but it does not therefore follow that our faith is hollow and unfounded. A false impression may be defined to be an effect without a cause, or without any adequate one; but the effect may remain and be true, though the cause is concealed or forgotten. The grounds of our opinions and tastes may be deep, and be scattered over a large surface; they may be various, remote, and complicated; but the result will be sound and true, if they have existed at all, though we may not be able to analyse them into classes, or to recal the particular time, place, and circumstances of each individual case or branch of the evidence. The materials of thought and feeling, the body of facts and experience, are infinite, are constantly going on around us, and acting to produce an impression of good or evil, of assent or dissent to certain inferences; but to require that we should be prepared to retain the whole of this mass of experience in our memory, to resolve it into its component parts, and be able to quote chapter and verse for every conclusion we unavoidably draw from it, or else to discard the whole together as unworthy the attention of a rational being, is to betray an utter ignorance both of the limits and the several uses of the human capacity. The feeling of the truth of anything, or

the soundness of the judgment formed upon it from repeated, actual impressions, is one thing; the power of vindicating and enforcing it, by distinctly appealing to or explaining those impressions, is another. The most fluent talkers or most plausible reasoners are not always the justest thinkers.

To deny that we can, in a certain sense, know and be justified in believing anything of which we cannot give the complete demonstration, or the exact *why* and *how*, would only be to deny that the clown, the mechanic (and not even the greatest philosopher), can know the commonest thing; for in this new and dogmatical process of reasoning, the greatest philosopher can trace nothing *above*, nor proceed a single step without taking something for granted;\* and it is well if he does not take more things for granted than the most vulgar and illiterate, and what he knows a great deal less about. A common mechanic can tell how to work an engine better than the mathematician who invented it. A peasant is able to foretell rain from the appearance of the clouds, because (time out of mind) he has seen that appearance followed by that consequence; and shall a pedant catechise him out of a conviction which he has found true in innumerable instances, because he does not understand the composition of the elements, or cannot put his notions into a logical shape? There may also be some collateral circumstance (as the time of day), as well as the appearance of the clouds, which he may forget to state in accounting for his prediction; though, as it has been a part of his familiar experience, it has naturally guided him in forming it, whether he was aware of it or not. This comes under the head of the well-known principle of the *association of ideas*; by which certain impressions, from frequent recurrence, coalesce and act in unison truly and mechanically—that is, without our being conscious of anything but the general and settled result. On this principle it has been well said, that “there is nothing so true as habit;” but it is also blind: we feel and can produce a given effect from numberless repetitions of the same cause; but we neither inquire into the cause, nor advert to the mode. In learning any art or exercise, we are obliged to take lessons, to watch others, to proceed step by step, to attend to the details and means employed; but when we are masters of it, we take all this for granted, and do it without labour and without thought, by a kind of habitual instinct—that is, by the trains of our ideas and volitions having been directed uniformly, and at last flowing of themselves into the proper channel.

We never do any thing well till we cease to think about the manner of doing it. This is the reason why it is so difficult for any but natives to speak a language correctly or idiomatically. They do not succeed in this from knowledge or reflection, but from inveterate custom, which is a cord that cannot be loosed. In fact, in all that we do, feel, or think, there is a leaven of *prejudice* (more or less extensive), *viz.* something implied, of which we do not know or have forgotten the grounds.

\* Berkeley, in his “*Minute Philosopher*,” attacks Dr. Halley, who had objected to faith and mysteries in religion, on this score; and contends that the mathematician, no less than the theologian, is obliged to presume on certain *postulates*, or to resort, before he could establish a single theorem, to a formal definition of those undefinable and hypothetical existences, points, lines, and surfaces; and, according to the ingenious and learned Bishop of Cloyne, *solids* would fare no better than *superficials* in this war of words and captious contradiction.



If I am required to prove the possibility, or demonstrate the mode of whatever I do before I attempt it, I can neither speak, walk, nor see; nor have the use of my hands, senses, or common understanding. I do not know what muscles I use in walking, nor what organs I employ in speech: those who do, cannot speak or walk better on that account; nor can they tell how these organs and muscles themselves act. Can I not discover that one object is near, and another at a distance, from the eye alone, or from continual impressions of sense and custom concurring to make the distinction, without going through a course of perspective and optics?—or am I not to be allowed an opinion on the subject, or to act upon it, without being accused of being a very *prejudiced* and obstinate person? An artist knows that to imitate an object in the horizon, he must use less colour; and the naturalist knows that this effect is produced by the intervention of a greater quantity of air: but a country fellow, who knows nothing of either circumstance, must not only be ignorant, but a blockhead, if he could be persuaded that a hill ten miles off was close before him, only because he could not state the grounds of his opinion scientifically. Not only must we (if restricted to reason and philosophy) distrust the notices of sense, but we must also dismiss all that mass of knowledge and perception which falls under the head of *common-sense* and *natural feeling*, which is made up of the strong and urgent, but undefined impressions of things upon us, and lies between the two extremes of absolute proof and the grossest ignorance. Many of these pass for instinctive principles and *innate ideas*; but there is nothing in them “more than natural.”

Without the aid of prejudice and custom, I should not be able to find my way across the room; nor know how to conduct myself in any circumstances, nor what to feel in any relation of life. Reason may play the critic, and correct certain errors afterwards; but if we were to wait for its formal and absolute decisions in the shifting and multifarious combinations of human affairs, the world would stand still. Even men of science, after they have gone over the proofs a number of times, abridge the process, and *jump at a conclusion*:—is it therefore false, because they have always found it to be true? Science after a certain time becomes presumption; and learning reposes in ignorance. It has been observed, that women have more *tact* and insight into character than men, that they find out a pedant, a pretender, a blockhead, sooner. The explanation is, that they trust more to the first impressions and natural indications of things, without troubling themselves with a learned theory of them; whereas men, affecting greater gravity, and thinking themselves bound to justify their opinions, are afraid to form any judgment at all, without the formality of proofs and definitions, and blunt the edge of their understandings, lest they should commit some mistake. They stay for facts, till it is too late to pronounce on the characters. Women are naturally physiognomists, and men phrenologists. The first judge by sensations; the last by rules. Prejudice is so far then an involuntary and stubborn *association of ideas*, of which we cannot assign the distinct grounds and origin; and the answer to the question, “How do we know whether the prejudice is true or false?” depends chiefly on that other, whether the first connection between our ideas has been real or imaginary. This again resolves into the inquiry, Whether the subject in dispute falls under the province of our own experience,

feeling, and observation, or is referable to the head of authority, tradition, and fanciful conjecture? Our practical conclusions are in this respect generally right; our speculative opinions are just as likely to be wrong. What we derive from our personal acquaintance with things (however narrow in its scope or imperfectly digested), is, for the most part, built on a solid foundation—that of Nature; it is in trusting to others (who give themselves out for guides and doctors) that we are *all abroad*, and at the mercy of quackery, impudence, and imposture. Any impression, however absurd, or however we may have imbibed it, by being repeated and indulged in, becomes an article of implicit and incorrigible belief. The point to consider is, how we have first taken it up, whether from ourselves or the arbitrary dictation of others. “Thus shall we try the doctrines, whether they be of nature or of man.”

So far then from the charge lying against vulgar and illiterate prejudice as the bane of truth and common sense, the argument turns the other way; for the greatest, the most solemn, and mischievous absurdities that mankind have been the dupes of, they have imbibed from the dogmatism and vanity or hypocrisy of the self-styled wise and learned, who have imposed profitable fictions upon them for self-evident truths, and contrived to enlarge their power with their pretensions to knowledge. Every boor sees that the sun shines above his head; that “the moon is made of green cheese,” is a fable that has been taught him. Defoe says, that there were a hundred thousand stout country-fellows in his time ready to fight to the death against popery, without knowing whether popery was a man or a horse. This, then, was a prejudice that they did not fill up of their own heads. All the great points that men have founded a claim to superiority, wisdom, and illumination upon, that they have embroiled the world with, and made matters of the last importance, are what one age and country differ diametrically with each other about, have been successively and justly exploded, and have been the levers of opinion and the grounds of contention, precisely because as their expounders and believers are equally in the dark about them, they rest wholly on the fluctuations of will and passion, and as they can neither be proved nor disproved, admit of the fiercest opposition or the most bigotted faith. In what “comes home to the business and bosoms of men,” there is less of this uncertainty and presumption; and there, in the little world of our own knowledge and experience, we can hardly do better than attend to the “still, small voice” of our own hearts and feelings, instead of being brow-beat by the effrontery, or puzzled by the sneers and cavils of pedants and sophists, of whatever school or description.

If I take a prejudice against a person from his face, I shall very probably be in the right; if I take a prejudice against a person from hearsay, I shall quite as probably be in the wrong. We have a prejudice in favour of certain books, but it is hardly without knowledge, if we have read them with delight over and over again. Fame itself is a prejudice, though a fine one. Natural affection is a prejudice: for though we have cause to love our nearest connections better than others, we have no reason to think them better than others. The error here is, when that which is properly a dictate of the heart passes out of its sphere, and becomes an overweening decision of the understanding. So in like manner of the love of country; and there is a prejudice in

favour of virtue, genius, liberty, which (though it were possible) it would be a pity to destroy. The passions, such as avarice, ambition, love, &c. are prejudices, that is, amply exaggerated views of certain objects, made up of habit and imagination beyond their real value; but if we ask what is the real value of any object, independently of its connection with the power of habit, or its affording natural scope for the imagination, we shall perhaps be puzzled for an answer. To reduce things to the scale of abstract reason would be to annihilate our interest in them, instead of raising our affections to a higher standard; and by striving to make man rational, we should leave him merely brutish.

Animals are without prejudice: they are not led away by authority or custom, but it is because they are gross, and incapable of being taught. It is however a mistake to imagine that only the vulgar and ignorant, who can give no account of their opinions, are the slaves of bigotry and prejudice; the noisiest declaimers, the most subtle casuists, and most irrefragable doctors, are as far removed from the character of true philosophers, while they strain and pervert all their powers to prove some unintelligible dogma, instilled into their minds by early education, interest, or self-importance; and if we say the peasant or artisan is a Mahometan because he is born in Turkey, or a papist because he is born in Italy, the mufti at Constantinople or the cardinal at Rome is so, for no better reason, in the midst of all his pride and learning. Mr. Hobbes used to say, that if he had read as much as others, he should have been as ignorant as they.

After all, most of our opinions are a mixture of reason and prejudice, experience and authority. We can only judge for ourselves in what concerns ourselves, and in things about us: and even there we must trust continually to established opinion and current report; in higher and more abstruse points we must pin our faith still more on others. If we believe only what we know at first hand, without trusting to authority at all, we shall disbelieve a great many things that really exist; and the suspicious coxcomb is as void of judgment as the credulous fool. My habitual conviction of the existence of such a place as Rome is not strengthened by my having seen it; it might be almost said to be obscured and weakened, as the reality falls short of the imagination. I walk along the streets without fearing that the houses will fall on my head, though I have not examined their foundation; and I believe firmly in the Newtonian system, though I have never read the *Principia*. In the former case, I argue that if the houses were inclined to fall they would not wait for me; and in the latter, I acquiesce in what all who studied the subject, and are capable of understanding it, agree in, having no reason to suspect the contrary. That *the earth turns round* is agreeable to my understanding, though it shocks my sense, which is however too weak to grapple with so vast a question.



## THE IRISH PRIEST AND HIS NIECE.

THE parish of Ruthbeg, in the west of Ireland, is placed in the centre of a range of ragged hills, as if it had been dropt there by accident. It is a lonely place, dotted over with trees, and ponds, and wide stretches of meadow, and somewhat fantastically intersected with a silver vein of water that takes its source in one of the mountains. The extent of the parish is about twenty miles, and as the population is thin and scattered, the clerical duties of the priest are laborious, it being a part of his business to visit the parishioners at stated times, and give mass on alternate Sundays at the distant stations. But Father Macdermott contrived to make his task as agreeable as, under all circumstances, could be expected. He travelled on horseback; stopped at the Ihcbeen houses for refreshment, which was gratuitously accorded to his Reverence, and which he was never slow to partake of; and, by short stages and merry-makings, he never failed to enjoy himself on the road. He had a word for every body, for he was jocular by nature; and so, between his fun and his functions, he made light of his journey. Imagine him mounted on a well-fed charger, as sleek as himself; and follow him down the sloping bridle-path that leads into the first rent of cabins beyond the bridge: you shall judge of the pleasant life he passes in his retired parish.

"Ha! Mrs. Finnegan, what's upon you this morning, with that quare looking bundle under your apron?"

"Troth, your Reverence, it's only a basket of eggs."

"Where there's eggs there must be chickens, Mrs. Finnegan."

"Never a word of lie in it, your Reverence."

"I wouldn't be put out of my way, Mrs. Finnegan, if one or two of them same chickens were laying their eggs up in my barn; there's a beautiful pool for the creatures there."

"May-be your honour means to do me a good turn this blessed morning?"

"And why not, Mrs. Finnegan? Who's sick?"

"Poor Thady is lyin' under the measles."

"Oh! we'll make a terrible intercession for him."

"The grace of the world go wid you, sir."

"When will the chickens come, Mrs. Finnegan?"

"If I'm a living woman they'll be breaking their hearts laying eggs for your Reverence before they're an hour older."

"You're in the true way, and I'll take care of Thady."

Spurs to his horse, and off he goes to a wake.

The eldest son of the house of Shanahan is dead. He lies on a dingy bed, surrounded by numerous candles and the *élite* of the village. When the priest enters, Michael Shanahan, the father, greets him.

"There he is, your Reverence; sure the world couldn't keep him together when once the last fit came upon him."

"Well," rejoins the priest, "it's one comfort, that, do what you will, you can't bring him back again."

This consolation was followed by dipping a goblet into a gigantic bowl of punch that stood on a table in the middle of the apartment, and drinking off its contents to the "sarvice" of the "ladies and gentlemen."

In the mean time the melancholy revelry went forward, hushed into occasional attention only when some divers-keyed song broke upon the din and clatter of voices; or when some inspired relative of the deceased stood forward, in a sudden frenzy of eloquence, to depict his virtues and bewail his loss.\*

Father Macdermott moved quietly towards a corner, where a middle-aged woman, of the lower class, sat alone. She appeared to be an observer, rather than a partaker of the merriment. But it must not, therefore, be inferred that she was either moody or temperate; for she frequently joined in the loud roar, and never allowed the jorum to pass untasted. Still she did not mingle in the group, but enjoyed it with a sort of solitary recklessness. The priest was soon seated at her side. There was a look of mutual intelligence, checked by strong feelings; but the embarrassment soon wore off, and an undertoned tête-à-tête ensued.

"And is the cratur well?" inquired the woman, in a subdued and uncheerful voice.

"Hearty—hearty!" returned the priest.

"And how is her *sparats*?"†

"Troth, Mrs. Martin, I can't complain. She's as well *as can be expected*." These last words were accompanied by a very intelligent smirk, that conveyed a meaning which could not be mistaken.

"Again?—poor sowl!" and the woman cowered in her corner, and rocked to and fro with an agitated expression of countenance.

The buzz still rang thrillingly through the low room; and but snatches of the conversation were here and there audible.

"Father, avourneen!" exclaimed an old woman, approaching the Priest with great reverence, "how is the niece this blessed night?"

"Thank your axing, she's mighty well," returned his Reverence.

"Ah! then, wasn't it a pity not to bring her along wid you to the wake? Sure never a one of her gets any diversion at all, she's so given up to the books and the chapel."

"True for you," interrupted Mrs. Martin; "but there's *raison* in all things. May-be, it's better *as it is*."

"What should you mean by that, Mrs. Martin?" inquired the Priest.

"Och! nothing—nothing at all. Only it's a sad sight to see a young thing, the likes of her, shut up morning, noon, and night, all as one as a fairy in a 'baccy-box. If the cratur is like other young sowls—and why shouldn't she, Father Macdermott?"—whispered Mrs. Martin—"you know best—you know best."

"Well, I wonder at you to put such thoughts in her head. Did you ever know of a priest's niece go gadding abroad like other girls. Am I not saving up the penny for her"—and then applying his ear close to her's, he added—"won't you be the better of all I have? You'll be the ruin of her if you don't keep your tongue easy."

"Augh! it's an ugly deed. What's the use of talking?—the heart's

\* This is a very common occurrence at the wakes of the Irish peasantry. Curran is said to have imbibed his earliest taste for oratory from the impassioned address of an old woman on one of these occasions. There is frequently, in their spontaneous laments, an extraordinary mixture of the pathetic and humorous, with poetry and eloquence.

† *Anglice*, animal spirits.

broke within me!" she answered, smothering her emotions as well as she was able.

"You're a big fool!" was the answer of the Priest, who turned away to the invitation of an awkward, red-haired man, with a jug of fresh-made punch in his hand.

Let us now return to the Priest's house, seated in a comfortable field, at the termination of the valley beyond the village. It is midnight. Mrs. Finnegan's chickens, presented according to promise, are long since gone to roost. Peggy, the priest's niece, alone is up and waking in the lonely domicile. Suppose a picture of the scene were painted by some Irish Wilkie (if such an artist there be, now that Grattan is no more), it would represent the following interior:—

A snug, warmly-carpeted room; on the left, a fire blazing and sparkling with those best of ignitable materials—seasoned logs and good turf; at the back, a well-furnished cupboard, in which glasses and decanters, brightened by constant use, hold a prominent place. A table in the centre, covered with a crimson cloth, upon which stands an oddly-assorted mixture—a whiskey-bottle (corked, we must add, in justice to the lady)—a couple of tumblers and glasses—a work-basket, filled with various-coloured muslins and ribands—*some half-finished baby-linen*—a weekly newspaper—an Italian iron—a dirty pack of cards, scattered about—a pill-box—and some labelled phials, fresh from the apothecary's. There sits Peggy at her solitary employment; her busy fingers plying her nightly task of preparation for a domestic event to come; and her scarcely-audible voice humming, to beguile time, one of the melancholy popular airs of the country. Occasionally she pauses from her sad labours, and looks vacantly at the progress she has made. Her eyes, never beautiful, but peculiarly soft in their expression—are red, perhaps with weeping. Then a low sigh breaks out from her lips, she makes a violent effort to rally, snatches up her work hastily, and resumes the tedious toil with unconscious rapidity. She looks like the victim of circumstances out of which she cannot escape. If she be unhappy, she is fascinated by a charm that will not permit her to murmur. She dare not complain; she would neither be credited nor comforted by the multitude. Even her relatives, those who love her best and most truly, would shrink from her appeal. She is doomed to suffer without hope. Her crime admits of no worldly consolation. The tempter is the dispenser of salvation; and were she to denounce him, fearful would be the punishment inflicted on her, through the agency of her superstition and her ignorance.

It is midnight, and a vulgar outcry at the door announces the return of Father Macdermott. But he does not come alone: he is accompanied by Mrs. Martin. Peggy hastens to admit them, and, in the next moment, she feels the embrace of her despairing mother.

"Is the kettle *schreeching* hot?" demands the Priest.

"It's only boiling its life out, waiting for you these three long hours," answers Peggy.

A silence of a few minutes ensues, during which the Priest, whose celerity in these matters is proverbial, has mixed two tumblers of strong punch, one for Mrs. Martin (nothing loth), and the other for himself.

There sit the group, enjoying their bitter dissipation: the mother of a lost girl—the priestly seducer—and the ruined victim of unholy passion!



"I'm afeard," exclaims Mrs. Martin, "that the Bible people know all about it, Peggy. It was only the other morning that they were axing down at the school whose child it was that the nurse was taking such care of. That would be certain destruction to us all, avourneen!"

"Ah! then, what are you teasing yourself about?" replies Father Macdermott. "Ar'n't the Biblicals our sworn enemies? Sure I'd rather they'd say it than not; for our people wouldn't believe a word of it then. It would be all set down to their spite and malice; and the 'Sociation would take it up and prosecute them for slander, and Peggy would be a *made woman* ever after the world over. Who d'ye think would dare to accuse me of it? Wouldn't I excommunicate them, bell, book, and candlelight, and bring the murrain on the cattle of them? Don't you know very well, with all your foolishness, that it wouldn't be wishing them all their souls and bodies are worth to put such a charge upon me? *Who cares what they think, when I know they dare not speak out one word against their priest!* Take your cordial, Mrs. Martin, and leave the rest to me."

This is the *moral* of our sketch. It is not a picture designed by the imagination. It is drawn from the life. It is an existing statement of facts, but faintly coloured from the original.

The priest's niece is the convenient name of that individual who fills the void of the priest's loneliness; who engrosses the suppressed play of his forbidden affections; who enables him to cheat religion of its austerities; and to enjoy in disguise those endearments of home and its associations which the unnatural bondage of his church pronounces criminal. The system which opposes itself to nature; that, in the name of God, resists the decrees of God as they are declared in our organization, moral and physical; that sets aside the innate and irresistible tendencies of our original being in favour of fictitious, degrading, and impossible obligations; that, under the pretence of purifying the lives of the professors of Christianity, forces them into the guilt of violating Christianity in secret; that makes men hypocrites for the sake of making priests appear immaculate and superhuman; that poisons the springs of thought and feeling, and distorts the whole machinery of human action, for the sake of arrogating to itself the miraculous and fabulous power of suspending the faculties and keeping back the impulses, that are common to mankind, and above and beyond mortal control;—the system that assumes these extravagant and impious prerogatives, is to be censured in chief for the abominations of its ministers. The priest is but a man; but he is a bad man to become the instrument of such monstrous chicanery—of so extensive a fraud upon the credulity of the weak and the bigotted.

SIR GEORGE MURRAY AND THE SECTARIANS—FATE OF THE COLONIES.\*

WE have repeatedly endeavoured to point out the dangerous consequences of giving way to the dishonest plans and impracticable schemes of that party which is commonly denominated the "Saints;" and the fatal errors which have already been committed by following the advice of irresponsible persons, who are pursuing, at the expense of the nation, wild and visionary measures under the garb of "philanthropy."

We need only allude to our exposure of their measures at Sierra Leone,† and the disgraceful conduct of their agents at Freetown and elsewhere. We think it can easily be demonstrated, that hitherto the only fruits of their interference, have been the waste of some millions of the public money, and the loss of many valuable lives on the African coast, without one of the objects contemplated having been attained, or any one thing having been done for the cause of true humanity. A few individuals have, indeed, enriched themselves at the expense of the nation; and, through the weakness and gullibility of persons in authority, their party, although inimical to the established church, and to the general prosperity of the country (which is mainly dependent upon the colonies), have been able to support and advance their political interests in direct opposition to the government, and on *anti-colonial* principles. Such have, hitherto, been the consequences of adopting the schemes of this party. To affirm that they have, in the slightest degree, advanced the interests of humanity would, we apprehend, be a gross dereliction of the truth. We would ask has Africa benefited by their plans? Is not the slave-trade generally, which they professed to annihilate, still persisted in by foreigners, with undiminished vigour and extended cruelty? Have not all the measures adopted by the suggestion of the "Saints," and carried on at an enormous waste of men, and some eight or nine millions of the public money, utterly failed? Have not their schemes for the civilization of Africa and Africans proved completely abortive? Are not the unfortunate beings, seized from the foreign slave-ships and prematurely liberated, still in a condition far inferior, in every respect, to the meanest of our colonial cultivators? And is there the slightest chance of the improvement of these freed negroes under the *civilization system* of the pseudo-philanthropists? Still, these people, disappointed in all their other measures, persist in their designs for the utter subversion of our colonial establishments in the West Indies; and instead of suggesting sound and equitable *practical* measures, calculated to benefit either the slave or the planter, they adhere to abstract principles, and pursue their nefarious designs by propagating calumnies against the colonists, and by giving currency to the most artful misrepresentations and disingenuous statements to their prejudice!

In the debates during the last session of parliament, ministers, instead of firmly and decisively maintaining the rights of property, and affording that protection to the colonies which their great importance demands, left the colonists open to the assaults of their bitter enemies; and without fairly meeting the mis-statements propagated, seemed to encourage

\* Parliamentary Documents. Fate of the Colonies: a Letter to the Proprietors and Planters of the West Indies resident in the colonies, by R. Alexander, Esq.

† Monthly Mag. for March last, &c.

them by *faint* opposition and *temporizing* explanations. The colonists have thus had to fight an unequal battle, and to undertake duties, for the proper discharge of which, ministers, virtually, became responsible to the country when they accepted of office.

In the late debates on colonial slavery, Sir George Murray, although he expressed himself adverse to the measures of spoliation contemplated by the anti-colonists, namely, to deprive the West Indians of their property without compensation, and although he declared that "the property in a slave is as much property as any other species of possession, and as much under the protection of the law, as any other denomination whatever;" yet he stated other propositions to which we think every sober-minded man must demur, and it is to be regretted that he had not more fully considered the subject. He is said to have asserted that the condition of slavery is injurious both to the master and the slave; and is equally inconsistent with humanity, and the religion we profess; "but it will not do," says he, "to travel into abstract principles." However we may agree with him upon those abstract principles, it is only by practical experience that this question ought or can now be properly considered; and when we look at the actual progress which has been made in the religious instruction and civilization of the negroes in the West Indies, under a state of mild coercion, and compare their progressive advancement, with the stationary condition of their savage and brutal ancestors in Africa, and also with that of the negroes liberated and instructed according to the theoretical plans of the abolitionists at Sierra Leone and elsewhere, it will be found that abstract principles and practical experience are widely different; and that by the ameliorated state of slavery now in existence in the West Indies, the negroes are gradually acquiring those habits of industry, and that mental energy, which is absolutely necessary to enable them to sustain all the relative duties of industrious freemen. If this improvement has taken place therefore, in the West Indies, and if every other attempt to improve the negro character has failed, who can with justice affirm that our colonial system is injurious to the slave? Sir George Murray cannot be ignorant of these facts; and if he forbore to state them with a view of conciliating the anti-colonists, he acted unjustly towards the planters, and to those persons throughout the country who look to official quarters for correct information.

His other assertion is equally liable to great misinterpretation. It is true that slavery may be contrary to the *spirit* of the christian religion; but, certainly, although slavery "was a part of the civil constitution of most countries when christianity appeared, yet no passage is to be found in the christian scriptures by which it is condemned and prohibited;"\* on the contrary, a reference to the epistles of the great Apostle of the Gentiles, will shew that the state of slavery was expressly recognized by him; and obedience to masters strictly enjoined as the duties of a slave. In short, "Christianity hath left all temporal governments as it found them, without impeachment of any form or description whatever," and if we thus find a state of bondage expressly sanctioned, must not that individual be at least presumptuous who affirms that slavery is forbidden by christianity?

The best method of conveying religious instruction to the slaves was, for a long period, a *desideratum* in the West Indies. The exertions of

\* Dr. Paley.



the missionaries, generally, had, in the first instance, a beneficial effect. Latterly, however, many of their members seem to have abandoned that sound discretion which is absolutely necessary in preaching to bondsmen, and by which the efforts of St. Paul, in converting the heathen, were so eminently successful.

If the negroes in any particular quarter of the West Indies became discontented, restless, and disobedient, a missionary was sure to be at the bottom of it; or, if local dissensions occurred, a missionary was certain of having caused or fomented disagreements. If slanderous accusations against the colonists appeared in this country, it was generally traced to some of the sectaries, and was widely circulated by their supporters the Anti-slavery Society. If acts for the amelioration of slavery, passed by the colonial legislatures, happened to be rejected at home, their rejection can generally be traced to sectarian influence, and if to these just grounds of complaint we add the assertions of a Committee of the House of Assembly of Jamaica, namely, that "the missionaries preach and teach sedition from the pulpit, and by misrepresentation and falsehood endeavour to cast odium upon all the public authorities of the island;" and that "the consequences have been abject poverty, loss of comfort, and discontent among the slaves frequenting their chapels, and deterioration of property to their masters," can it be matter of surprise that their ministration should no longer be considered desirable, and that the colonists should prefer giving their zealous support to the sound doctrines, and sober views, of the clergy of the churches of England and Scotland, especially the former, now fully established in the colonies? It is also affirmed, that missionaries (the Moravians alone excepted) have adopted extraordinary modes of depriving the slaves of their little property. By the sale of monthly tickets at tenpence each, and by enforcing contributions with the most persevering and persuasive solicitations, very large sums have been extorted from them. It is stated in a letter from Alexander Barclay, Esq., a gentleman intimately acquainted with the state of society in the West Indies, to Sir George Murray, lately published, that one of these missionaries, by his own confession, collected the comparatively enormous sum of *one thousand* pounds, in the short space of two months, amongst poor negroes and slaves, and that his quarterly sale of tickets produced from £30 to £40!

These tickets are small slips of paper, with a text of scripture written on each, and are, according to the Wesleyans "certificates of membership," but to every one acquainted with the character of the African, and the proneness of the negro to superstitious confidence in *gris-gris*, or charms, it must appear evident that he is more apt to consider these tickets in the light of a defence against evil in this world, and as a passport to the next, than as mere certificates of moral conduct. Be this as it may, however, it is certainly more desirable to have the religious education of the negroes conducted by clergymen of the established church, who are placed above the temptation of having recourse to these artful practices for a livelihood, and who are not necessitated to deprive the negroes of those little comforts and enjoyments derived from the fruits of their voluntary labour, and of that cheerful industry which it is so desirable to encourage by every possible means. Need we say more in explanation of some of the causes of disagreement between the missionaries and the colonists? or, looking at the extensive emoluments of which the sectaries are likely to be deprived, need we be surprised at their strenuous exertions to maintain fast hold of the purse-strings of

the Creoles? The West Indians may expect to be assailed by every weapon that the most inveterate malice of the unscrupulous anti-colonial party can wield against them.\* They and the clergymen of the established church may be prepared for slanderous misrepresentations, and to see their exertions undervalued and derided by this party, who have indeed already gone tolerable lengths. Let the following extract from a recent publication, avowedly by the Anti-Slavery Society, serve as a specimen. After abusing almost every respectable man who has dared to raise his voice in defence of the Colonies, it proceeds thus:—"Look at the island of Jamaica, with Mr. Barret as their organ;—at the Bahamas, with their governor at their head;—at Bermuda; at Nevis; at Grenada. Look, again, at the planters of St. Lucia; of Berbice; of the Mauritius:—nay, look at the collective wisdom of the whole West India body, as exemplified in its writings, which have recently appeared in this very city. And, as if there were no exception to the influence of this contagious infatuation, wherever slavery enters as an element, look, in the last place, to the many excellent men who compose the *governors of the Christian Societies for converting the Negro Slaves, and for propagating the Gospel in Foreign Parts.* And we shall see even these venerated individuals, when they come in contact with the Antilles, at once yielding up, to their Creole or Creolized agents, the keeping, as it were, of their consciences, and the guidance and control of their reason; and *ranging themselves, unwittingly, on the side of falsehood, imposture, irreligion, and impiety!!*"—This, our readers will admit, is tolerably well for a beginning.

Although, for the reasons already stated, we object to the domination of missionaries over the negroes, let it not be supposed that we are enemies to the propagation of the gospel, or that we are advocates for the perpetuation of slavery, or are biassed by any other considerations than a native hatred of injustice, and a contempt and disdain of cant and hypocrisy. We repeat that we would wish to see the negro made free the instant he is capable of appreciating the benefits of freedom; but we do not approve of exertions likely to end in the Haitian manner, nor of that feeling which goes to destroy the exercise of christian charity at home, and which takes the bread from our own starving poor, to waste it on fruitless, because indiscreet, experiments upon Africans. "The whole country," says Dr. Channing, "is thrown into excitement, to support missions. The rich are taxed and the poor burdened. We do not say that they are burdened without object; for christianity is so infinite a blessing that we consent to any honest method of sending it abroad. But what is the amount of good effected? A few missionaries, we know not the precise number, are supported, of whom most have hitherto brought little to pass. We fear that the error is spreading of exalting human devices above our natural relations. We have heard that that delicate kindness which once flowed from the more prosperous to the less prosperous members of a large family, and which bound society together by that love which is worth all bonds, is diminished

\* Although it is evident that the destruction of our West Indian Colonies would deprive this country of a direct revenue of about seven millions per annum, and would add, perhaps, an equal sum to our annual expenditure as a remuneration to the planters for the loss of their property—yet candidates, during the late election, have not scrupled to pledge themselves to abolish slavery and *reduce taxation!* and the sectaries denounced, even from the pulpit, those candidates who refused to pledge themselves to these inconsistencies!

since the last excitement in favour of the heathen. And this we do not wonder at. In truth we rather wonder that any thing is done for the temporal comfort of friends, where the doctrine, on which modern missions chiefly rest, is believed. We refer to the doctrine that the whole heathen world are on the brink of a bottomless and endless hell; that thousands every day, and millions every year, are sinking into this abyss of torture and woe; and that nothing can save them but sending them out religion! We see not how they, who so believe, can give their families or friends a single comfort, much less an ornament of life. They must be strongly tempted, one would think, to stint themselves and their dependents to necessities, and to cast their whole remaining substance into the treasury of missionary societies." In the eagerness of the negroes to contribute to the support of missionaries by the purchase of "salvation" tickets—a desire which has occasionally led them even to commit theft when other means failed—we can trace strong indications of a similar doctrine having been impressed on their minds. Yet, in the face of all these facts, Sir George Murray is said to have affirmed, that it appeared to him "probable that the missionaries, who had been viewed with so much jealousy at Jamaica, may be, in some respects, more successful instruments in teaching the gospel amongst a slave population, than even the ministers of the established church, because," says he, "a little tincture of enthusiasm is necessary, beyond that which would, perhaps, be proper, or desirable, in the ministers of the established church!!!"

Every person in the least acquainted with the state of parties in the West Indies will, at once, perceive that a more unguarded opinion could scarcely have come from the lips of a minister of the crown. Government, for the purpose of instructing the negroes, has wisely chosen the episcopal form, as being best calculated to secure order, uniformity, and moderation, and, at the same time to afford full scope to the most ardent and *well regulated* zeal: but this declaration cannot, we fear, be viewed in any other light than as a direct encouragement to the fanatic, and as tending to paralyze the efforts of the discreet and sober-minded. We are disposed to place every confidence in the good intentions of Sir George Murray, but something more than good intentions are requisite to the due discharge of the important duties of his station; and we fear that, in more instances than one, he has allowed his own judgment to be biassed by a consideration for the opinions of persons inimical to the colonists, and who are, perhaps, placed too near to him in office:—need we instance the late extraordinary proceedings in Tobago, an island, which having gone greater lengths than most others in complying with the wishes of the British Parliament in regard to slave amelioration, might, on that account, have expected reasonable consideration, or at least *justice*, from the Colonial-office; but what have they received in return for their dutiful and liberal compliances? A South American adventurer, who had been clerk to an Edinburgh *writer* (solicitor), and who had not even received the legal education of a common attorney, arrived at a particular moment, and by his subserviency to a former governor, had got himself appointed attorney-general. He was suspended by the present governor, and charges of the most serious nature, such as for taking fees from both sides, and other disgraceful practices, were preferred against him. He came to England—contrived to gain the ear of certain persons about the Colonial-office, and without any opportunity having been afforded to the authorities in Tobago for



making good their charges against him, this *stickit* writer's clerk, this "worm and maggot of the law," was reinstated in his office, and sent back in a manner which cannot be considered otherwise than insulting to the community which had expelled him! What have been the consequences? General Blackwell, a worthy and highly-respected officer, is said to have felt himself deeply insulted by this extraordinary proceeding: the acting chief-justice, the speaker of the assembly, and every member of council, resigned—the magistrates refused to act with him, and the consequences have been general dissatisfaction, much confusion, no courts for the recovery of debts, or to carry on the legal business of the colony; and attempts have been made, since his return, to sow discontent amongst the slave population! "I have often," said Mr. Keith Douglas, "urged this case on my right-honourable friend, and I am sorry to find there are other West India colonies in no better circumstances!" We would fain hope that this mode of treating the colonial authorities will not be persisted in; and that the proceedings, during next session of Parliament, will tend to re-establish that confidence which ought always to be continued between Great Britain and her dependencies. We are not yet, however, disposed, like the writer of the pamphlet before us, to recommend to the colonists to throw off all dependence upon the wisdom and good intentions of the British Government, more especially as we have a monarch on the throne who is, perhaps, better acquainted with colonial affairs than any one of his ministers; and there is now also a disposition evinced to inquire into the depressed colonial property, with a view to affording relief to the suffering colonists.

We are ready to admit that had there been greater union of effort amongst the West Indians at home and abroad, their affairs might now have been in a better condition. "What stand," says Mr. Alexander, "have the West Indians, *as a body*, made against any one of the insidious measures of the last ten years? On what occasion have we seen a dozen, or even half that number, cordially and resolutely united against the minister on any question where your interest and the interest of the colonies generally has been at stake? When the society of Aldermanbury-street send a member to the House of Commons, they invariably select a person who is sure to support them in all their schemes, at all hazards. He may be ministerial on other questions. He may exercise his own discretion where the views of the society are not compromised; but in all questions injurious to you and identified with their projects, the member is invariably found at his post, reading falsehoods from his brief, slandering you per order, voting against you, and holding you up to obloquy and reproach, according to his letter of instructions;" and he recommends that six delegates should be selected and sent to this country to oppose the Anti-colonists. We, however, cannot believe that the steady loyalty evinced by the West Indians, under every provocation, and the great importance of these valuable possessions to the welfare of the mother country, will ever be overlooked by the sober-minded majority of the British nation. Whenever that shall unhappily be the case, we may look for the near approach of great public calamities, and it will then be in the western world, and not here, that the exertions of *delegates* will be required, for the protection of that property which the disappointed sectarians have devoted to destruction.

## SATAN AND HIS SATELLITES.

*Not by Robert Montgomery.*

—  
 "One from the critties will my name defend,  
 And—more abusive—calls himself my friend."

POPE.  
 —

THE Devil was sitting before a fire,  
 That blazed at least ten thousand times higher  
 Than thine, oh! London, that played such tricks  
 In sixteen hundred and sixty-six;  
 And whenever the flame began to fail,  
 He rose—and stirred it with his tail.

He rang for coffee, and took a cup,  
 From the crater whereof kept curling up  
 A steam as dark as the densest cloud  
 That wraps the moon in a midnight shroud;  
 And then, as he scented the fragrant vapours,  
 He called for the morning and evening papers.

And he read the list of cares and crimes  
 Spread thickly over a double "Times,"  
 Which he held with his finger and thumb, as though  
 The "Times" were a duodecimo;  
 But rapture burst on all his senses,  
 When he came to the "Accidents and Offences!"

And turning then to the "List of Books,"  
 He read it through with exulting looks;  
 For many there were that he longed to see  
 On the shelves of his Family Library.  
 And he said "I'll subscribe if they're not too dear—  
 They'll encourage the March of Ignorance here."

His eyes, like flambeaux in a fog,  
 Ran flaming all over the catalogue,  
 Till they found a something that made him pause;  
 And he grasped the paper with eager claws,  
 As he read, amidst columns of cant and flummery,  
 "Satan, a Poem, by Robert Montgomery."

The Devil mused—" 'Tis odd," quoth he,  
 "Such fools should be throwing their squibs at me!  
 Is this the return they mean to shew  
 For giving them malice, and wives, and woe,  
 And envy and hatred, fresh from hell,  
 On which they all feed and flourish so well?"

"I gave them law, by which they may  
 Ruin each other in half a day;  
 And murder and war—still drawing a line—  
 That heroes might dazzle, and judges dine;  
 And superstition and strange disease,  
 That saints and physicians might earn their fees.

" Yet though I spread such silken lures,  
The rogues will publish their caricatures,  
In poems and plays, and magazines—  
But I'll see what this minstrel-meddler means."  
And giving his tail a graceful shake,  
It rang like that of a rattle-snake.

At the sound of that bell, so justly feared,  
A little footboy-fiend appeared ;  
A dandy-demon, droll to see,  
And he wore the Devil's livery ;  
A small and sulphury imp of ire,  
In a jacket of smoke turned up with fire.

" Mount," said the Devil, " on pinions fleet,  
And fetch me my Life from Newgate-street ;  
Newgate is not far off—so fly !  
You'll find the people you want close by."  
The light-winged imp flew off in a flame,  
And in two or three minutes the volume came.

But ah ! what a fury illumined his face,  
And flashed along that fiery place.  
As he read—what mortal had never done—  
The mangled metaphors, one by one !  
A snake was in each mustachio's hair,  
As he gazed on his portrait painted there.

Fierce was the curl of the lips beneath,  
As he grinned and gnashed his terrible teeth,  
That seemed a huge uneven band,  
Like the piles that now upon Stonehenge stand ;  
And the voice that murmured through them rolled  
Like a sound in St. Paul's when the bell is tolled.

" What a rebel is this, to libel us,  
His natural, lawful Inheritor, thus !  
A fellow moreover who boldly began  
His career in my service by libelling man !  
I'll buy up the unsold copies, and try  
If they'll make enough fire to roast him by.

" I smile at those who describe my ' Walk,'  
Teaching the world how I think and talk ;  
But the daring conceit these pages shew  
Transcends all impudence left below ;  
Hypocrisy, too, is so plainly displayed,  
It almost makes one ashamed of one's trade.

" Yet the poem will serve as an instrument  
Of torture, when other devices are spent"—  
And he called to one who was writhing about ;  
And told him to read the poetry out ;  
But the imp declared that he'd rather dash  
Through blaze and brimstone, than read such trash.

Among the devils the feeling passed—  
They clung to their gridirons far and fast ;  
And every fiend of taste preferred  
His draught of sulphur to reading a word.  
All were disgusted—protesting flat  
That *boiling* lead was better than that.



Now the Devil began to ponder hard  
 For a fine revenge on the libellous bard;  
 "Though ignorant now," he was heard to cry,  
 "He'll know me better by and by."  
 Then over his face there came a smile,  
 That widened his mouth almost a mile.

He smiled to remember that, during his flight  
 Through earth, he had stumbled against a wight,  
 A critic obscure, whom he viewed with scorn,  
 Yet one that seemed for absurdities born;  
 A dreary drudge, upon whom some *dark son*  
 Of malice inflicted the name of C——n.

This scribbler, as sparks are struck from flint,  
 Had forced a few paragraphs into print;  
 And flourished his Latin, with fierce intent,  
 Till he almost fancied he knew what it meant;  
 But he had, above every earthly thing,  
 A glorious talent for blundering.

And the Devil knew well, if he could but hook  
 Such a personage in to puff the book,  
 To praise the poet, and liken his line  
 To Milton's, 'twould be a revenge divine!  
 And he said, "I'll throw my spells about,  
 And spur him to bring a pamphlet out!"

Right joyously then did he chuckle and sing,  
 When he found how his schemes were triumphing—  
 When he saw such a critic sit down to puff  
 A bard who could never be puffed enough;  
 And the frog-like poet, at every word,  
 Grew more inflated and more absurd!

And he felt, when he heard how the laughter ran,  
 No longer an ill-used gentleman;  
 "For," said he, "'tis a kind of infernal bliss  
 To ruin one's foe with a friend like this;  
 If as lights of the world they affect to shine,  
 We shall see how they like the lights of mine.

Then he thought that if fools should multiply thus,  
 'Twould be well to establish an Omnibus,  
 To run to the earth; but he felt rather shocked  
 Lest his kingdom should soon be overstocked;  
 And he sent Mr. Malthus a warm invitation  
 To come and survey the increased Population.

"Though editors now are by no means few,"  
 He said "I'll become an Editor too,  
 I'll start such a work as hath seldom been seen,  
 For I'll call it 'The Gunpowder Magazine!'  
 And blow up the earth till I leave not an ember—  
 No. I. to appear on the fifth of November."

## FATHER MURPHY'S DREAM.

I AM tempted, by the publication of a work entitled "The Divines of the Church of England," to undertake "The Priests of the Papist Church of Ireland." My materials are voluminous, and of a nature quite new and strange to religious readers. I am satisfied that the originality would be altogether on my side. What is Bishop Sherlock in comparison with Bishop Doyle? Will Atterbury bear comparison with Keogh? Will not Hurd and Paley sink into insignificance before O'Gallagher and Muldowney? We have euphony as well as theology in our favour. When Clarke, the celebrated linguist, discovered in "Genesis" that the serpent was condemned, as a punishment for his primeval crime, to "creep upon his belly," he very naturally concluded that he must have originally walked upon his tail: so we, seeing that it has been thought necessary to collect the works of the English Divines, in order that the public may be put in possession of them, concluded that the public must have hitherto known nothing about them. Now the works of the Irish Priests have never been collected, which we take to be a satisfactory proof, agreeably to this mode of reasoning, that the public are intimately acquainted with their beauties. This consideration leads us to think, that a selection of picked excellences, by way of a pocket compendium of priestly divinity, would be more useful than an elaborate edition of the whole. People who will not read encyclopedias are sometimes induced to peep into anthologies. The man who wants courage to scale Mount Olympus may, if he be in a sunny mood, ascend the little hill in Greenwich Park, to have a peep at the sky through the pensioner's telescope. Our divine scraps, therefore, shall be of this accessible kind. They shall not present the difficulties of the encyclopedia, or the toils of Olympus:—they shall be brief, and easy of attainment.

As the old French priesthood declined, in consequence of the encouragement given to the home-breed by the establishment of Maynooth College, the appearance of what is for convenience called a *gentleman* became a great rarity amongst the Irish Catholic divines. Any set of people who are determined to make the most of an evil which they cannot avert, will readily find an excuse for putting up with it, or of even sophisticating themselves into a belief that it is a positive good. So the Catholics, even of the better order, console themselves for the vulgarity and *mauvaise honte* of their priesthood, by the reflection that their kingdom is not of this world, and that their deficiencies in the mere ceremonials of society are caused by their devotion to their religious duties. This kind of apology for secular deformities, is but an ingenious assumption of superior clerical perfections; while it skilfully involves a sly satire upon the Protestant clergy, who, it must be presumed, cannot be very spiritual, since they are gentlemen in their temporal intercourse. Indeed, to affect the gentleman would be a dangerous experiment for a priest. He would lose caste by it. His influence in the next world would cease if he attempted to act with any deference towards the refinements of this. There are certainly some few awkward Pelham-like persons in the priesthood; but they are either pronounced to be good-natured and harmless, or they are tolerated for the sake of young ladies, who may, it is supposed, "commit flirtation" with a beau of that innocent description with impunity. But even amongst these solitary exceptions to the general mass of illiterateness and coarseness, the more ele-

gant accomplishments of life are utterly unknown. The utmost they aspire to is a meretricious finery—a mincing gallantry—a lisp in speaking—an air of heedlessness—and some little ambition in dress. I have known many priests, and never met but one who pretended to possess any acquaintance with English literature (bad Latin is their vernacular). He, poor fellow, used to quote Milton, and even defended the sublimities of *Don Juan*. But he was sadly out in his judgment. His criticisms were enthusiastic, but faulty, and even contradictory in principle. He has paid the penalty of seeking for the springs of delight beyond the dark confines of dogmatic theology. His brethren declared him insane, and unfit for his ministry. That was, of course, to preserve the pulpit from the pollution of a taste chastened by cultivation. He is now wasting an imagination run to seed in the gloomy chambers of a lunatic asylum!

There are two distinct classes of priests—the country and the town priests. The former are richer in all the materials of Hibernicism than their more aspiring fellows, who live in cities and mix with people who move in the world. They generally speak the Irish language fluently, are accustomed to the habits of the peasantry, and make their knowledge of low life subservient to the improvement of their local influence. Thus the sermons of these pastors are familiar to the capacity of their congregations; and are generally found to illustrate the truths of Christianity, and the doctrines of the Roman creed, by images drawn from the occupations, and adapted to the mental condition of the people. We will conclude this article with a specimen of one of these addresses, in which the priest, by an adroit admixture of the simple and the mysterious, endeavours to enforce the heavenly origin and immaculate purity of his religion. It may be entitled,

#### THE PRIEST'S DREAM.

DON'T be making such a noise over there, shutting and opening that door, while I'm preaching. It's hard for the word of God to be spread amongst ye when it's chewing tobacco and spoiling your mouths ye are, instead of listening to me.—Shut your teeth, Jemmy Finn, or the flies will get down your throat, and bother your stomach entirely.—Now, can any of ye tell me what's the reason that, when you've nothing to eat,—which, God help you, is no fault of your own,—you don't die for want of nourishment?—There's a puzzler for you, Jem Neale, big as you are!

Now just turn that problem in your heads while I'm seeing whether the water is drying out of my new coat;—sure enough it's the only one I have.

[A pause of wonder in the chapel, while the priest descends from the altar to see after his coat. It is evident, from the confusion visible in the faces of the audience, that the problem is a poser. The priest returns.]

Well, there's never a one among ye can find out the reason of the life that's in ye, in spite of the starvation. Sure, that's the use of the priest, to shew you what you can't see of yourselves. Did you ever hear of the moving bog? It walked over Cavan and Armagh, dripping rain the whole way, and sorrow a clod of turf on it but belonged to the Orangemen. The cause of that is as plain as the blossoms on Pat Duggan's ugly nose. You never knew of a moving bog of real Catholic turf.



No such thing. And that's the reason why the starvation doesn't kill ye. But just try your hands upon the Bible—turn over to the Methodists—and then see how a mouthful of cold wind will do you for your breakfasts. Once you think of fasting and turning Protestants, you're done for as neat and clean as if Ould Nick was drilling you through and through with a red-hot poker. Doesn't that expound to you the source of the eating and gormandizing of the Brunswickers? They eat and drink hearty, you see, because they know well enough, the spalpeens, although they won't acknowledge it, that the true faith isn't in them, and that if they didn't feed like crammed fowl six times a day, and double as much on a Sunday, they'd pine away into the clay under their feet. But that isn't the way with the true church. The faith keeps you up. Didn't the *Savour* of the world starve himself forty days and nights to shew you the way to glory? and sure there's many a one of you didn't pass bite or sup for months upon months together, and the never a worse are you for it in the end. There's nothing can kill a Catholic but his own bad works. The soul of me doesn't know but you'd all live for ever, only for something or other that happens to ye just as you're nearly perfect, and whips you off with a flea in your ear. Och! then, if you could only mend yourselves, what a beautiful race of blackguards ye'd be; that would want neither the meat nor the butter-milk, and that'd be as ould as the hills every morning ye'd see the grass growing. There ye'd all be on the day of judgment as hearty as a hive of bees, with your grey hair twisted down into breeches and top-boots to cover your dirty hides. Shame upon ye, that won't be Methuselahs every one, when you know you could live if you liked it until there wouldn't be a living soul in the world but Alderman Bradley King, cocked up on the back of an ass to direct you on the road to Purgatory. Think o' that, and pay your dues, and there's no fear o' you.

You remember, the other day, that the Biblemen challenged us to come to the fore in regard to the Scriptures. They wanted, you see, to prove as clear as mud that the notes were written with the wrong end of a pen, and that they had as much right to the Old and New Testament, as we that had them from the beginning, and that only lent them out o' charity to the Protestants; just as Molly Kiernan would lend her pitcher to Kitty Nowlan, expecting she'd return it when she'd done with it. But the Protestants made a bad use of the loan, and got other Scriptures made from the pattern, just as you would get false keys made to pick a lock: so now they trump up their spurious books to us, that have the real books of our own, and that never had any other. It's no wonder we are careful of them, for we were treated so badly when we lent them in pure friendship, that it would be no sin in us to burn 'em altogether, for fear we'd make such born fools of ourselves again.

You know I didn't go to the meeting, boys; and may be you thought it mighty odd that I staid at home, and let Father Audy go in my place. But I'll soon shew you the meaning o' that; although one priest at a time is enough for a regiment of saints, and Father Audy is no bad fist at a controversy. Indeed, Father Audy, you needn't look down at your shoes as if the strings wanted tying; for it's a vicar you ought to be, and I a bishop, if every body had his rights.

It was a dream I had that kept me from going. Now when a priest condescends to dream, you may be sure there's something going to happen. The ass doesn't bray unless there's to be rain; the corns on

your little toe pinch you for rain too: and the ducks wander about as if they were after swallowing love-powders, when the weather's going to be uncommon hot. And just like that is a priest's dream, only with this difference—that the wonder o' the world, instead of a paltry puddle of a shower, or a splitting heat, is coming upon you. A priest wouldn't waste his time dreaming for rain, hail, or snow, or fine weather, or any thing o' the kind; for he can get them at any time for the bare asking o' them:—no, he dreams for a vortex or a cornucopia; and them are mysteries that you know nothing at all about.

The night before the meeting—that was last Tuesday—(how is your head now, Father Audy?)—we were sitting, Father Audy and myself, settling all the points that were to be unravelled the next day. I don't know how it was, but for the soul of me I couldn't persuade myself but that there was a drop of Protestant poison in the whiskey—you know they stop at nothing—so I was resolved to see it out, and then, if I found that they poisoned me, to work a miracle upon myself that would frighten them out of their wits. With this pious resolution, Father Audy and myself penetrated to the very bottom of the only two or three bottles we had; and then, as well as we could, considering the poison, went to sleep. You may be sure I was determined that if I awoke and found myself dead, not to lose a minute until I'd bring myself to life again, extract the poison, and send it in a letter to Dr. Doyle.

I wasn't over an hour in bed, when I thought I heard somebody calling, "Father Murphy."—"That's me," says I; "who wants me?"—"Only a friend of your's, Father Tom," says the voice.—"It's lucky you're come," says I, thinking it was daylight; "for if you'd been five minutes later, you might be groping for me at the fair of Athy."

With that, I thought I sat up in my arm-chair, for I had no notion that I was fast asleep in bed; and who do you think it was that was standing beside me? You may save yourselves the trouble of guessing, for you couldn't guess who it was if you were to get a new set of eyes, and think until you were stone-blind. It was a beautiful young angel, spick and span out of heaven; and such an angel as I, that have seen bushels of them, never saw before.

"The top o' the morning to you, ma'am!" says I, for she was a lady, one of the ould sort—"it's welcome you are to me this blessed day."

"Father Tom," says she, shaking me by the hand as friendly as if she knew me all her life, "I want you to come out and take a walk with me."

"And what'll you take, ma'am," says I, "before you go?" for as I was beholden to her for her goodness, I was bound to treat her respectfully.

Never a word she said to that, but putting her finger, that was as white as a shaving, and as taper as sparrow-grass, upon her little mouth, she shook her head, and walked on before me. There she went without making the least noise, just as if her feet—for, like yourselves, the angels never wear shoes—were made of velvet. Well, I thought, I'd follow her in the same manner; but, as if there was an evil eye over me, the first step I took I tripped up an old basket that was lying on the ground, and the angel turning one look at me, as much as to say, "What's coming over you, that you're making such a clatter, Father Tom?" shook her pretty little hand at me, and then, with a beautiful laugh all over her face, walked on again as if nothing at all had happened

I needn't tell you what strange places we went through. It isn't for you to be losing your senses, thinking of green fields, where every daisy was a two-and-sixpenny bit, and the cowslips were all gold guineas. It isn't for such as the likes o' ye to be thrusting your dirty faces into the parlours, and the pantries, and the barns, all slated with loaf-bread, and the floors all washed clean with Cork whiskey (it was so plenty in the place), nor to come axing my leave to taste the shins of beef and the bull turkies that were waiting to be eat up on the tables, that the angel and I saw as we went along. But where do ye think we got to at last? Now I'll hold a noggin of melted butter to a farthing candle that you think we went down to Tim Murphy's, to spend the day playing nine-pins. There ye're out; the angel wouldn't offer to cross the threshold of the door, for fear of soiling her Spanish leather dancing-pumps that she carried in her hand, in the regard that she wouldn't spoil their shapes on her feet. As to nine-pins, the angels never play anything but backgammon and the five-fingers;\* and it's themselves that'd give you the whole pack of cards, and beat you as hollow as St. Patrick beat the sea-serpent off the rock of Cashel.

It is wonderful how murdering fast the same angels can walk. I couldn't see a *strin* of light for the hurry I was in following her. The trees, and the topazes, and the brick houses danced up and down in my eyes as I whirled along after her; not but that I often wanted to stop and draw my breath, when she'd turn sudden on me, and with one whistle through her little finger, bring me up again, just as if I was a greyhound, and couldn't help myself for the bare life.

At last we came to a dark place, where there was nothing but trees, and a big bank covered over with ribbed grass and potatoe-blossoms. "Stop there," says she, "say nothing, but make the sign of the cross, and look, and you shall see."

Whoo! away flew the trees and the bank, just as if they were birds, and in a minute more I saw, at a great distance, two gentlemen coming towards me down the lane. I thought they were gentlemen when they were far off; but as they got near me, I found out that one of them was Ould Nick himself, and the other was St. Peter. Sure I might have known them both by the smell; for the devil smelt strong of sulphur, and St. Peter had a breath coming out of his nose that was as like the smell of burned turf as the steam that comes out of Mrs. Larkin's whiskey-boiler. The devil was dressed, as became him, like a Peeler,† with a terrible sword by his side, and a club-foot sticking up behind like a bull's-horn. And may-be he hadn't a Bible under his arm, and a bundle of tracts in his hand. But St. Peter, who hasn't the least pride, was just dressed as I am in broadcloth, and looked for all the world like a parish-priest. And a well-looking saint he is—a fine, comely man as you'd meet in a day's walk. I don't know any saint in the calendar equal to him for manners and gentility, except St. Patrick. To be sure our own patron-saint is at the top of the list. All he wants is a bunch of keys to make him complete.

Just as they were coming down upon me, as I thought, St. Peter stopped suddenly, and, putting his hand on the devil's arm, cried out—

"Now, if you please, we'll just talk that little matter over that we

\* A popular game of cards amongst the Irish, known also by the name of Five and ten.

† A policeman.



were speaking of last night. This is a convenient place, and there's nobody to hear us, unless Father Tom that I appointed to meet us."

"It's all the same to me," replied Ould Nick, with as much impudence as if he was a member of Parliament.

"Then, first of all," said St. Peter, "put down the book and the tracts, and answer me one question."

"Twenty, if you like," answered the devil, putting the book upon the ground, and the tracts one by one over it.

"What religion *are you?*" said St. Peter, looking him full in the face, as if he'd read the soul that was inside of him. But the ould boy didn't seem to like that question, and was for shuffling it off, when St. Peter put it to him again in such a manner as he was forced to answer it, whether he would or not.

"I'm a Protestant, to be sure," replied the devil at last; and he coloured scarlet up to the very eyes as he spoke it, as if he was ashamed of owning it to St. Peter.

"That's all I wanted to have from your own lips," said St. Peter, "because as I often heard that the devil can quote Scripture for his own purposes, I was determined to find out where he got the learning. Now, sit down here beside me quiet and easy, and tell me a little more that I want to hear from you."

Down they both sat upon the sod, the devil looking as if he didn't half like it; but being afraid to disoblige St. Peter, on account of the great power he has over him through the means of the church.

"How is Martin Luther?" said St. Peter, after a little.

"Indeed, he's no worse than he was," replied the devil; "he has as much Newcastle coal over him as I can spare."—[You know, boys, the coal is dear at this season of the year.]

"I think it's almost time to tell the poor Catholics," said St. Peter, "how that fellow betrayed them, and how it was that the Reformation was only a *ruction*\* of King Henry the Eighth's, in the regard of his wife, that the good Pope wouldn't allow him to put her away; for you know very well that it's all your doings, Mr. Nicholas [you see St. Peter spoke civil to him, for peace and quietness], to make the Bible people go about slandering the Holy Church."

"Then what would you have me do, St. Peter?" answered the devil; "sure if it wasn't for the Bible people I wouldn't have a born creature to keep me company, and all the brimstone would be burnt out for nothing. It isn't for me to go to confession and get absolution, now that I'm thriving upon the lies for upwards of a million of years."

"True for you," says St. Peter; "only as I'm a real Catholic, and an Irishman into the bargain, I can't stand by and see such murder going on under my very eyes. Now, here's Father Tom, as decent a man as any in all Ireland,—and that's saying more than if I was to search all over the earth for the likes of him;—he hasn't as much to live upon as Sir Harcourt Lees feeds one of his horses with; the people, you see, don't take it to heart, but pretend to be very poor, because the Bible-men make them pay tithes; and then, when Easter and Christmas come round, they've always the ready excuse that the proctor took their pigs, and their poultry, and their firkins of butter. If Father Tom had his deservings, he'd have all the tithes to himself, and be rolling in his car-

\* A row, or fight.

riage. Instead of that, he has hardly a drop to wet his lips ; and many's the fast-day he's obliged to eat a rasher of bacon for dinner, because he can't get a bit of fish or a whisp of cabbage for love or money. Now tell the honest truth, and no shame to you—isn't this meeting that's to take place to-morrow entirely instigated by yourself, that the Bible people may get a heap of money out of the pockets of the poor Catholics?"

"I'll tell no lie about it," said Ould Nick, "it's entirely a child of my own."

"Mind that, Father Tom," said St. Peter, in a whisper, winking over silyly at me. "And tell me also, Mr. Nicholas," said he, "didn't they put some ugly drops into Father Tom's little cruiskeen, that they might prevent him from going to the meeting-house to expose them?"

"You're too hard upon me," said the devil, scratching his head, as if he didn't know what to say ; "but if I was to speak the truth, I don't think there's one amongst them but would poison the priests, root and branch."

"And wouldn't it be the sin of the world for Father Tom to waste his time making speeches, and argufying with them, when it's of no manner of use at all ; and when you know very well, that the more he'd talk to them, the worse they'd be after ; and that all they'd do would be to pick up the knowledge that would fall from him as plentiful as blackberries in summer, and then go about the country passing it off as their own?"

"I'll have no more to do with you," said the devil, getting into a great passion, and taking up the Bible and the tracts ; "you wouldn't leave me a skreed to put on me, if you could : so I'll follow my own way, and go home and write advertisements for another meeting somewhere else."

"Then I'd advise you," said St. Peter, "never to have a meeting in Father Tom's neighbourhood again ; for you see you're defeated this time, and will be as long as your head is hot."

With that St. Peter put up his finger to his nose, and after nodding his head at me, got up on horseback on a horse that was waiting for him, and rode off, leaving the devil in a dolderum behind him. Just at that moment there was a roar like an earthquake,—every thing seemed as if it was swimming round and round, and I couldn't see the devil or any one else for the smoke—and, with a terrible start, as if I got a blow on the head, I awoke out of my sleep ; and there was Shanus, the cook, shaking me as if he thought I was in a trance.

"Get up, Father Tom," says he, "if you're alive ; you're asleep since last sight, and that's nearly two days ago. The Bible-men are all gone off to Limerick, and there's not a soul in the place but's breaking all the windows of the Orange justices of the peace."

"Fie upon you, Shanus !" says I ; "and is that the way you come to spoil my beautiful dream?"

Isn't my dream out now, boys?—and is it any wonder, after the warning I had from St. Peter, that I didn't think of going to the meeting? Sorrow a Bible-man you'll ever see in the spot again, mark my words ; and that's better than all the palaver of speeches you'll hear from this day forward till the hour of your deaths. *Amen.*

## THE NETHERLANDS.\*

WE are no great admirers of the abridgments which have lately become so common, and which, in nine instances out of ten, are but contrivances for preserving the husks of literature, while they reject all its substance and soundness. But there are topics which fairly allow of being thrown into this shape; and histories of Holland and Belgium are among the fittest for the operation. The historians of the Netherlands have hitherto made their subject unpopular, and, in consequence, useless, by their enormity of amplification. The exploits of every burgher, the finance of every village, and the quarrels, compacts, riots, and regulations of every town, have found a historian to send them down—not to fame, but to oblivion—not to give their example for the benefit of mankind, but to teach all mankind the peril of touching a Belgian volume, and the misery of being buried, alive or dead, by the ponderous sepulture of a Flemish historian.

Mr. Grattan's work, allowing for a few obvious faults in arrangement, and a little too sudden an admiration of the powers that be—a fault, considerably the reverse of what we had expected from his previous style of opinions—is a very clever condensation, written with good sense, knowledge, and spirit, and will answer all the purposes of the general reader, who wishes to know as much about the Netherlands as is worth knowing.

But as we are *Utilitarians* in those matters, and value a book only for its use to the present time, we shall leave the early stories of this amphibious people to the curious in ichthyology. Let who will tell for us at what time a Dutchman ceased to be a fish, and emerged from the ooze of the Zuydersee to the ooze of Brabant; when he deposited his fins and took to his feet; and when, rising from his secondary state of merman-ism, and feeding upon sea-weed and bulrushes, he perpendicularized himself into man, lived upon his kindred herrings, and invented sour krout. We leave his Brabant exploits to the novelists, in the full assurance that Mrs. Bray and the Count de Barante will deliver them down with due honour to the generations to come. Our purpose is to tell in what condition the Netherlands now are, by whom brought into that condition, and how England may be the better or the worse for them.

For all the purposes of stirring the world, there are two nations, and but two—England and France: England, for the outlying kingdoms, for the islands, the colonies, the whole loose and diversified circle of power touched by the ocean; France, for the Continent. Every change that has been wrought in the frame of Europe for the last five centuries has, in some way, direct or indirect, been the work of France; and what has been, is as likely to be in the present hour of agitation, as in any hour since a Henry the Fourth, or a Louis the Fourteenth, sat upon the throne of that ambitious, volatile, and mighty nation.

The philosophers of France, such as they were—a herd of impudent pretenders to all knowledge, and, among the rest, to the knowledge of governing—had made a convert of Joseph the Second; a cold enthusiast, frigid in theory, violent in practice, proclaiming his love for free choice in every man, and exhibiting his love by fresh impositions, sullen

\* The History of the Netherlands, by Thomas Colley Grattan. (Cabinet Cyclopaedia.)



ordinances, and the Imperial arguments of horse, foot, and dragoons. The French doctrines pleased him, and he published them to his subjects; but their application by his subjects had not entered into his plans, and he put the practical reformers under arrest, sent furious governors among them, and assisted the popular understanding by the bayonet.

His first operations on the Belgians were specious enough. He proclaimed—Toleration to the Protestants, clerical freedom from the papacy, and a total change in the style of theological instruction.

Nothing could be better, under other circumstances. But the Belgians refused to receive instruction with this wholesale rapidity. The Emperor felt himself insulted, and issued angry proclamations; the people retorted them still more angrily. Joseph carried on the controversy in the Imperial manner, by ordering the disputants to be shot—the people adopted the argument, and fired on the Imperialists. Reform was now in the field against Bigotry, both equally rash, groundless, and extravagant. Proclamations, and villages on fire, flying governors and civil massacre, succeeded each other with natural rapidity; and Joseph at length, wearied of being beaten in reform by the Belgians, in war by the Turks, in policy by the Russians, and in common sense by all mankind, died; leaving his brother Leopold to reverse all his plans, and his nephew, Francis the Second, to lose all his provinces.

France had in the mean time been busy with Holland. The Dutch were fantastic enough to believe their French instructors, when they told them that the liberty of the seas depended on the Dutch fleet! They threw themselves into the lion's jaws, and had the natural fate of such enterprises; England tore away their colonies, hunted their fleet into its harbours, or destroyed them in sight of its shore; stripped Holland of her commerce, and left her on the eve of bankruptcy to meditate on the wisdom of French philosophers. The peace of 1784 finished the naval struggles of the States.

France was now to act for herself. Philosophy had laid the train for blowing up the whole ancient fabric of royalty in all lands, and her armies rushed out to finish the work of her wits, orators, and political economists. The first explosion blew the Belgian government into a million of fragments. Dumouriez, the true representative of all republican generals, an intriguer, a lover of blood, a daring soldier, and as reckless a robber as ever swept the treasury of a land of opulent poltroons, threw himself on Belgium, fraternized with every body, panegyricized every body, and robbed every body. Sixty thousand Frenchmen, wild as tigers, and mad for plunder and the rights of man, burst upon the thirty thousand grave Austrians who stood drawn up in parade order upon the memorable plain of Gemappe. The Austrian hero was made by the strappado, the French hero by the human passions, vanity, lust, robbery, and revenge. The contest was over at once. The French plunged on the Austrians, square, line, and column, cast them into flight as if an inundation had burst upon them, swept them from the field, and in three short hours extinguished the glory of the strappado, the cane, the picket, and the cat-o'-nine tails. The old components of heroism were no more.

But Dumouriez was too much a republican not to be a knave, and

before a year was over, he had lost his army, his conquests, and when on the point of deservedly losing his head, made his escape to the enemy. The French again poured into the Netherlands in 1793, again beat the Austrians, were beaten by the English under the Duke of York, again poured in their enormous population, hunted the allies from river to river, and from ditch to ditch, till they cleared the land of Englishman, Austrian, Russian, and German, dukes, counts, and governors; and then sat down tranquilly to the second part of republican prowess,—universal robbery.

The first fraternal demand of France upon her new relative in liberty, Holland, was one hundred millions of florins! In return, she gave her a new constitution, with permission to hang all emigrants, Orangists, and pensioners of the old government. Holland had three constitutions in as many years, and tried the successive wisdom of a States General, a National Assembly, and a Directory. But, to qualify these varieties of freedom, she saw her fleet shattered into fragments by the English at Camperdown, in 1797, and her territory the scene of a succession of ravage and battle between her old allies and her new; Englishmen and Frenchmen slaughtering each other, and each and all living on the Dutchman. But the consummation of the fraternal system was reserved for one greater than all the Dumouriez. Napoleon sent his commands to regenerated Holland, that she should thenceforth be exalted into the nobler name of France; that she should be bankrupt for three-fourths of her national debt; that the Berlin and Milan decrees should shut up her warehouses, burn her merchandize, and consign her ships to rot in her harbours, and that she should have the conscription, and contribute one half of her population of the age of twenty, every year, or as much oftener as might be expedient, to the armies of France!

But the Dutch had still other causes to remember Napoleon. That keen inquirer into the hearts of men knew that the people bore his arrangements sulkily; and to prevent disturbance, he adopted the Turkish contrivance of hostages. The sons of all the leading families were instantly ordered to equip themselves as dragoons, and follow the emperor to the field. No profession, pursuit, or taste was suffered to stand in the way of the sovereign will. The doctor, the lawyer, the clergyman, the manufacturer, the merchant, found themselves, to their astonishment, galloping side by side, under the orders of a French marshal, riding into the mouths of cannon, and squares of bayonets, and charging every thing from the Pyrenees to the Pole.

Napoleon's finance was as vigorous as his tactics. Every foot of Dutch land paid twenty-five per cent. of the actual rent, and every house thirty per cent. to the Imperial treasury. All things else, moveable and immoveable, were loaded with taxation. Holland was beggared, starved, in rags, but glorious. The population was thinned by the thousand; they could not emigrate, for on one side was the English fleet, and on the other the French bayonet; but they died. The Seven Provinces were one vast mass of pauperism, where the only place of secure food was a prison or a barrack. All was disease, discontent, and "looped and windowed nakedness;" but in recompense, they learned French, and had the Code Napoleon.

Belgium followed, step by step, with the United States, down the slope of universal beggary. The taxes tore away the coat from the

limbs, the conscription tore away the limbs themselves. The nobles lived on French pay, the people on the air. But Napoleon fell at last. He had done his work, and scourged the profligacy of the continent. The scourge was now to be thrown away. He was undone at Moscow; the rest of his career was only the struggle of the wild beast against his hunters, while a hundred arrows are drinking his life's blood. He had received his mortal wound in the Russian snows. He was now driven to his lair, and dragged from it in chains for the sport of mankind.

In 1813 the French troops took their leave of Holland. The Dutch recalled their Stadtholder. But the fashion of the times had changed. Republics were on the wane, royalty was in the ascendant. Kings were becoming popular once more; such are the miracles of time, or the caprices of fortune. On the 1st of December, 1813, the prince announced himself as having come to settle all disputes on the subject of government.

"The *uncertainty* which formerly existed as to the *executive power*, shall no longer paralyze your efforts. It is not William the Sixth Stadtholder, whom the nation recalls, without knowing what to hope or expect from him. It is William the *First*, who offers himself as *sovereign prince* of this free country."

The Netherlands were cleared of the French armies at the same time. The Treaty of Paris (30th of May, 1814) disposed of their government. By the sixth article it was declared that "Holland, placed under the sovereignty of the House of Orange, should receive an increase of territory." The Treaty of London, in the month after, settled the forms. "Holland and the Netherlands shall be one United State. The Allies and the Sovereign covenant that—The Union shall be complete, governed in conformity with the fundamental laws of Holland. That religious liberty, and the equal right of all citizens to fill the employments of the State shall be maintained. That the Belgian provinces shall be fairly represented in the States General, and the Sessions of the States held, in time of peace, alternately in Belgium and Holland. That the commercial privileges shall be common to the citizens at large. That the Dutch colonies shall be considered as equally belonging to Belgium. And finally, that the public debt of both countries, shall be borne in common."

The Prince of Orange, under the title of Governor-General of the Netherlands, arrived at Brussels in August 1814; and, in February 1815, a commission of twenty-seven members was formed to give effect to the union. The commission resulted, as was intended, in declaring that a king was necessary for the Netherlands, and that William the First was to be that king. Sources of disunion, not to be dried up by royal commissions, continued to shed the waters of bitterness on the two countries. Holland, Protestant, of small territory, and strictly commercial, was alarmed by the immediate connection with a country rigidly Roman Catholic, of preponderant territory, and wholly agricultural and manufacturing.

Belgium was still more startled. The higher classes, attached to Austria, as a popish state, as the distributor of honours and emoluments, and as favouring the exclusive possession of place by the well-born, felt all their aristocratic interests in danger. The manufacturers saw ruin in their exclusion from the marts of France. The populace liked the



French gaiety, the French brandies, the French pay spent among them, and the sound of the French glory, when the conscription was over. The whole nation, more rationally, trembled at the Dutch debt. Popular discontents arose, which would have speedily baffled the wisdom of King William, and the skill of the British ambassador, Lord Clancarty, the best of sheep-feeders and of men, but the heaviest of all diplomatists, living or dead: but the lowering of the atmosphere was cleared by a storm. Napoleon came in thunder over the land. War suffers no intermixture of petty politicians or petty grievances. Its eloquence is the cannon; and men can think but little of prospective wrongs when they may be shot within the hour. Grape and ball, the cuirassier and the lancer, cured the Belgians of their political fever; and the day of Waterloo was the first true date of the union. No time was now to be given for the new generation of grievances. A commission settled all questions within one month—the shortest period, perhaps, in which a government commission, whose salary depended on the length of its labours, ever settled anything. But the military example had not been lost even upon Dutch gravity and Belgian pride. The constitution was settled at the *pas de charge*. On the 21st of September, the king was inaugurated at Brussels in the presence of the States-General; and the Netherlands, from north to south, were in one roar of exultation.

Time has thrown up its usual harvest of thistles again. The Belgians complain that they cannot learn Dutch; and the Dutch call the Flemish a jargon unworthy of their own polished commonwealth. The Belgians long for glory, ribbons of the Legion of Honour, and pensions from any court under heaven. The Dutch call them idlers and aristocrats. The Belgians call the Dutch shopkeepers curers of herrings, and dwellers in a soil which is neither earth, water, nor mud. To prove themselves in earnest, they have burst out into insurrection; turned out chief justices, tenacious of place under half a century of governments, and whom nothing but a general insurrection could have induced to loose their hold; burned police-boxes; and arrayed themselves as liberators of their country. The Dutch have put on their uniforms, taken up their muskets, and petitioned only for leave to march, and make a national impression on the Belgic understanding. But the disturbance was trifling and local, and seems to have sunk down. The Brussels patriots are already tired of carrying muskets, and keeping guard in the dews of autumn and the fogs of Brabant. The first frost will send them by whole battalions to their homes; and their patriotism will be, like their provisions, hung up in the sight of their stoves, to keep till spring.

Their whole insurrection was gratuitous, and therefore contemptible—a paltry imitation of the French one, which was necessary, justifiable, and therefore triumphant. The conduct of the Prince of Orange is the only thing which can now keep this impudent piece of coxcombry alive. When the deputies from Brussels dared to come into his presence with their rabble cockade, he ought to have ordered them to be treated as rebels—and very impudent rebels they were! The cockade was the badge of insurrection; and his answer should have been an arrest. But blood at least has been spared; and it depends on the wholesome activity of the king to shew whether he is placed at the head of Belgium to have his beard plucked by every mob-leader, or is worthy to sit upon the throne.

The news from Brussels within the last few days has been alarming. The city has been declared in a *state of siege*, and the populace seem to be completely its masters. "Civic" troops are roving the country, and fighting the Dutch. Every one must dread these horrors; the Belgians are in the wrong; but such is the result of the crime of Charles the Tenth, and the triumph which in his folly he forced upon the people.

The Polignac ministry are formally impeached by the Chamber of Deputies; they can scarcely escape being found guilty; but we must hope that they will not suffer further. The Revolution is complete, so far as Bourbons are concerned. Its merit is, to have been guided by a spirit of moderation; and the stain of blood, after this victory, would be an infinite degradation to the name and cause of Freedom.

#### BALLAD A LA BAYLY.

I HAVE nor laughed nor smiled for years,  
Since first I learnt to know,  
That smiles are channels for our tears,  
That very watery woe—  
That odd compound of sodas, salts,  
Which forms the home-made rain,  
With which we mourn our friends or faults,  
Our penury or pain.

Age steals on all—dolts, dustmen, dukes,  
Rakes, men who say their prayers,  
And men who keep their youthful looks  
The longest—even on players!  
Grimaldi's star too soon has set;—  
That satellite, his son,  
May round his orbit pirouette,  
But not reflect his fun.

Dick Jones, as frisky as a fly,  
Mercurio of the day,  
(Time writes his truths too legibly!)  
May yet grow grave and grey.  
Poor Liston's a wet-Baptist grown,  
Some say he has been dipped;  
Joe Munden's laugh is now a groan,  
And even Harley's hypped.

Yes—five-and-twenty years will make  
A change in mortal things:  
I've seen it some strange freedoms take  
With very decent kings.  
A quarter-century, when o'er,  
Appears by no means recent;  
It made a saint of naughty Moore,  
And Broad-Grin Colman decent.

Ye nine-and-twenty years! I could  
 Apostrophize your flight  
 In strains would make great Matthew Wood  
 Put out his little light.  
 But ye are gone—and where's the use  
 Of metrical regret?  
 Or tears, to render my dry muse  
 Uncomfortably wet?

The pump which now at Aldgate stands  
 Had the same handle *then*;  
 'Tis handled now by other hands,  
 Another race of men!  
 Phil. Potts was then a serving-lad,  
 A big-boy sort of man;—  
 "The boy is father to the dad"—  
 He's now a publican!

Jack Skrimshaw kept his horse and chaise  
 And rolled in port and pelf:  
 Now Jack, in these degenerate days,  
 Can barely keep himself!  
 Wilks, Wilkins, Wilkinson, and Wicks,  
 Brown, Buggins, Biggs, and Bate,  
 Hogg, Huggins, Higgins, Higgs, and Hicks,  
 Are all in the same state!

There's Thrift, who lent his thousands out,  
 And dined on two polonies,  
 Now phaetonizes town about  
 With two black-spotted ponies;  
 And Grasp, who ground the poor to dust,  
 Hard-hearted as a target,  
 Has left Bread-Ward his marble bust,  
 And feeds the world at Margate!

The Dobbses, who then cut a dash,  
 And led the *ton* of Aldgate,  
 Grew out of vogue when out of cash,  
 And sank to Norton-Falgate;  
 The Hobbsses, once in Dobbs's case,  
 Proud when a Dobbs would lighten  
 The darkness of their dwelling-place,  
 Now cut them dead at Brighton.

Thus runs the world, thus ran the world,  
 And thus it still shall run,  
 Till into atoms it is hurled,  
 And quenched are moon and sun!  
 Who shall recount the ups and downs,  
 The laughter and the tears,  
 The kicks and cuffs, the smiles and frowns,  
 Of five-and-twenty years!

C. W.



## FRANCE AND MILADI MORGAN.

WE are very much tired of *Lady Morgan*; and, ungallant as *Miladi* must conceive the confession, the announcement of a volume from her pen, on politics, metaphysics, theology, the art of war, and the art of love, on all of which she writes *en masse*, and with equal skill, alarms us in the most serious degree. But we are fortunately not compelled, in the present instance, to the heavy task of looking for her ideas; as a correspondent in Paris has furnished us with those of the respectable portion of the literary class in that capital; with whom, we are sorry to say, her republican ladyship did not mingle much; and we can do nothing more acceptable to ourselves than to leave her in his hands.

## " TO THE EDITOR.

" MY DEAR SIR,

Paris, September, 1830.

" If you have ever been in Paris, you must know that, in this most charming of all capitals, a wet day is not—death, but a much worse thing, blue devils to the last degree. But, as I have nothing to do till dinner but look out of the window and count the cabriolets, I shall give you some notes on the "*France, by Lady Morgan*," which I have been turning over in my night-gown.

" In the first place I can assure you, French as I am, I have feeling enough for England to regret that she should not have some law, or contrivance, for her own sake, to prevent such personages as this *Miladi Morgan* from making the name of your great country ridiculous wherever she goes. The French have an unlucky habit of thinking that every thing said in print in England has some sort of public sanction. I have done my best to inform my friends here that *Miladi* has no sort of sanction from the respectable and intelligent portion of your people; that she is laughed at, and utterly rejected by every thing distinguished among your men of literature; and that your ladies of condition shrink from her as a frivolous, silly, and extremely presuming little personage. But her own nonsense settled the question for her, when she was here lately. She was the very model of '*common-place mediocrity, and pushing pretension*.' Her own works, her own wonders, her own *celebrity*, her own persecutions, were her boast, ridiculous as the very idea of such a boast must be. Her own *manners, looks, and graces*, Heaven protect us! were her only topics, and they were fled from in all directions.

" We set her down as the most ridiculous exhibition of pert vanity and frisky decrepitude that was to be found, even in Paris, where the combination is more frequent than in any other part of the known world. But *her society, her preux chevaliers, her men of genius, her organs of public opinion*, are all the most contemptible affectation. You must know that we have in Paris a race of minor *littérateurs* with nothing on earth to do but to ramble from coffee-house to coffee-house, and from coterie to coterie. If their names have reached England, I am satisfied none of their works have; for, even here, they die within the week: one of them pilfers some little story, or writes a copy of newspaper rhymes, or translates some farce from the German, or recites some plundered essay at some of our obscure lecture-rooms, and, from that time forth, he looks upon himself as making a part of the literary glory of the land.

" Those fellows swarm among us, and they are the perfect nuisance

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of all society here, though they no sooner puff or push themselves into good company than they are ejected from it, and are seen there no more: in short, they are a sort of he-Miladi Morgans, low, silly, and self-sufficient, giving their opinions of their own *fame*, their own *talents*, and, what is at once most burlesque and disgusting, their influence on the morals and public feelings of the age. Some of them, too, who have gone under the hands of the law for works too scandalous even for the *liberal* ideas of France, make a merit of their punishment, and talk of their 'persecutions.' They are patriots and martyrs for life.

"Of such miserable creatures Paris, in its lower circles, is full; for this is the 'march-of-mind age' among us too. Any stranger, who will give them a cup of coffee, will have them all crowding in, and if he keeps a 'visiting book,' (Miladi's eternal boast, in the quintessence of vulgarity), it will never want names enough, three-fourths of which are, undeniably, those of the most contemptible race that ever made literature contemptible.

"But, as to Lafayette, Iernaux, Rothschild, and persons of that class, the charm that makes its way with them is puffery. The man, woman, or child, who promises to make a book, and give them a niche in it, is sure of a reception. Lafayette's whole career has been this miserable craving for popularity. To be talked of by any body, any where, and at any price, is the only principle that this old man ever honoured in the keeping, and he knows it to be the sole secret of his power. Miladi Morgan writes books, puffs herself as an organ of European opinion; puffs every body who lends her his arm up a staircase, or hands her a cup of coffee, or endures for five minutes her abominable French, her countenance, and her other infirmities; and Lafayette suffers her to push her vulgar way among the mob who flatter the old Jacobin. The others are tradesmen, who look to those *receptions* as part of their trade.

"The dames who figure in her *visiting book*, or in her pages, are in general ladies perfectly unknown to society in Paris; some of them totally obscure, and some better left in obscurity than brought into the light after the long oblivion fittest for their characters. Any Miladi hiring a hackney coach, and running about the hotels in the Fauxbourg, dropping tickets at every fourth and fifth story, may have a "visiting book" full of prodigiously fine titles, to which the Miladies in question have as much right as their husbands, when they had any, might possess to their children.

"The fact is that Paris consists of circles of all kinds, and that any little, bustling, frisky pretender to literature, fashion or philosophy, can have, at an hour's notice, a crowd of the ragged *élite* of the male scribblers of this country, and the female charmers of the last; the poor retainers of the lowest of the muses, the *chansonniers*, the *refreshers* of old dramas, and the patchers of new, are ready for the call, and to meet them are perfectly ready the Mesdames, the wrinkled representatives of the *Villettes*, *Du Chatelets*, *Ninons*, and all those combiners of science with more earthly raptures, who love gossip still. So much for the select society, which any maker of books on France may make the stock of her scandalous chronicle, the delight of her mornings, and the boast of her evenings, if she will—but you shall have a 'morning' of Miladi; the consummation of she-coxcombry and egotism.

"*I happened one night to mention, at General Lafayette's, that I*

should remain at home on the following morning to sit for a medal to David! and the information brought in a numerous class of morning visitors. From twelve till four my little salon was a congress, composed of the representatives of every vocation of arts, letters, science, *bon-ton*, and philosophy.' This congress of all the genius of France, come to do homage to Miladi! she tells us was so crowded, that, 'as in the opera boxes of Italy,' the comers and goers pushed on each other, the first being absolutely obliged to take their departure before their followers in this *levée* could make their way in!

"But what are the names of this brilliant coterie? M. Pigault le Brun! an old wretch of nearly eighty, author of a long file of the most licentious novels; M. Mignet, who has compiled two little volumes on that original subject, the Revolution; M. Merrimee, who has written some feeble attempts at plays, which have never been played, and M. Beyle, who calls himself Count de Stendhal, and writes epithalamiums and epitaphs, which might be easily changed for each other, and all kinds of trumpery and foolery, under all kinds of titles—and those are the stars of Miladi Morgan's horizon. To every one of them, of course, she gives a panegyric as misplaced and cloying as she expects in return. Pigault is all wit and humour; Mignet—honest and fearless, with a style which is at once mathematics, epigrams and philosophy!—a valuable mixture. Merrimee is, of course, 'simple, natural, animated,' and as like his own dramas as possible.

"Here the epithets are a little run out, and Beyle is only—brilliant. But I am tired of her fulsome stuff. We have, however, a dash of diplomacy, a Mr. B—— of the American embassy, a Portuguese *attaché*, an *attaché* from Chili, &c. &c. But you lose the true burlesque of this *mélange*, by not being on the spot. You should see the ragged regiment who fill the ranks of diplomacy here, to judge of her ladyship's *vogue*. And all this while, to consummate the feast of reason, while M. David was modelling that countenance, which is to go down to posterity as the shrine of Miladi's genius, and make medals valuable; a piano was kept tinkling away in the room, where the 'music of Rossini was sung' in snatches, the only mode indicative of feeling, genius, &c., 'by one whose young fresh tones, and sweet expression, Rossini himself had deigned to approve!' Bravo! What an Armida, in her palace of pleasure, what a combination of the loves and graces, to be gathered alone round the celebrity of Miladi Morgan!

"But I can assure you, lightly as you in England may think of our ideas on matters of morals or religion, we are by no means better pleased with her theories on those points than her taste in company. She tells us, for instance, that she thinks the martyrs of christianity afford no example half so fine as, or, in her own words, 'nothing comparable to, the self-immolation of Charlotte Corday.'

"Now, all the world, but this antique little philosopher on assassination, know that Charlotte Corday was a half-mad poor creature, who drove a knife into Marat's heart: a very profitable action for the country, I admit, but a mere affair of frenzy and blood on the lady's part. And yet this melancholy and sanguinary frenzy is to put her above the innocence, and holy intrepidity of beings who died for the highest interests of mankind. She also calls the decent observance of the Sabbath in your country, '*pharisaical*, a narrow and odious view of the divine attributes;' and further declares that the attempts to sustain this



observance, are actually grounded on a *prevalent disdain* of the people, and a *total want of sympathy with humanity*! Concluding, by her profound opinion, 'That the English church is no longer confounded with the church of Christianity.' On which subjects she of course considers herself a very competent authority.

"The fact, with respect to the mode of passing the Sabbath in France, is, that from its ravenous pursuit of every low indulgence, the humbler ranks have suffered their chief corruption; all the low places of refreshment, the drinking-houses, the dancing-booths, the gaming-houses where one may stake from sous to Napoleons, and worse haunts, if possible, than the gaming-houses, are in full glory on the day which you in England give to attendance in church, or innocent family meetings at home when the church service is done. In my residence in your country, I saw nothing more pharisaical in the Sabbath than that your men generally went to church, which here they scarcely ever do, and that after it they walked about with their wives and children. The shops, 'tis true, were not open; nor the theatres; which I conceived added to the natural enjoyment of the day of rest, by relieving the keepers of the shops, and the persons who belong to those theatres, from their labour, and sending them out to enjoy the fresh air, the use of their limbs, and the meeting with their friends.

"Without pretending to be wiser or better than the rest of the world, I thought I saw great benevolence in the original designation of one day in the week, if it were merely a day for the labourer to say that he would take his rest, to relieve the working cattle, and to refresh the general mind by a relaxation of the perpetual anxieties and toils of their being. I say nothing of its importance to higher feelings, of its being a lasting monument to mankind of the hand of the Creator, a sacred interval devoted to sacred recollections, and a period to bring back the thoughts of dignity and virtue that make all the true strength and value of human nature.

"In France, on the contrary, in its peculiarly crowded theatres, its giddy foolery, and its reckless dissipation on the Sunday, I saw nothing indeed pharisaical, but a vast deal that was gross, scandalous, and corrupting. I think that I could, without much difficulty, trace to it three-fourths of that ferocious rage for gaming among the men, and that wretched disregard of character among the women, which make the melancholy distinction of my country.

"But to give you a more favourable impression of our taste in authors and authorship, than I am inclined to think you have, take the opinion of one of the most eminent names of French literature, who has just seen her book on my table.

"'Ah,' said he, 'Miladi Morgan again—and FRANCE, too! Pray is not this a bookselling *ruse*? for she has written about nothing outside the barrier, and Paris is not yet France. Why does she not scribble nonsense on her own country, and let ours alone? I have seen her here, and she is of all bores the bore *par excellence*. She is sixty years old. What can be the use of her staying in this world?—she has long since gone through the whole course allotted to her highest hopes. She has toadied and gossiped, till her toadyism of the great, and her gossip of the little, were as well known and as wearisome here as her London wig and rouge. She has read bad novels and praised them in print; she has written bad novels, and puffed them in all kinds of

ways ; she has thrust herself, by all miserable contrivances into society, till she has sickened it ; she has travelled, and scribbled her 'travels,' Heaven defend us !—she has been pilloried in criticism, which nothing but her own virulence could have provoked ; she has answered the criticism by a display of miserable venom ; she has attempted to laugh at it, and in laughing betrayed her agony in every fibre, under a lash as well deserved as ever was inflicted upon dulness.

" 'She has set up for an Irish *politician*, and for a patriot all round the world ; while she knows no more of politics, than that an Irish rebel wears a green ribbon, nor of patriotism, than to bore the world with nonsense on the virtue of Italian quacks and French harlequins. What more can she expect in this life ? Or, must she go on for ever, plunging deeper and deeper in the mire of mediocrity, making her ignorance more palpable, her folly more tiresome, and her effrontery more ridiculous. Bah.—Miladi Morgan !'

" I ventured to interpose a word in favour of the *pauvre Miladi*. 'There must be some admission for involuntary ignorance, for the petty conceit of a woman, by some accident or other led to believe that she has some kind of literary influence.' But he would hear nothing.

" 'Look there,' said he, and he pointed to a long tirade upon Ninon de l'Enclos. 'If your moral sense is not enlightened on that ancient profligate, read her tender tale there. The fact is, that this silly person's writings on France offend all my nationality. Is it from the wretched club of coxcombs that such a woman can gather round her, that an idea of literary France is to be given to foreigners ? But even this I could forgive to her ignorance. But what feeling is due to this trifler, ranking herself among the '*célébrités*,' standing on tiptoe to make a figure among mankind, and protesting herself the natural representative of genius, the true surviving compound of De Stael and Voltaire ? Bah ! Miladi Morgan !'

" He flung down the book and left the room."

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APHORISMS ON MAN, BY THE LATE WILLIAM HAZLITT, ESQ.

I.

Señvility is a sort of bastard envy. We heap our whole stock of involuntary adulation on a single prominent figure, to have an excuse for withdrawing our notice from all other claims (perhaps juster and more galling ones), and in the hope of sharing a part of the applause as train-bearers.

II.

Admiration is catching by a certain sympathy. The vain admire the vain ; the morose are pleased with the morose ; nay, the selfish and cunning are charmed with the tricks and meanness of which they are witnesses, and may be in turn the dupes.

III.

Vanity is no proof of conceit. A vain man often accepts of praise as a cheap substitute for his own good opinion. He may think more highly of another, though he would be wounded to the quick if his own circle thought so. He knows the worthlessness and hollowness of the flattery to which he is accustomed, but his ear is tickled with the

sound ; and the effeminate in this way can no more live without the incense of applause, than the effeminate in another can live without perfumes or any other customary indulgence of the senses. Such people would rather have the applause of fools than the approbation of the wise. It is a low and shallow ambition.

## IV.

It was said of some one who had contrived to make himself popular abroad by getting into *hot water*, but who proved very troublesome and ungrateful when he came home—"We thought him a very persecuted man in India"—the proper answer to which is, that there are some people who are good for nothing else but to be persecuted. They want some check to keep them in order.

## V.

It is a sort of gratuitous error in high life, that the poor are naturally thieves and beggars, just as the latter conceive that the rich are naturally proud and hard-hearted. Give a man who is starving a thousand a-year, and he will be no longer under a temptation to get himself hanged by stealing a leg of mutton for his dinner ; he may still spend it in gaming, drinking, and the other vices of a gentleman, and not in *charity*, about which he before made such an outcry.

## VI.

Do not confer benefits in the expectation of meeting with gratitude ; and do not cease to confer them because you find those whom you have served ungrateful. Do what you think fit and right to please yourself ; the generosity is not the less real, because it does not meet with a correspondent return. A man should study to get through the world as he gets through St. Giles's—with as little annoyance and interruption as possible from the shabbiness around him.

## VII.

*Common-place* advisers and men of the world, are always pestering you to conform to their maxims and modes, just like the *barkers* in Monmouth-street, who stop the passengers by entreating them to turn in and *refit* at their second-hand repositories.

## VIII.

The word *gentility* is constantly in the mouths of vulgar people ; as quacks and pretenders are always talking of *genius*. Those who possess any real excellence, think and say the least about it.

## IX.

Taste is often envy in disguise : it turns into the art of reducing excellence within the smallest possible compass, or of finding out the *minimum* of pleasure. Some people admire only what is new and fashionable—the work of the day, of some popular author—the last and frothiest bubble that glitters on the surface of fashion. All the rest is gone by, "in the deep bosom of the ocean buried ;" to allude to it is Gothic, to insist upon it odious. We have only to wait a week to be relieved of the hot-pressed page, of the vignette-title ; and in the interim can look with sovereign contempt on the wide range of science, learning, art, and on those musty old writers who lived before the present age of novels. Peace be with their *manes* ! There are others, on the contrary, to whom all the modern publications are



anathema, a by-word—they get rid of this idle literature “at one fell swoop”—disqualify the present race from all pretensions whatever, get into a corner with an obscure writer, and devour the cobwebs and the page together, and pick out in the quaintest production, the quaintest passages, the merest *choke-pear*, which they think nobody can swallow but themselves.

## X.

The source of the love of nature or of the country has never been explained so well as it might. The truth is this. Natural or inanimate objects please merely as objects of sense or contemplation, and we ask no return of the passion or admiration from them, so that we cannot be disappointed or distracted in our choice. If we are delighted with a flower or a tree, we are pleased with it *for its own sake*; nothing more is required to make our satisfaction complete; we do not ask the flower or tree whether it likes us again; and, therefore, wherever we can meet with the same or a similar object, we may reckon upon a recurrence of the same soothing emotion. Nature is the only mistress that smiles on us still the same; and does not repay admiration with scorn, love with hatred. She is faithful to us, as long as we are faithful to ourselves. Whereas, in regard to the human species, we have not so much to consider our own dispositions towards others, as theirs towards us; a thousand caprices, interests, and opinions, may intervene before the good understanding can be mutual; we not only cannot infer of one individual from another, but the same individual may change to-morrow: so that in our intercourse with the world, there is nothing but littleness, uncertainty, suspicion, and mortification, instead of the grandeur and repose of nature.

## XI.

It has been objected to the soothing power of Nature, that it cannot take away the sharp pang of vehement distress, but rather bars the dart, and seems to smile in mockery of our anguish. But the same might be said of music, poetry, and friendship, which only tantalize and torment us by offering to divert our grief in its keenest paroxysms; but yet cannot be denied to be enviable resources and consolations of the human mind, when the bitterness of the moment has passed over.

## MARRIAGE A LA MODE.

SHE loved him—just as modern ladies love;  
Admired his figure on a rainy day,  
And suffered him to reach her fallen glove:  
She liked him, present; if he stayed away  
She did not miss him. “Men were meant to rove,”  
Was still her theme! “To honour, and obey,”  
She had no thought of; but she looked on marriage  
As something requisite to keep a carriage!

And he liked her—as much as creatures can  
Who live at balls, and vegetate by night;  
Not useless, since they serve to hold a fan;  
Whose heads are heavy, while their heels are light;  
Who, wanting other titles, are called—Man!  
Yet ladies liked him, he was *so* polite;  
’Twas strange how favour from mammas he won;  
And yet *not* strange;—he was an eldest son.

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He met her first at some prodigious rout,  
 Where all the world was voting it a bore ;  
 She was a beauty, having just come out—  
 That is, she had rehearsed her part before,  
 And now performed it, with great skill no doubt.  
 She knew her points, and that the dress she wore  
 Set off her figure ; thanks to prints and pins,  
 Padding conceals a multitude of sins !

Ball followed ball ; they often danced together,  
 And though they said but little to each other,  
 Talking of novels, music, and the weather,  
 And such ball-themes, he called upon her mother—  
 Who heard him make proposals in " high feather,"  
 And introduced him to her son, his brother  
 That was to be—and all were quite elate ;  
 For he'd a title and a good estate !

The fair betrothed then sought thy street, Long Acre,  
 To choose the shape and colour of her carriage :  
 I know not why, but somehow a coachmaker  
 Appears to me, in my loose view of marriage,  
 A kind of matrimonial undertaker.  
 By this I've no intention to disparage  
 That blessed state, which many a damsel enters  
 Not knowing why—our mothers are such Mentors.

The day was fixed, the déjeuner was spread,  
 While bride's-maids simpered in their Brussels lace ;  
 The bride shed tears at first, then bowed her head,  
 And thought how great a change would soon take place  
 (From a small French to a large four-post bed) ;  
 Though none might read her thoughts upon her face.  
 Indeed her feelings were not quite intelligible ;  
 One thing she felt—her husband was quite " eligible !"

The marriage-service soon was blundered o'er ;  
 Congratulations round the room were pealing ;  
 The travelling-chariot waited at the door—  
 But first the bride must do a " bit of feeling ;"  
 And so she gently sank upon the floor,  
 In a position such as players deal in :  
 A graceful attitude for loveliness,  
 And so contrived, as not to spoil her dress !

At length they started, he and his fair prize—  
 A Prize !—she proved a Blank. Sad, stern reality  
 Makes happiest things seem hideous : they grew wise—  
 He cured of love, and she of her morality.  
 So, throwing off the troublesome disguise,  
 She ran away—like other folks of quality ;  
 Leaving her lord (she left him not a jewel)  
 A drive to Doctors'-Commons—and a duel !

M. L. M.

## NOTES OF THE MONTH ON AFFAIRS IN GENERAL.

It is said that the Neapolitan Court, moved by the petitions of some scores of English dilettanti, lords and commoners, have serious thoughts of requesting His Highness of Algiers to remove to Leghorn, or go back to the sunny shores of the Land of Lions. Since he has arrived, the persons of those noble absentees have appeared beggarly, their dresses contemptible, and their moustachios not to be named as the product of the human visage. The splendid Moor gives a *sequin* for every *paul* of theirs, which is in the exact proportion of a guinea Moorish to a shilling British; his white chintz turban, his crimson velvet caftan, his green silk trowsers, his diamond-studded dagger, his gold-hilted scymetar, his rings, bracelets, pipe, and girdle, each of them worth half the rent-roll of our best finished dandy; and above all, his beard, sleek, rich, and perfumed—a grand national product, of which all the coaxing, combing, and curling of all the valets in Naples cannot produce the remotest similitude—have thrown the whole race of those delicate creatures into unutterable despair. The moment the magnificent Moor appears abroad, the countesses fly after him, the duchesses desert the foreign ambassadors, and the “principessas” will not waste a smile upon an English lord, even with three months’ allowance in M. Falconet’s hands.

To pistol or sabre the infidel, would be the obvious English mode; but he is reckoned one of the best shots on the earth, his scymetar could cut through a turban, and the experimentalist would run a fair chance of being sliced into fragments before he had made three passes. Poison would be the natural Neapolitan mode, as the stiletto would be the Italian, in general. But he is so surrounded with guards as to be completely inaccessible; and, between his valets and his double-barrelled and gold-mounted pistols, the thing is beyond the calibre of the most desperate dandy.

In the mean time His Highness carries on the African administration within his Palazzo in very superior style.

“One of his servants had been guilty of some act of disobedience, and was sentenced to death for it. The Neapolitan porter was directed to procure a cart to carry away a corpse; he asked if any body in the house was dead, and received for answer that the execution would take place in a few hours. On this he ran to fetch a Commissary of Police, who gave the Dey to understand that he was not to take justice into his own hands at Naples, but must leave it to the government. When the Dey received the news of the events in France, he exclaimed, ‘God is great! He drove me from my throne—now his people have driven him away.’”

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The French are already beginning a coinage for the new dynasty.

“The French money is to bear the head of the new sovereign, surrounded by the legend, ‘*Louis Philippe I. King of the French.*’ The reverse will present a crown formed of a branch of olive and laurel, in the interior of which the date of the year and the value of the piece will be inscribed.”

All this is doubtless perfectly right, as nothing can sooner efface an old king from the bosoms of a loving people, than their having no remembrance of him in their pockets. There was palpable impolicy,

as well as vulgar negligence in the allowance of Napoleon's "image and superscription on the coin," by the late king and his brother. The law of nature, as well as of custom is, "Render unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsars," and if we take his coin, we owe him service, at least by implication.

But we have now matters nearer home to talk of. What is the expense of the English mint? How much does it cost the country in its officers? How much has it cost in buildings and machinery? And, above all, why should it cost *five thousand pounds a year* to have a master of the mint? The gentleman employed at this handsome salary may know no more about making a coin than he does about making a steam-engine. We have had him at one time Lord Wallace, a worthy talker on trade; after him Lord Maryborough, an excellent master of the stag-hounds; and after him, for a week or two, Mr. Tierney, than whom no man could make a more cutting joke; and after him Mr. Herries, not peculiarly renowned for any thing; though we admit that if making a singularly rapid fortune in a singularly unknown way, entitle this luckiest of clerks to the superintendence of the general money-making of the country, Mr. Herries is peculiarly entitled to the charge. But still, we ask, why is the sum for his trouble, or his no-trouble, for his little knowledge, or his total ignorance, to be *five thousand pounds a year*? We will undertake to say that his whole expenditure of time and intellect upon the matter, would be amply repaid by a fifth part of the sum, and that there would be five hundred candidates for the place at the fifth part to-morrow, and every one of the five hundred to the full as well qualified for it as Mr. Herries. Or, is this but a sinecure, to pay a cabinet minister? Let John Bull look to this, and let him roar!

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"And in the lowest depths a lower depth." The gradations of etiquette are innumerable and delightful. Theatres have them, almost as exquisitely absurd as a court birth-day, or a city-ball. We know the contempt with which a heroine of tragedy looks down upon a heroine of comedy, and the difficulty with which the comic heroine acknowledges the existence of the *soubrette*; but yet we had thought that the dignity of a clown in a pantomime could not be easily hurt. We were, however, mistaken. At "Bartlemy," the other day, as the following statement of grievance will shew—

"One Connor issued a posting-bill, advertising a ball which was to take place during the fair, and he announced F. Hartland, of Sadler's Wells' Theatre, and formerly clown and harlequin of Drury-lane Theatre, as the *master* of the *ceremonies* at the tag-rag and bobtail concern. Poor Hartland is with sufficient reason highly incensed; he says that 'Bartlemy fair may be very well for a make shift, when the aspirant for theatrical honours commences his career; but it is rather hard for a man, who has passed the ordeal of a London audience, to find his name mixed up with any low mummer that may choose to use it for his own benefit.'"

This is excellent. The clown of Drury-lane despises the clown of Bartlemy. The jumpers and tumblers of the Winter-theatre are of a different species from those of the Summer-booth men. Drury-lane is a different element from Smithfield. The caperings are of a more classic kind, the chalk on the clown's face is scraped with superior elegance, and the tufts on his cap are altogether a more accomplished exhibition.



"It is hard," as Mr. Hartland observes, that "after a man has passed the ordeal of a patent theatre," he should be liable to be conceived guilty of the degradation of shewing his head or heels any where else; or that after having once enjoyed the dignity of being beaten, broiled, kicked, and thrust into a cannon, at a theatre built of brick, and holding a thousand persons, he should be suspected of humbling himself to an appearance in a theatre of lath and linen, and holding but five hundred. Distinctions are every thing in this world!

The Queen, who is a sensible and domestic woman, has very properly commenced her reforms at home, and set the fashions for housemaids through the empire.

"Her Majesty had the housemaids before her at Windsor Castle the other day, and said to them, 'I wish you to understand that I will have no silk gowns worn here; and,' the Queen added, 'you must wear aprons.'"

There is both good sense and good feeling in this, for without being of the Leigh Richmond, or the Irving school, nor hating either cheerfulness or cherry-coloured ribbons among the young rustics, the true female temptation of our day is a taste for finery. Mischievous as it may be among their betters, it is ruin among the lower ranks, and beggary is infinitely the least evil of this propensity. More profligacy has owed its parentage to the love for silks and laces, than to all the other sources of evil put together; and the eagerness for expensive dress, and the vanity of eclipsing their fellow-servants, will, in nine instances out of ten, be found to have been the direct cause of the guilt and misery that scandalize the public eye in the streets of London.

The papers announce Miss Paton's engagement at the Haymarket, where we presume she will appear before these observations reach the public, and we can have no wish to disturb her reception. But it is only due to truth to say, that all the declamations of the papers on "the audience having nothing to do" with the characters of the persons who come before them, must go for nothing. The audience have a vast deal to do with their characters, and it is so much the better for the stage that they should; for what would be the public respect for a profession in which personal conduct was to be altogether out of view—in which the basest treachery, the vilest dishonesty, the most abject infamy was not to lower the character of the individuals? What would this be but to pronounce the whole profession infamous at once—to plunge every well-behaved actor, or virtuous actress, in the same mire of abomination, and make the name of the stage synonymous with vileness?

But there is another consideration—with what impressions must wives, daughters and sons, look upon a stage in which the objects of such license are before the eye? Without alluding to the unfortunate case of Miss Paton, let us take any of the instances that may be so easily found, of some actress who has become a public scandal;—whose profligacy has made its way into every newspaper—whose crime has been bruited about in every shape of publicity, so that there is scarcely a human being in the country who is not fully acquainted with it.—The woman has been acknowledged a notorious profligate, a vile and degraded wretch, seeking the basest lucre by the basest means, a disgust to the sense of public decency, and a disgrace to the name of woman. Is it fitting that such

a creature should be paraded before the public eye, that the chaste wife, and the delicate mind of youth, should be *forced* to recollect her story by seeing her figuring before them on the stage, and not merely suffered there, but applauded and panegyricized in every instrument of public opinion, for beauty, talent, and so forth, daring public censure with impunity, and flourishing in fame and fortune?

How many must the exhibition disgust; how many may it lead to think that there is no actual distinction between purity and impurity; how many of the weak may it tempt, and how many of the wicked must it sanction and encourage?

But then we are told we suffer others just as culpable to appear. True, and the public does itself and the stage dishonour by suffering them. But there is still a distinction. Their fall has not been so recently before the public that their name cannot be mentioned without a revival of their story. Their vice has past away *sub silentio*. We hear and see Mrs. A. B. or C. without thinking any further of them than as good or bad actresses. Our tolerance of them on the stage as actresses no longer implies tolerance of them as profligates, and the evil of their example has been partially worn away.

But with any profligate who comes before us fresh from guilt, with the notoriety of her vileness forcing itself upon us in every channel of observation, with no broken spirit, but with the dashing effrontery of impudent vice, the public sanction is a public crime, an encouragement to future as well as to present iniquity, and a disgrace at once to the stage and the country.

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They may say what they please of an Irishman's being in two places at once, but commend us to some of the English parsons, for multiplication of person.

"CAMBRIDGE.—Rev. J. Griffith, prebendary of Rochester, to the rectory of Llangynhafel; Denbigh.—Rev. W. M. Mayers, to a stall in the cathedral of St. Patrick's, with the rectory of Malhelburt (a non cure)."

Here we have an honest cleric contriving to do his duty at once in Rochester and Denbigh, and no doubt with equal good to mankind, and comfort to himself in both; as for the second worthy gentleman, his preferment is a *non cure*, and as he can receive his salary by post, he may take his wings and rove to China, without a crime against the laws of residence. We wish both the gentlemen joy of their pleasant prospects; nor shall we hurt their feelings by asking on what labours in their profession fortune has thus smiled? We are afraid their names do not figure in the list of authors, sacred or classic, that the scriptures have not been deeply indebted to their elucidation, nor the church to their eloquence! But they can at least write receipts for their salary, and that is the true accomplishment, after all!

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Old Talleyrand's appointment to the British Embassy is decidedly the most curious among the problems of a problematical time. It is not his first experiment here, however; he was among us forty years ago, first to get a little money for himself, as a fugitive from that loving and fraternal government which freed so many people by taking off their heads; next to get a little for his French employers; and thirdly, to get a little from the fears or the folly of America. We must not call an ambassador a rogue, but old Talleyrand has been for upwards of seventy

long years the most dexterous of statesmen, senators, and Frenchmen ; the man who could keep his head under Robespierre, his money under Barras, his place under Buonaparte, his pension under the Bourbons, and his conscience, his smile, his hotel, and his wife, under them all, is no common man for the episcopal bench ; setting apart his wit, of which he has kept live specimens under every change of dynasty in France since the days of Danton !

But why has he come ? Is it that the citizen king is afraid that Talleyrand might imbibe ambition in his old days, and sigh to change the mitre for the crown ? Or that he dreads to have the courtier of Charles X. turned into the partizan ? Or that he wishes to have a watch upon Wellington ? Or that he is simply tired of him, and prefers the society of the very crack-brained Duc de Broglie, or of that not less crack-brained lecturer on metaphysics, now metamorphosed into a minister, M. Guizot ? a pair of statesmen, who, before three months are over, will give the citizen king a sufficient lesson of the wisdom of expecting visionaries to be fit for anything under heaven, but to write essays in reviews, and set their readers asleep. Or is he come, to quiz Charles X. into giving up the Duke of Bourdeaux ? Or is it that old Talleyrand, wise in his generation, already sees the signs of the times, and wishes to get out of the way till the next overthrow is quiet ? One thing we hope ; that some of our stirring publishers will lay hold on him, tempt his avarice with a handsome sum, and make him write his memoirs. They would be the most curious things in Europe. They would tell more state secrets, turn more high characters into ridicule, cover more hypocrites with shame, strip more kings, queens, princesses, and prime ministers of their public honours, account for more pensions and places, give the history of more coronets and orders, more country-houses, curricles, and cavalry colonelcies, than any developments of human knavery that ever came from the pen of Frenchman. This he might do, if he would but tell the truth, and that we suppose he might be induced to tell—for the due value.

His countrymen have a pleasant idea of him. "For fifty years," says *Le Voleur*, "whilst so many systems have succeeded each other, take the *Moniteur* from the commencement of these governments, and you will find this phrase, which seems a fundamental one for the *Moniteur* of the time:—'To-day M. de Talleyrand had the honour to pay his respects to the king—or to the emperor—or to the consul—or to the director'—in fact, to *power*." We remember reading the reply of the English Ambassador at the Hague, during the protectorate and after the restoration, to one who remarked how easily he changed his politics, "*Je suis le très-humble serviteur des événemens!*" There are pupils of the same school in England.

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The horrid accident which put an end to Mr. Huskisson's life, has been too much before the public to allow of any recapitulation of ours ; even if the subject were not so painful to ourselves. But we must observe, as to the coroner's inquest, that we should have preferred a much less railway-jury. Not a syllable is said in the coroner's charge, of the mismanagement of the machines, of the want of preparation in the carriages, nor of the extraordinary fact that the machines were allowed to run upon each other without notice of any kind. According to the details of the accident, scarcely had half a dozen gentlemen got out of one of the



carriages, when one of those tremendous machines was close upon them, flying at the rate of sixteen miles an hour, and with so little notice, that nothing but the Duke of Wellington's quick eye, and his crying out, could have prevented its crashing over the whole group. All they could do was to run in all directions for their lives! Mr. Calcraft and Prince Esterhazy one way, others in another. Mr. Holmes could escape only by clinging to the car, which unfortunately Mr. Huskisson attempted, but was not in time to get out of the way of the flying engine; which does not appear to have stopped for any of them.

Now, undoubtedly, there was some mismanagement, or extreme negligence in all this, which ought to have attracted the notice of the coroner. Then we are told that when the attempt was made to get into the car there were no means, the steps were not there; in fact, that there was no more provision for accident than there would be in a ship which put to sea without boats. Yet on such a state of preparation we are quite satisfied that a jury might have made some remarks in their verdict. Of course, the directors and machine-people are nervous on the subject, and wish the world to believe the accident to have been quite inevitable. Yet it seems to us to have been no more inevitable than any other mischief, from a stage-coach in the hands of a rash driver, or from an over-drove ox, or a horse left loose in the streets to gallop over whom he likes. We should have desired to know why the engineer of the Rocket—if that was the name of the pursuing engine—did not instantly stop, or at least moderate its speed, when he saw the road covered with persons. According to the account, it seems to have dashed on without stop or stay; and we have to return him no thanks for its not having crushed the whole half dozen or dozen to powder. All this, we think, would have drawn a question from us, if we had been on the jury.

But it is to be hoped that the directors, though they may have been warned by no *deodand*, will have the wisdom to provide against the recurrence of those horrid accidents. The expedient of *feelers*, or wheels in front, has been proposed, to prepare them to stop when any object may lie in their way. Something of the kind must be contrived. The danger is the velocity. What human speed could get out of the way of a velocity of thirty-three miles an hour, or of the half of thirty-three? or what force could stand against it? We might as well stand against a thunderbolt. The invention is admirable; and it may be made an inexhaustible source of public benefit. But unless the directors wish to baffle their own labour, and make this great invention an object of public terror, they will look to the prevention of every thing that can endanger the public safety.

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St. John Long's miraculous cures have set the whole faculty in a flame; and unless it shall go hard with him at the Old Bailey, we have no doubt that before a year is over we shall see him in his coach and four. He is a quack by common consent, and in all ages such have thriven; for in all ages medicine has been a problem; the regular physician little more than an experimentalist after all; and the question has merely lain between the experimentalist who writes the worst Latin on earth, and the experimentalist who can write no language whatever.

In this race the charlatan must often win, for in the first place he runs light: he has no character for science to lose, no solemn authority

to dread, no books to puzzle him, and, if he can escape the constable and the coroner, he fears not the face of man. In the next, the charlatan generally starts with some actual novelty of knowledge, some real secret of nature in his possession ; he has either invented or remembered some of those nostrums of which old women were once the established practitioners, and the wives of parsons and old baronets the legitimate dispensers. He is not, like the physician, sent into the world licensed to kill, and trading in mortality only on the stock of his bookcase. It is the possession of some secret that has turned the mind of the universal genius to curing the headache, the heartache, the nightmare, and all the natural ills that flesh is heir to, while otherwise he might have benefited society as a tailor, or a tinker, or a common-councilman, or a member for Southwark, or a recruiting officer, or a radical, and triply eclipsed the glories of Sir Robert Wilson himself. As to St. John Long's curing the Countess of Buckingham's back, or Mrs. Trelawney's toe, expelling the incubus that has disturbed Lady Harriet Butler's dreams, curing Sir Francis Burdett of his love of popularity, or cooling that sentimental looking personage, Sir Alexander Johnson, of his mortal vision of personal beauty, we have all the necessary faith, and believe that he did good service to the state. The truth is, that if he had kept his practice to those who have nothing in life to do but to kill Time, till that fortunate period when Time revenges himself, and comforts the community, the twaddlers and swaddlers, the haunters of club-rooms, the daily visitors of bazaars, the fat and ancient dowagers whose love for humanity is shown in bloated poodles, parrots, and familiar generations of cats ; the old retired Indians, with curry complexions, eternal complaints of the climate, and querulous longings for the full pay and "allowances," the Batta and the Bungalow, all of which they cursed from the bottom of their cups every day of their enjoyment of them ; men whose talk is of Tippoo Saib, and who settle the world in Hanover-square, Hooka in hand ; if St. John Long had built his tent among this phthysical tribe, he must have at once done good to society and himself, to the one by clearing them of their superfluous sovereigns, and to the other by putting them in his own pocket. No doubt he could cure an imaginary complaint, as well as any Halford or Heberden in existence.

But we should be sorry to see him suffered to go beyond this class, and we hope that if he shall be found embroccating any human being who may be worth keeping alive, he may be sent where he can cure nothing but crocodiles or kangaroos.

But Mr. Surgeon Brodie's part of the affair is the most curious of all. He is called in *to save* the unfortunate patient, Miss Cashin, who was brought by her foolish mother, to make her "better than well." He sees the poor girl in agony. He declares her in a dangerous state ; that nothing but the most active help can recover her. And, after all, for the souls of us, we cannot see that he did any thing that might not be done by St. John Long himself. He looks, shakes his professional head, writes a prescription, and walks away, and the poor girl dies. If the surgeon put himself to any trouble, we cannot find it in the evidence. Perhaps he did not like to interfere with a brother man of *science* ! But of Mr. Brodie we hear no more !

General Sharpe's and Sir Anthony Carlisle's correspondence is capital. A pair of geese, plucking each other's last surviving feathers for the amusement of the public. The old general evidently enjoys the jest

prodigiously, and as evidently feels his chief grievance in the cruelty of the reporters, who, as he says, have not given any idea of the pleasantry of his style of cross-examining the *jury*, and every body. Sir Anthony, on the other hand, is very pleasant too, and very impudent to the old general, whom he accuses of "squinting," of not knowing the distinction between a doctor of physic and a doctor of laws, music, or horse-medicine, and of being a little out of practice in his grammar.

The true secret is, the old general's expecting the knight's advice *without a fee*! Sir Anthony was of course too *professional* to suffer the general to get any thing to the purpose out of him; and talking nonsense, *à propos*, he left the old Scotchman and old soldier (as tough and money-loving a combination as any under the sun), to make the most of his *gratis* opinion. All the world knew already the value of "physic, and law for nothing," and we suppose the general, who writes gaily (for a man married a second time), has now got experience enough to make him think a guinea saved not worth a coroner's inquest, for the rest of his days.

At the same time, the regular professors may take some hints from St. John Long. His practice of drawing inflammation from one part of the frame, where it is dangerous, to another part where it may be comparatively harmless, is one of those old practices which modern science has foolishly forgotten. Yet there can be nothing more undoubted than the advantages often to be derived from it. By exciting disease in a limb it has often been withdrawn from a vital part; as the gout excited in the toe prevents it from being the disease of the heart. Another of the blunders of modern science is that of conceiving that inflammation constitutes the cause of decay in consumptive habits. This is error the first in the case. And that this inflammation is, like the inflammation of a drunkard's veins, to be cured by exhausting the patient. This is error the second. The fact resulting from the whole of this fine theory is, that the patient slips from the doctor's fingers into the sexton's, and is troubled, and troubles no more. He dies under the operation of cure. Theory triumphs in the fulfilment of its duty, the doctor writes it down in his journal as a new case of sound practice, and consumption is decreed to be an incurable disease for a century to come. But our wise men now look again to their theory. St. John Long's grand panacea is the due application of beef and mutton. With the beef-steak and the cutlet he faces the enemy, throws potion and pill to the dogs, and bids the delicate grow plump as fast as they can, and the given-over walk in the face of day, call on their physicians in defiance, and either challenge them to a meeting in Hyde-Park, or laugh them out of the regions of the fashionable. To this it must come at last, and soon too. For our part, we would not trust any thing to the reputation of a doctor in a difficult case. For, to the disgrace of medicine, the whole of it, in the higher branches, is what we call theory in the man who has taken out his diploma, and what we call charlatanery in the man who has never stepped within college walls. But let our doctors try the beef-steak system. The inhaling gas goes for nothing with us, though it obviously goes a great way to mystify the baronets, M.P.'s, and other old ladies who are to be operated upon. The embrocation, with aquafortis, oil of vitriol, or corrosive sublimate, does not altogether suit the delicacy of our particular cuticle, and we leave it to the taste of those who may have an enjoyment in excoriations a yard and a half long. But of the



beef-steak regimen we cordially approve, and fully agree in the wisdom of living as long as we can, and growing fat to keep ourselves warm in the frosts of age !

A paragraph in a Scotch newspaper, in some fierce controversy about roasting coffee, gives a capital conception for the improvement of newspapers.

" Let a boiler be well filled with a due proportion of high pressure puffs, poems, paragraphs, parliamentary speeches, politics, intrigues, despatches, deaths, births, marriages, disasters at sea, &c. &c. ; these being well stirred together, after the manner of the Witches in Macbeth, as soon as the steam is up, a crane is turned with much dexterity and ingenuity on a pipe like the water-conductor of a fire-engine, when, squirt, out flies high-pressure type by the thousand yards, which, being skilfully directed first against one sheet, then against another, a whole publication comes spouting to light in no time."

There might be some difficulty in managing the " political articles," those ponderous affairs called the leaders, which require such perpetual shifting of opinion, which make the newspaper of to-day a satire on the newspaper from the same press and pen of a week before. But, on all other points, the mechanical system is admirable. For instance, it might be applied to all county meetings for fifty years to come, without the change of a letter ; to the oratory of the Miltons, the Bells, and Beaumonts of the north, the Lethbridges, and other trimmers and blockheads of the south, and the Wilsons, Whitbreads, Byngs, and Lord John Russels of the Middlesex and Southwark portion of the national eloquence. The speeches of every one of those orators might have been stereotyped for the last twenty years. We have the same pompous pretences to national feeling, the same abject evasions, the same rapturous delight at the view of their constituents eating, drinking, voting, and rioting, and the same solemn pledges to " Liberty all over the World !"

The same note of scorn might be added to every one of their harangues ; and the same indignation at the perpetual contrast between bloated promise and empty performance. The minister's *exposé*, called the King's Speech, might be trusted with equal security to the machine ; for in our memory it has never altered, above half-a-dozen phrases ; and their substitutes were as closely as possible identified with the old. In those matters the finances are always in a prosperous state, the country quiet, the foreign powers loading us with assurances of perpetual peace ; commerce flourishing beyond all example ; reduction the order of the day ; and economy, rigid economy, the principle of his Majesty's ministers. Their mode of fulfilling those fine promises, might very safely be stereotyped too, with only the additions of a dozen or two of sinecures, for the public comfort, a couple of millions down in the customs, and another £500,000 for painting and papering, for bandy-legged statues and architectural blunders, in the new palace.

All the minor matters of speeches of the common-council Ciceros, the presentations of snuff-boxes to the Peels, " rats and mice, and such small deer ;" the harangues of barristers at election-dinners, the African, Anti-African, the Camberwell Society for Washing Blackamoors White, the Wilberforcian, Muggletonian, Owenian, Cosmopolitan meetings in chapels, floor-cloth manufactories, dock-yards, and taverns,

might all be safely trusted to the imagination of the machine, which we have no doubt would do its duty, and transmit to the laughing universe the whole eloquence of those flying philosophers, without losing the slightest *effluvium* of its original genius, intelligence, utility, or wisdom.

Poor Lord Ellenborough's misfortunes are not over yet. We acknowledge that he bears them with the best face of insensibility, of any unlucky husband in town; and when his hat is on, what with his ringlets, and his roses, he contrives to look a gay youth of fifty. But Miss Digby, the portentous Miss Digby, has started again for fame, and divides with his lordship the admiration of the lower classes.

"THE FAIR JANETTE.—We have heard that Miss Digby (late Lady Ellenborough) has recently purchased a cottage *ornée* in the neighbourhood of the Regent's-park. The fair divorcee may continually be seen thereabouts. She is attired in deep mourning, and accompanied by a beautiful little boy of about five years of age, whom she has adopted as a solace in her retirement. A 'good-natured friend,' on mentioning this circumstance to 'the tame elephant,' begged his lordship to console himself, for that wherever *he* resided he was sure to have a cottage *hornée* of his own."

Such is the remark of the newspapers, inspired by the spirit of Rogers, or Alvanly, or some of the standards of pleasantry in our vivacious world. The lady has returned, to new conquests, of course; and her card is now—the sentimental. The mourning, the orphan protégée, the deep melancholy, the cottage, exquisitely simple, with a sensitive-plant in front, a cage with a turtle-dove mourning for its mate, a guitar hanging in sight, and the fair undone herself, the victim of a too ardent sensibility, the modern Eloise, sad as night, and dark as the hopes of buried love; the drooping flower, that perishes before the eye, and is dying under the cruel aspersions of an ungenerous generation; Heavens! how irresistible must Miss Digby be under all this weight of woe! We caution that notorious sentimentalist, Lord Hertford, from walking round his own grounds, for fear of being suddenly captivated—"shot i' the heart," as Mercutio says, "by a white wench's black eye." He might have added—in a black veil and bonnet, which must make the wound mortal.

It must be allowed that the French do showy things in the most showy style of any nation of Europe. One of their old merits was the patronage of Literature. From Louis the Fourteenth down to Napoleon, they had the honourable ambition of struggling for the precedence in every class of literary fame; and the allowable dexterity of flattering the leading writers of all countries into a *regard* for France. They gave little distinctions, little medals, little pensions, and little titles to the little men of academies in all lands, and reaped the full harvest of those donations in praise.

The Russians, always imitators of the *Grande Nation*, and extremely anxious to play the same part on the continent, whether with the pen or the pike, the cannon or the *cordon rouge*; have been for some years trying the same plan, and giving rings, like thimbles, set with diamonds that certainly have a villainous likeness to Bristol stones; but those rings were given to all sorts of people for all sorts of things: for a new

pattern of a joint-stool, for a five-shilling compilation of barbarous poetry, for a pair of breeches cut out of the living bear, for a tetotum on a new and infallible construction, "warranted to spin," for a print of the features of some grim Slavonic ancestor, some Count of Wolfania, or Duke of Sabreland, taken from the original carving in the Church of our Holy Mother of Kasan, or for a quarto of Travels through Russia, with all the anecdotes, from the newspapers, all the discoveries, from the road-books, all the history, from the tables d'hôte, and all the "vignettes, views, inscriptions," original,—from the print-shops.

On those brilliant productions even the thimbles of the Czar Nicholas were thrown away; and the imperial liberality being fairly exhausted some time since, and finding that no European fame redounded to it from the labours of "illustrious men," (unknown in any country but their own, and there known only to be laughed at), has prohibited "All men by these presents," in future to dedicate book, or send print, or transmit sleeve-button, and above all, to insult it with poetry. The Russian ambassador has received strict orders, on pain of the knout, not to transmit any further beggar's petition of this kind to his Imperial Majesty; and notice has been given to contributors in general that, though Siberia is but a month's journey from St. Petersburg, the Czar is about locating a new settlement for their benefit within sight of the Pole.

Louis Philippe, however, is beginning on a better plan, much more useful to the world, and which will repay France much more steadily in praise (to this we have no objection) than money lavished on such slippery personages as the mob of authorship. We are informed that "The King of the French has given instructions to a distinguished *littérateur* to obtain for him a correct list of all the literary and scientific bodies in Europe, with a precise account of their charitable institutions, in order that he may subscribe to those which he considers the most deserving of support. It is stated that at present the king bestows nearly one million of francs per annum, directly, or indirectly, in the encouragement of literature and science; and that he insists upon each of his children patronising works of art to an extent justified by the pecuniary means which he has placed at their disposal." This is manly, and kingly too.

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The true name for the nineteenth century is the "Age of Puffery;" and the following is as pretty an instance of the practice as we have lately seen. One of the newspapers publishes this *annonce* :—

*Bishop (!) Luscombe.*—"It is generally thought that this worthy divine, who bears the christian name of Bishop, is one of the highest dignitaries of the church—such is not the case. Bishop Luscombe has, for years, been Chaplain at the English Embassy in Paris, where his humane and religious pursuits have ensured him the esteem of all those who have the pleasure of his acquaintance. He has always shewn himself the philanthropist; and many poor English mechanics, who have been obliged to leave France in consequence of false hopes having been held out to them, have never failed meeting with relief from him when applied to. When his present Majesty, then Duke of Clarence, was at Dieppe, he was introduced to his Royal Highness, who kindly invited him, whenever he came over to this country, to pay him a visit. He lately arrived at Brighton, where he had the honour of preaching before their Majesties."



Another of the papers correcting the ludicrous blunder of making the man's christian name "*Bishop*," gives him a "mission connected with France," and says, "he administers to the spiritual comforts of his church in that kingdom."

Neither the *Globe*, in which the paragraph appeared, nor the *Age*, which made the comment, can be charged with a propensity of puffing, and yet the paragraph thus imposed on them is a puff direct. The truth of the matter is this. The reverend person is an American, who, liking to make his way in Europe, and thinking that though the gates of preferment were shut upon him in England and Scotland, there was something to be got in France, made a tour, chiefly among the English, and returned to England with the formidable discovery that they were all going the way of ruin, and that the only hope of averting it, was by subjecting them all to the rite of confirmation. For this apostolical service the American volunteered himself. But confirmation is a rite reserved to bishops, and he, therefore, requested the Archbishop of Canterbury to consecrate him forthwith. But the archbishop had no idea of doing any thing of the kind, and the would-be bishop was forced to look to some less refractory quarter. Luckily there remains in Scotland a little congregation which calls its pastors bishops, and to them the Doctor applied. They were only too much delighted at the opportunity of sending a bishop of their own making afloat *in partes infidelium*, and they accordingly consecrated the Doctor. He then went forth, confirming the sons and daughters of our travellers in his journeys through France, a good deal to the offence of the French people, who naturally enough asked what empowered a foreigner to go preaching and laying on hands in this bustling style through their country? However, at last, whether to stop his peregrinations, which were undoubtedly a source of dissatisfaction to the French government; or to reward his apostolical zeal, the Doctor got the British chaplaincy in Paris, where he now figures in his lawn sleeves. We see that he "happened" to be at Dieppe, when the successor to the throne was there for a day or two, and that he now "happens" to be at Brighton, and "happens" to preach before that successor, now that he is king; and we will undertake to say that the whole three "happened" with just the same degree of *accident*. We are not yet prepared, however, for seeing him in an English cathedral, nor are we much delighted with even seeing him in an English chaplaincy. The Americans are excellent fellows sometimes, but we think the less they have to do with English affairs on the Continent, the better for the affairs. Let an Englishman be appointed to the chapel of the embassy. We wish Bishop Luscombe a safe voyage to New York, and a happy meeting with his friend Bishop Hobart, that impudent and ungrateful coxcomb, who, after receiving our hospitality, had no sooner set his sanctified foot in Yankey-land, than he published a foul and vulgar attack upon the whole Church of England.

The Times applauds the new French style of abolishing "My Lord," in the address to peers and ministers.

"It will be perceived that the new government of France have introduced a new mode of address among the peers of France, and even among the great functionaries of state. There are to be no more 'My Lords' among them—no longer Monseigneur, but M. le Ministre. Now there is no country in Europe in which the distinction between

peer and commoner is so marked as in England ; and that owing to the existence of those absurd and even profane addresses ' My Lord,' as applied to the former ; and ' your Lordship,' ' your Grace,' and ' noble Lords.' *Foreigners are disgusted with us on this account ; and think that, with the freest institutions, we are the basest people, to suffer such a distinction to exist in daily practice."*

The Standard scoffs at the republicanism of the idea, and ridicules the learning ; saying, that in every nation in Europe titles are more in use than in England, which is true, as every body must know, from the rabble of Barons, Dukes, and Princes, that make their sojourn among us now and then ; and also that Don, Monsieur, Mynheer, Mein Herr, alike mean my Lord, while the common Spanish address of Usted, means " your Excellence."

To this the Morning Chronicle rejoins, that those titles, whatever they might once have meant, now mean but the simplest acknowledgment of respect, or, in fact, mean nothing. But to this must be objected, that if they mean nothing now, it is from their having been first made common. There are villages in Spain where every one is connected with some prince, and where prince is the title of fellows that lead your horse to the stable, or set out your dinner. All the peasantry of Guipuscoa, and most of the Biscayans, look upon themselves as actual nobles. The commonness of the distinction has made it worthless, but the plurality of titles is, of course, only the more obvious. The Morning Chronicle would have it, on the contrary, that the commonness of a title extinguishes the title itself ; which, we fear is a rather hasty conclusion. If it had said that commonness diminishes the value, or the power, or the pleasure of a title, we should, of course, agree with it. The fact is, that the taste of foreigners for giving titles is so great, that they have long ago supped full of the indulgence ; they have now run out their stock, and have left themselves nothing untouched by the vulgar hand, but king and deity. It is no fault of theirs if the language of titles is limited, and that, when they come up to prince they must stop. Certainly, so far as they may use those marks of honour they have used them to their heart's content ; and in Italy, and Germany, princes are as thick as mulberries, and by no means so valuable to the community.

Foreigners then have no right "to call the English the basest people, with the freest institutions ;" for the difference between a title in England, and one on the Continent, is no more than that the English one is a demand upon public respect, because our titles are comparatively so few, while the foreign is seldom a demand upon any body's respect, because foreigners have been in the habit of giving them to so many.

But there is no necessity for all this wrath at a practice which has grown out of the necessities of society. There must be in all kingdoms rewards for eminent merit, in war, politics, legislation, and the other leading forms of public service. There can be but two ways of reward—money or honours. What would society gain by making money the sole reward ? An enormous expense would be the first result—the next would be to infect the nation with a mercenary spirit, by making money the standard of merit. But if the state had the power to pour out the whole treasury in rewards, the result would still be inadequate. The object is to give some exclusive mark by which the individual is elevated above the general classes of the community, for his services ; but money will

not do this. If the state were to give ten thousand pounds a year to its man of merit, there are ten thousand grocers and cheesemongers who make ten thousand pounds a year; give him a hundred thousand, a rogue of a stockbroker, or a grinding government-contractor, clears the sum in a week or a day. The point is, to give a reward which shall be inaccessible to the lower and more commonplace pursuits of life, and that reward can alone be in some mark of honour proceeding from the throne; an order, higher still, a title; and higher still, a title which confers nobility not merely on its first receiver, but on all his descendants. A title has the peculiar advantages—of being congenial to the spirit of honour, which is the spirit of all that is truly eminent in public life, and which it should be the first object of the state to excite and sustain.—Next it is the least costly of all rewards to the state, a matter of no trivial importance;—and next, it is exclusive and unattainable but by the will of the state or sovereign, which is not the case with money.

At the same time we allow that titles may grow too common, even here; that a title without wealth to support its rank is an abuse, and that a poor peerage must be at once an object of public scorn and of political danger. A pensioned pauper, though a peer, must be a slave, and in the present strides to grasp at the whole power of the country, patriotic men cannot watch too carefully the composition of the House of Lords. The project of creating peers for life only, has been proposed; but the obvious result would be to crowd the House with creatures of the minister on any emergency, as he would feel that in a few years his creation would be got rid of by death, and the peerage no more crowded than before. It would also give him a formidable patronage; for every death would allow him, at least, the opportunity of filling up the vacancy, if he so pleased, and he would have candidates in multitudes for the honour. It would also make two classes of peers, and would tend to violent schisms in the House. But the true remedy for the disease is a *qualification*. As in the Commons no man can sit for a borough, who has not 300*l.* a year landed property, or for a county who has not 600*l.*; so, let no peer hereafter created be capable of sitting in parliament without a freehold estate of 20,000*l.* a year, the very least sum on which a peer of England can sustain his rank with fitting dignity; and let no peer be created who cannot settle on his son, and the descendants of that son, his 20,000*l.* a year. This would give the peerage a dignity in the public eye, which will never be given to the poor nobleman. It will give them a power of preserving their independence of corruption, and place-mongering for themselves and their sons, without which a House of Peers must become a public peril. Let our next Parliament bestir itself in the matter, and make us at last proud of our Legislature!

Among the overflow of Family Libraries, &c., we have been struck peculiarly with one set of volumes, which contains more knowledge of life, more interesting anecdote, and more actual history, than three-fourths of the heap. We speak of the collection of "Auto-Biographies," now amounting to about thirty very convenient *boudoir* volumes, published by Whittaker. It proposes to contain every memoir to be found in the modern languages, in which the writer has been his own historian. We thus have Gibbon, Kotzebue, Voltaire, Hume, Gifford, Creighton, Prince Eugene, Ferguson, Whitefield, and a whole host of others;



all curious, all eccentric, and what is more important, all true. We have been more interested by the work than by any biographical collection we have ever seen.

We give the following specimen of politics in poetry, on a Shut-up Country Church, from a country paper, whose correspondent recommends its insertion, as a specimen of "native talent," and calls upon all the friends of British genius to propagate its fame, "in the hope of exciting other bards to rivalry." The lines, we admit, are of different lengths; but much must be allowed for genius, and it will be found that the long and the short are equally charming.

*The Deserted Church.*

Neither Parson, Clerk, Sexton. is here to be found  
The Church quit neglected. while I till my ground.  
one fourth of my produce, deducting Expences  
Is paid to the Parson, Heaven save all our senses.  
Is not this tiranicle. I ask you by passers  
From the other three forths. I pay Rent and Taxes  
The Church being shut up. and our Prayers neglected  
No Tithe for no Duty is what. I reasonably expected  
But reason says the Parson. has nothing to do with my Claim  
I insist on my Tithes. if nothing you gain.  
I will be Lord of this Parish. and if I cant have my way  
I will take up my Tithes, without further delay.  
I will stop the repairs of the Church. and oppose all the People  
I will take off the roof, and if possible the Steeple,  
Altho Times are so bad, I will load you with Expences  
No reduction in my tithes, because of offences  
The tithes of the Clergy, is the cause of much derision  
And a Subject of course. that stands in need of revision.  
The *sistum* is bad. the emolument too much.  
I call forth the attention. of all that think such  
To remedy the evile. it is my opinion  
Somthing should be said, about a begining  
By calling a County Meeting, a Petition to send  
To Parliment praying. the *Tithe Laws to mend.*  
If some Gentlemen of Independence, would step forward in this Cause  
They would have the support of the County, and meet great applause.

At the Annual General Meeting of the West India body, at the City of London Tavern, in August, a Report of great interest was read. We have not now further space than to say, that in a very temperate, but very decided manner, it announced the hopelessness of getting any thing like good out of the brains of the present sages of Downing-street. All their proposals for relieving the pressures of this greatest of all our commercial interests, have been met by civil speeches, promises of relief, and practical negation of every thing in the shape of relief. But what can be expected from the best of Quarter-Masters, and the most stubborn, and puzzled of Chancellors of the Exchequer?

The results of this puzzledom will be practical, however. The West Indians will not suffer themselves to be bankrupt for the blunders of any one. Some of them are already speculating on a safer outlay of their property in America; to which, when half-a-dozen planters are once fairly removed, as many hundreds, who now merely wait to see the result of the experiment, will instantly follow. The project of cultivating East India sugar, to the prejudice of West India interests, will not be suffered

in silence ; the nonsense of meddling with the slaves will be equally felt, and the consequences may be of a much deeper class than the craft of all the quarter-masters general, and the calculations of the Cabinet of Clerks, may be able to cure. If America should take it into her head to pay her debts, as usual, by breaking out with a declaration of war, we then may have fruits of our legislation in the West Indies, palpable enough to catch the eyes even of a Cabinet with Mr. Goulburn for its financier.

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*"Bronze Colossal Elephant : Paris.*—The enormous bronze elephant, which was originally intended to be placed as a fountain on the site of the Bastile in Paris, is at last, it seems, to be fixed on a pedestal, in a vacant space in the *Champs Elysées* ; M. A. Malavoiné, the architect, having obtained from the city of Paris for eighty years, the grant of the land in question, without rent, on condition of its reverting with the statue to the city, so as to become a national monument. The pedestal will be about 50 feet in height, and the castle on the back of the elephant will be at an elevation of 100 feet from the ground. Staircases to ascend to the castle will be made in the legs of the elephant, and the body will be fitted up elegantly as a saloon : persons entering the elephant to pay one franc for each admission. From this fee the architect expects to derive a large income."

Every city must have its Elephant, and ours is to be a colossal cemetery. For this, three plans are already before the public, and if the public please, it may have twenty. But we are not yet French enough to relish a *Père la Chaise*—"weeping seats," and artificial garlands for tombs, are not to be the English taste. We shall never be refined enough to turn a church-yard into a display of weekly sentimentality ; and promenade among the graves of those whom we loved and lament, with our white handkerchiefs to our eyes for the benefit of the lookers on, and a quadrille step for the display of our own graces. The cemetery plans are uniformly unsuitable to the habits and the feelings of this country. They are besides extravagantly expensive, in a matter already loaded with expense ; and they will be and ought to be resisted by every man who thinks that the place of the dead ought to be one of silence, sacredness, and solitude.

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A clever pamphlet, "What has the Ministry gained by the Elections?" is laying on our table. We have not room to take any further notice of it, than by saying that the writer's views are just, his information is accurate enough, and his style pleasant, and often forcible.

If this be enough, we fully recommend it to our readers.

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## MONTHLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, DOMESTIC AND FOREIGN.

*De L'Orme*, 3 vols. 12mo., by the Author of *Darnley*, &c. This is a manly and masterly production, skilfully conceived, and executed with more than the writer's usual spirit, and shews him familiar with the scenes and times and characters he describes. He has taken a just measure of the style and *tasté* in which the intelligence of the day requires such matters to be handled. His outlines are clear and definite, and the fillings up not over-crowded; he is not circumstantial enough to be perplexing, nor is his propensity to dialoguing indulged to babbling—all tends closely and directly to the point before him, and every line—and this is a distinguishing quality—may be read.

The story is auto-biographical. The hero is a Bearnois, and the son of a seigneur of the province, a noble of diminished rights, but undiminished pretensions. The youth is a little ardent in temperament, and precipitate in conduct—secluded from society, but panting for sensation, and not finding opportunities for action, speedily makes them. His adventures begin early. Returning from the college at Pau, he gets into a tilting match with a certain marquis, notorious for not sticking about the means of gratifying his passions:—in particular, he was said to have killed the Count d'Bagnols and got possession of his estates. Nobody doubted he would take his revenge; and a neighbour, about whom there was a good deal of mystery, urged upon his parents the prudence of removing him out of the way for a time, and being himself on the point of starting for Saragossa, takes him under his own wing. At Saragossa he quickly gets into a singular scrape, and loses the friendship of his protector by a little misunderstanding arising out of the said scrape. Compelled to quit Saragossa, and finding also the apprehended storm blown over, he ventures home again. While idling there—his mother meanwhile soliciting a commission from the Count de Soissons—he falls in love with a beautiful girl, his mother's protégée, and while in the act of expressing his admiration, is suddenly pounced upon by her brother, and forced to fire in his own defence. Thinking he had killed the lad, absconding becomes imperative; and he luckily falls in with the chief of a band of smugglers, and accompanies the party across the Pyrenees. Approaching Llerida, he separates from his conductor, who was going to Llerida with a resolution to rescue an imprisoned comrade, and turns off towards Barcelona—meaning to get to Paris, solicit his pardon, and

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pay his respects, on the strength of his mother's communication, to the Count de Soissons. Before, however, he reaches Barcelona, he gets involved in the sudden rebellion of the Catalonians—escapes through the influence of his friend the smuggler, who proves to be one of the rebel chiefs—is taken for an agent of Richelieu's, and, finally, to his great delight, is commissioned to carry despatches to the cardinal. No time is lost in obtaining an interview; and a long conversation follows, not about the Catalonian rebels, but, such was the cardinal's taste, about Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, and he is dismissed with an assurance that he would shortly hear from him. Weeks, however, pass away without any notice, when he is visited by De Retz, then young, but already a busy plotter, who, as he knew every body's affairs, also knows all about De L'Orme's. After a little characteristic manœuvring on the part of De Retz, De L'Orme is finally engaged to join the Count de Soissons at Sedan—who was then collecting forces to oppose, in open conflict, the cardinal; and the whole, down to the battle of Marfee, in which the Count was killed, is well and distinctly told. De L'Orme falls into the hands of Richelieu, is recognized, and death seems inevitable. He is, however, rescued by his old friend of the Pyrenees, who had before reappeared on several critical occasions, and now turns out to be a man of importance—the Comte de Bagnols, in short, and father of De L'Orme's mother's beautiful protégée. He has also the good fortune to serve his noble friend in return—he again encounters the revengeful marquis—fights with and kills him, and recovers important papers which enable De Bagnols to recover his estates. Throughout there is an air of life and reality, and the scenes where historical characters figure, are exhibited in excellent taste. The author has chosen well: his materials have the freshness of novelty in them.

*Lord Byron's Cain, with Notes, &c., by Harding Grant, Author of "Chancery Practice."*—There is no readily characterizing this singular work—so entirely out of the common beat is it of any thing we have ever met with. It is a kind of running commentary upon Lord Byron's "*Cain*"—the author taking the piece not as a drama, the literary production of Lord Byron, but as the actual dialogue of real personages, whose sentiments he sifts and discusses and "values," sedulously avoiding involving Lord Byron in the participation of certain offen-



sive sentiments, and even charitably giving him credit for others of an opposite character. The writer's acquaintance with theological topics, and theological discussion is obvious; and he handles his logical tools with skill and address. He is thoroughly orthodox, but also thoroughly good-humoured, and willing to give the devil himself his due. With those who really think there is any offence in "Cain,"—beyond, we mean, what the world is used to in Milton, for instance, and scores of other exhibitions of "evil"—the tone of the volume before us will be most convincing and consolatory. The bane and antidote are both before us:—the evil, if evil there be, is neutralized; and the good, too, some will perhaps add.

*The Barony*, 3 vols. 12mo., by Miss M. A. Porter.—If it were not for its appalling length, we should say Miss Porter's new novel was at once respectable and readable; but her three volumes are equal to any body else's six. Would we could have whispered in her ear, compress, when she was indulging in the fatal act of expanding. Miss Porter writes, as she wrote twenty years ago, when domestic details and young ladies' dialogues were borne with to an extent that never can again be tolerated. Rapidity of narrative must now be pursued by all who wish to catch the tone and can measure the wants of the times—sketchings, rather than finishings, are in request. Intricacy and entangling and Flemish-painting no longer tell:—modern readers require little more than hints; while Miss Porter seems more than half-inclined to bring them back to the profound prolixities of the remorseless Richardson. The "Barony" will, however, still find readers, though chiefly among the lingerers of the old school. Her characters are, some of them, vigorously conceived—especially the old, unbendable knight, and one of the young ladies, whose vivacity agreeably relieves the eternal whining of her friend.

Miss Porter's scene is laid in Cornwall in the days of Charles the Second and those of his jesuit brother; and the subject springs from the contentions of two neighbouring families, each claiming an ancient barony by descent. The original right mounts upwards two or three centuries to a maternal ancestor, one only of whose two daughters was legitimate, and the question, in the absence of specific documents was, which of the competitors was the *legitimate* descendant. One, of course, fails; and he unluckily was the one who piqued himself most upon family purity. He gained nothing but an annoying blot upon his scutcheon; and, withdrawing from all

intercourse with his triumphant neighbour, spent his days in poring over musty records, in the fond hope of still establishing his claim. He has a son and daughter, and his competitor also has family connections; but the young people do not, as usual in similar circumstances, perversely fall in love with each other—though an intimacy, some how or other generated between the females, proves equally vexatious. The old mortified knight is a zealous royalist, while the son, left very much to himself, with none of the advantages arising from public education, and intercourse with those of his own class, entertains divers odd notions, and at last stiffens into a political protestant, and mingles with the party who attempt to exclude James from the succession, to the great horror of the old gentleman. While he is from home, a cousin, a very crafty fellow, contrives to give all his actions an unfavourable twist to the father; and successively represents him as assisting Argyle in his escape—as refusing to attend the coronation, and assert the family claim to a silver spur—as joining the Duke of Monmouth in the west; and, to crown the climax of delinquency, as marrying the bastard daughter of the bastard duke. These are all crimes of the first magnitude, and nothing but an act of disheritage can soothe the paternal indignation. The daughter, advocating her brother's interests, is treated with harshness, till at last she and her friend of the hostile family, make sundry discoveries of the cousin's treachery; and volumes (of the common size) are occupied in unravelling the complexities of his scheming career, as volumes had been in weaving them. The scoundrel is thoroughly exposed, and comes to a violent end; and the noble youth, against whom he had practised, emerges from the clouds that had so long obscured him. All terminates happily, and even the old knight's claim to the contested barony is made as clear as the day by a malicious discovery on the part of his competitors' sister, who had been resisted in some favorite object, and thus amiably wreaked her revenge.

*Memoir, written by General Sir Hew Dalrymple, Bart., of his Proceedings as connected with the Affairs of Spain, and the Commencement of the Peninsular War.*—Never was man more abruptly and roughly judged than poor Sir Hew Dalrymple—upon a mere rumour of the convention, by which Junot and the French troops were to be conveyed to France, the ministers condemned him, and encouraged the ignorant clamour of the public press. General Wellesley's troops changed their commander three times in four and twenty hours. Sir

Harry Burrard joined them while the battle of Vimiera was fighting, and Sir Hew Dalrymple a few hours after. Lord Castlereagh, in communicating the event of the battle, invidiously with respect to Sir Hew Dalrymple, applauded the generosity of Sir Harry Burrard for declining to take the immediate command, when, in fact, he did not decline. The convention was reported to have been concluded against the consent and even remonstrance of General Wellesley, when, in fact, he recommended it, and his opinion it was, as of one possessed of the fullest information, that was deferred to. Admiral Sir Charles Cotton was commended for opposing what, in fact, was adopted partly on his very suggestion; and, finally, the king's ministers, in the king's name, announced to Sir Hew a severe censure, though the Court of Inquiry approved of his conduct.

The truth seems to be, Sir Hew, coming upon the field after the battle had been fought, and a stranger to the scene of action, was driven, perhaps, to the extremities of caution. Decision is naturally looked for in a commander-in-chief, and under common circumstances there is no reason to suppose he would have been deficient in this respect; but peculiarly situated as he plainly was, the risk of presumption and precipitation was to be carefully guarded against. The mistake was in taking too many advisers—he should have been content with General Wellesley, who of necessity was in the best condition to advise; nor should he have lost time in seeking the sanction of Admiral Cotton, who surely had no co-ordinate authority.

But the act for which Sir Hew blames himself, and which was the source of all the mischief, was his communicating to Friere, the Portuguese general, a copy of the *provisional* agreement—which agreement, together with a commentary founded on some articles which were not finally confirmed, and others which were not even included in the provisional agreement, were despatched in haste to the Portuguese ambassador in London, and by him communicated to Downing-street, before the conclusive convention reached the government. Upon this perhaps treacherous communication, the government hastily gave expression to their disapprobation, and excited a cry against the unhappy commander as precipitate as it was cruel.

Sir Hew has written a calm and clear narrative of his whole conduct, which at once exculpates himself from any serious error, and throws back upon the vacillations and divisions of the ministry, where they justly belong, the sources of whatever blunders were committed. Lord Castlereagh and Mr. Canning could not draw together, and acted

without consulting each other. They deserved impeachment if ever men did, both of them. The narrative was drawn up by the calumniated general as a family record, but destined by him at last to be printed in consequence of Lord Londonderry's book, in which he is treated with great negligence, not to say cavalierly, and with deficiencies of information, not very creditable to one who was at the time, officially, as under secretary of state, in correspondence with him. Sir Hew died before he carried his purpose of printing into effect, and the narrative is now published by his son.

*The Death of Ugolino, a Tragedy, by George William Featherstonhaugh, Esq., of Philadelphia.*—The horrible subject of this tragedy is the death of Ugolino by raging hunger; but the starvation-scene could not of course be protracted to any considerable length; and the body of the piece is occupied by what immediately led to Ruggieri's act of diabolical revenge. The archbishop was at the head of the government. Ten thousand Pisans were still prisoners at Genoa, and an embassy had recently been despatched to treat for their ransom, and the expences of their maintenance for four years. Ostensibly the archbishop had concurred in the sending of this embassy, but privately he set his own agents at work to throw impediments in the way of the treaty—for he had no desire to see these ten thousand citizens return, who were all of the opposite faction. His efforts, however, were not so successful as he had hoped for; and hearing, in the meanwhile, that a new governor, under the auspices of the Emperor, was coming, he grew alarmed. He wanted money—his old enemy Ugolino was still in prison—he resolved, therefore, to offer him liberty in exchange for his "gold," meaning, after getting his gold, to sacrifice him still. His thirst for revenge was as insatiable as that for gold—Ugolino had murdered his son. Ugolino, however, spurns the condition, and the Archbishop throws the keys of his dungeon into the river, and leaves him and his children to perish. Some days elapse and the children die, when the Archbishop's opponents get the mastery, and Ugolino is drawn up from the dungeon, only, however, to breathe his last dying words.

The tragedy is the production of Mr. Featherstonhaugh, of Philadelphia, written in the vain hope of recalling some of the long-lost admiration for the higher branches of the drama. "The stage here," he observes, in a private communication, "is at the lowest ebb, and offers nothing but a re-chauffeur of the hack-nied horrors of the too-tragical millers."

farmers, shoemakers, &c. that the English borrow from their melo-dramatic neighbours the French." Mr. Featherstonhaugh's performance must of course be regarded as a poem, and we have no space for close examination. There is a good deal of vigour in some of the scenes; but the attention is too much engaged at the beginning with a business which does not strictly connect with the end—with what the author proposes as the main object of interest. The plot has nothing to do with Ugolino's death. We quote a few lines—a fair specimen.

Ugolino, looking at his children and clasp- ing his hands—

God!

Are thy just eyes then turned away from us,  
Or, in the depths of thine own counsel, thus  
Dost preparation make for some great good,  
Beyond the scope and view of our weak minds?  
I dare not speak to them! 'tis the fourth day  
Since we have looked on food. All hope is fled.  
Excuse and consolation—all alike  
Exhausted. One short word can comprehend  
All that the tyrant priest will send us now—  
And that is death—death, that I've looked upon  
Too oft perhaps, and dealt too largely in—  
With him, too—and the turn is come, when he  
And fate may think to square accounts with me.  
But here I die ten thousand deaths each day.  
There's not a pang of these dear innocents,  
But stretches me upon the rack. My soul,  
And body too, are tortured by this fiend.  
This is not retribution.—Oh, my God,  
Let fall thy wrath on me, but spare my babes!  
I am not heard! Famine alone reigns here.  
I am grown hoarse with bellowing aloud  
For help. I am forsaken—God and man  
Have barred the doors of mercy on me. What!  
Shall this most foul, most horrible of deaths  
Pass, without gracing of a dear revenge?  
Thou monstrous, murderous priest!

[Gnaws his hand in rage. Children run,  
to him.

ANSELMUCCIO.

Oh, father dear,

I pray thee do not this—thou clothedst us  
With this most miserable flesh—and now  
Do thou, to stay thy hunger, eat of this.

[Averts his head, and offers his arm.

*Family Library. Vol. XV. History of British India.*—Though entitled a History of the British Empire in India, the greater part of this first volume is occupied with the general history of the country from the earliest historical notices to the death of Shah Aulum in 1788. The Hindoos themselves were not the autochthones of the country, for though occupying the upper regions of India—north of the Nurbudda, that is—from periods antecedent to all records, and almost all tradition, they did not penetrate beyond that river till about the second century before Christ, and vast regions in the Deccan were never at all occupied by them. There, among the fastnesses of Gandwana, there still exist barbarous tribes, the relics, if

not the aboriginal inhabitants, at least of such as preceded the Hindoos. They have no institution of castes—they worship tutelary deities unknown among the people of the plains—they do not regard the cow as sacred, nor follow any acknowledged Hindoo customs—while both complexion and features, at the same time, point them out as a race distinct from both Hindoos and Mussulmans. The Hindoos themselves, come from where they may—though every thing points to the north and north-west—were early broken in upon from those quarters by Scythians, who brought with them similar religious tenets and practices, so much so, as to go far to show Hindoos and Scythians were scions of a common stock.

The invasion of Darius reached to a small extent, and the more sweeping irruptions of Alexander and Seleucus were transient, and left no lasting impressions. Nor were the Hindoos permanently disturbed by foreigners till about the close of the tenth century. Then it was that the Turkish slave, Subuctagec, in the spirit of the early Mahometan conquerors, turned his arms against the worshippers of Brahma, and paved the way for his successors. His son Mahmood swept over the greater part of Hindostan, the region, that is, bounded by the Bahramputra on the east, and the Nurbudda on the south; and his successors, designated as the Ghiznivides, established their power for nearly two centuries. About another century the dynasty of the Ghoors prevailed, in whose days burst in, in successive, but merely predatory irruptions, the Moguls, under the successors of Ghengis Khan. The Ghoors were followed by the Afgauns, the first Mahometan chiefs who crossed the Nurbudda. With fresh bodies of Moguls, Timour (or Tamerlane) spread his devastations over India, at the end of the fourteenth century; but it was not till the early part of the sixteenth century that his descendant, Baber (the tiger), confirmed the permanent reign of the Moguls.

But though finally the Mahometan powers poured over the whole of India—excepting particular districts which were never subdued by Hindoo or Mogul—they appear to have interfered but little with the political arrangements of the Hindoos. The village system—the characteristic of Hindoo government—traceable through every division of society up to the supreme authorities, seems, in all essential points, to have been recognized as effective, and protected accordingly. We English have blundered miserably in this matter, and have actually governed by the Koran, where Mahometans themselves never thought of enforcing its authority.



Mr. Gleig has examined his subject as far as books—Mills's excellent history especially—enabled him, thoroughly; and he is perhaps better acquainted with the story and manners of the country than many who have lived longest among the people, and studied the subject on the spot. Nevertheless the story might be better, because it might be more distinctly, told—with less appearance of confusion; but, in truth, so complicated, so extensive, and so varied is the subject, that it cannot easily be grasped; and epitomes of this kind, for it is no more, require more previous knowledge than is at present possessed by the readers into whose hands the Family Library will chiefly fall. It will, at all events, initiate numbers, who have hitherto never turned to the subject. The detached sketch of the Mahrattah history is perhaps the best portion of the volume; but the introductory part also, relative to the form of Hindoo government and their civil institutes, is drawn up with care and competent knowledge.

*Derwentwater, a Tale of 1715.* 2 vols. 12mo.—The historical point of the story is the rebellion of 1715, so far as the county of Northumberland was concerned; and the writer, evidently acquainted with the county, as to its surface, scenery, and family history, has executed his purpose in good taste, and in a manner calculated to illustrate the subject, and stamp more distinct impressions on the reader than any general history can do.

Lord Derwentwater is the hero of the rebel party—not of the novel. That is a young gentleman, the only son of a whig baronet of the county, who accidentally meets with a charming girl, the daughter of a tory country squire, of the same county too. The young gentleman has a maternal uncle, also a tory, and just about the time when reports of an approaching rebellion were whispered about, he pays this uncle a visit, solely in the hope of encountering the lovely girl, with whose father his uncle, he knows, is well acquainted, and lives in his neighbourhood. By this uncle, a stupid and imbecile sort of a country gentleman, he is taken to Lord Derwentwater's—the very head-quarters of the jacobites—where he comes plump upon a large party of tories assembled to discuss and consolidate their plans over a sumptuous dinner. Here, however, with the Countess, he encounters the beautiful girl he is in pursuit of, who is herself an enthusiastic little jacobite, but fails of entrapping her admirer to enrol himself among the partizans of James the Third. His presence at the dinner, of course, known as he is to be the son of a most envenomed whig, surprises

the party, and exasperates some, but he escapes without incurring any personal offence. Circumstances, however, speedily occur, which throw a suspicion of treachery upon the youth, and give him the air of having acted as a spy upon their proceedings; and on the very morning on which the party first assumed a hostile appearance, falling accidentally in their way, he is arrested and detained, though treated with kindness by Lord Derwentwater, who is prepossessed in his favour, and discredits the general suspicions against him. After a detention of a few days he is released, and the better to approve his loyalty to the Brunswicks, he joins Carpenter's army as a volunteer, and at the surrender of Preston, has the good fortune to assist the escape of his charmer's papa—loyalty giving way, as usual, to the interests of his affection.

Speeding afterwards to London, he is honoured with the last confidences of the unhappy Derwentwater; and the commissions with which he is entrusted give him new opportunities of coming in contact with the young lady, who resides with the Countess, and is in her confidence. He is himself a handsome young fellow—spirited and intelligent—and of course, independently of his rank, makes the due impression; and after the miserable execution of his friend, and the departure of the Countess for the continent, and the removal of sundry obstructions, especially those which arise from his father, who comes to a miserable end, and who would never have consented to his marriage in a tory family—the usual satisfactory arrangements follow.

Though extending only to two volumes, the great fault is its prosiness—there is a want of incident and activity, and too much indulgence in political discussion. The Northumberland dialect—as far as spelling can convey the atrocious cacophonies—is something fresh in novels, but as deserving of being recorded as the Scotch, with which we have been deluged of late years.

In the confiscations consequent upon the rebellion, Lord Derwentwater's large domains were assigned to Greenwich Hospital, the managers of which pulled down the noble castle.

*Southennan.* 3 vols. 12mo. By J. Galt, Esq.—Mr. Galt is stepping out of his peculiar department—the delineation of Scottish character in the half-educated classes of life, upon which he has cast a shrewd and vigilant glance; but personal observation has narrow limits, and Mr. Galt has read as well as observed; and it is but common policy, when a man becomes manufacturer-general of books, to bring, in succession, all his re-

sources and acquisitions to account. To turn history into romance is now a common resource, and Mr. Galt is surely as well qualified for doing the same, as many who have met with brilliant success. The reign of Mary is fertile in exciting incidents; the characters, too, of the chief actors have been well sifted; and it is comparatively easy to adopt sentiments to patterns distinctly drawn and coloured.

The hero, Southennan, is but a connecting link of a few well known but detached incidents—a young man of family, who goes to court to pay his respects to the queen on her arrival from France, and push his fortune. The main subjects of the story are the fates of Chatelard and Rizzio. Chatelard—who, historically, in the words of Scott, was “half poet, half courtier, and entire madman”—appears in the novel as a youth of elegant accomplishments, and occupying the office of the queen’s private secretary—while Rizzio holds a subordinate appointment in the same department. Mary listens to Chatelard’s performances on the lute with pleasure, and treats him with distinction. Chatelard cannot conceal his delighted feelings—his admiration of the beautiful queen is obvious to his companions; and Rizzio especially, who has his own views, feeds the youth’s vanity, and eggs him on to acts of indiscretion, which occupy a large space in the tale. In the meanwhile, Southennan falls in love with Adelaide, the queen’s favourite attendant, the adopted daughter of Dufroy, a French nobleman, and the queen’s chamberlain. Her father is an outlaw, for an act of violence committed against her noble protector. Accidentally Southennan becomes acquainted with Adelaide’s outlawed father, and from his regard for the daughter, though she is attached to Chatelard, is induced to exert all his interest to procure his pardon. He exhausts all his resources in vain. The chancellor judges a pardon impolitic, and Mary refuses to listen to further solicitation. Southennan consults Rizzio, and Rizzio suggests an application to Chatelard, with the insidious view of plunging the vain youth into new indiscretions. Chatelard falls into the snare; he throws himself at the queen’s feet, and at a moment when she is wearied with the importunities of others on the same subject. To get rid of it, she abruptly consents; and Chatelard has the credit of obtaining what the noblest had urged in vain. Rizzio had secretly spread a report of the queen’s fondness for Chatelard, and this invidious favour could but confirm the report. Scotch jealousy was up in arms; Dufroy threw up his office; and Mary herself, on reflection, displeased with the youth’s presumption, dismissed

him, and ordered him to quit the country instantly. Rizzio, not yet satisfied, though he was immediately appointed secretary in his place, prompted Chatelard to attempt a private interview with the queen, and Chatelard, accordingly, found means to conceal himself in the royal bed-chamber, where he was detected, hurried off to prison, tried, convicted of treason, and executed.

Rizzio, thus triumphing, makes rapid advances in the queen’s confidence. He brings Darnley to court, meaning to make the silly monarch the tool of his own power; but he overshoots his mark. The nobles revolt at his growing arrogance, and the king’s jealousy is easily excited. Meanwhile the king takes a fancy to Adelaide, and attempts to have her carried off. Rizzio assists Southennan in baffling the atrocious attempt, and the whole concludes with Rizzio’s assassination. Wherever Mary figures, the scenes are excellent; and Rizzio’s career is an exquisite piece of Machiavelism.

*Perkin Warbeck.* 3 vols. 12mo. — Which Perkin? Mr. Newman’s—not Colburn and Bentley’s; and though we have not seen the latter—Mrs. Shelley’s, we believe—so little confidence have we that a tolerable story, merely historical, concerning persons actuated by the common feelings and aspirations of mortals, can come from her hands, that we have no hesitation in matching this before us with it. Mr. Newman has only to publish in a more imposing form. Though no pretender to metaphysics, no searcher into the finer sources of action, Mr. Alexander Campbell is a faithful painter of the external and the obvious. He has seized truly and firmly the characters of the times he has chosen to delineate; and told his story distinctly, and with particulars, which in no material respect contradict the best authorities of the period. The romantic James, who took up the cause of Perkin, forms the main figure of the piece; and the spirit of the man is well exhibited in a scene or two of private adventure, in which the monarch delighted to indulge. Perkin’s story commences with his arrival in Scotland, and is confined to the liberal reception given him by James at his court—his marriage with the beautiful Catherine Gordon—and his impotent invasion of England. From that point historical facts are abandoned. James and Perkin are together reconnoitering, when they are surprised by the English—James escapes, but Perkin falls into the hands of Henry’s troopers, through the agency of one of his own confidants, and is whipped off to London. Catherine overtakes him. She visits him in his prison, where he

confesses to her his imposture; but her devotion survives the discovery, and is comforted by his subsequent assurance that, though illegitimate, he is really the son of Edward, and her own conviction that noble blood must flow in the veins of one who could play the prince with so much elegance and majesty.

*Waverley Novels. Vol. XV. and XVI. Legend of Montrose and Ivanhoe*—The Legend of Montrose was written, it seems, chiefly to exhibit the melancholy fate of Lord Kilpont, and the singular circumstances attending the birth and history of Stewart of Ardvoirlich, by whose hand the unfortunate nobleman fell. The young lord, with Ardvoirlich, who shared his closest confidence, joined Montrose just before the battle of Tippermuir, and within a few days of that decisive conflict was stabbed by his pretended friend, who then fled to the Covenanters, and was employed by them. Bishop Guthrie states, as the cause of this villainous action, that Kilpont refused to concur in a scheme of Stewart's for assassinating Montrose. Ardvoirlich, it seems, is still in the occupation of Stewart's descendants, and a son of the present proprietor, with a very natural desire to rescue his ancestor's memory from unmerited infamy, has lately written to Sir Walter Scott, descriptive of the family tradition relative to Lord Kilpont's death—which, if it be true, wholly takes the sting of villainy out of the case. From this account, it appears, that one Macdonald, at the head of a band of Irishman, had recently joined Montrose, and on his way had committed ravages on Stewart's lands, of which Stewart loudly complained to Montrose. Receiving, however, no satisfaction from his commander, he challenged to single combat the depredator; but before the hostile meeting took place, both parties were put under arrest, on the information, it was supposed, of Lord Kilpont. Montrose forced Macdonald and his challenger to shake hands, when Stewart, a man of powerful muscle, gave Macdonald such a grip, as to make the blood start from his fingers' ends. The reconciliation was of course anything but sincere. After the battle of Tippermuir, Stewart, still brooding over the quarrel, was drinking with Lord Kilpont, and suddenly upbraided his friend for his interference. One hasty word begot another, till blows followed, and Kilpont was killed on the spot. The necessity of flight was imperative, and Stewart had no refuge, apparently, but in throwing himself into the arms of the opposite faction. Sir Walter makes the amende honorable by printing Mr. Stewart's letter, and cautiously adding—"the publication of a statement so particular, and

probably so correct, is a debt due to the memory of James Stewart—the victim, it would seem, of his own violent passions, but perhaps incapable of an act of premeditated treachery." This is one of the evils of introducing historical characters into romances—the tale writer necessarily consults effect before fact.

The preface to *Ivanhoe* accounts for the author's changing the scene of his imaginations—he was apprehensive of glutting the market with *Scotch* stories, and of incurring the risk and charge of mannerism, and desirous also of trying how far he could naturalize in new regions. No matter for the motive—the change was welcome, and the attempt successful.

*An Essay on the Creation of the Universe, &c., by Charles Doayne Sillery, Author of "Vallory," "Eldred of Erin," &c.*—A splendid burst of declamation—we will not call it rant, for much of it may deservedly class with the brilliant but vague effusions of Dr. Chalmers, to whom the author dedicates, in grateful acknowledgment for delight experienced in the perusal of his *Astronomical Discourses*. With numbers, the devotional spirit of the writer will redeem the want of facts in his discoveries, and of sobriety in his conclusions. Regarding analogies as certainties, Mr. Sillery proves, with the greatest facility, and equal confidence, that the sun which Newton represents as a globe of devouring fire, and the comets which Whiston supposed was the abode of the damned, are all as cool as cucumbers, and fully capable of being inhabited by beings similar, in every respect, to ourselves. Planets, near or remote, are not, as astronomers absurdly suppose, hot or cold in any ratio of their distances from the sun, for these qualities depend upon the density of their atmospheres—the rarer, the cooler—the denser, the hotter—and, therefore, all that can be required to make these bodies of the same temperature, is a proportionate change in the atmosphere. The planets have their days and nights, summer and winter, sun and moons, and, consequently, inhabitants. The comets, also, without doubt, are worlds inhabited by men and women, precisely like ourselves, and growing, specifically, "*similar vegetables*;" for planets—and our earth is one—are nothing but adult or aged comets, and comets sucking planets, and the whole but crystallizations, or condensations of an ethereal medium once co-extensive with universal space.

The author himself must be as singular a phenomenon as any astronomical one he records—"My childhood," says he, "was spent in the study of the sci-



ences, and my whole soul devoted, at that time, to these my favourite pursuits. Often have I sat upon the green slope of a sunny bank, apart from my playful schoolfellows, by the side of the silver-flowing Tweed, pondering on the works of Newton, Ferguson, Franklin, Bacon, and Paley—many and many a quiet night have I stood, in the solitude of my own soul, watching the apparent motion of the stars, when the heavens seemed sweeping over the slumbering country; and thinking, with tear-brimmed eyes, of the mighty philosophers who had once lived in this little world before me, till I had poetically fancied them the spirits of the stars that shone so brilliantly above me.”—And again, “The day was spent in ascertaining, by actual experiment, the elementary, or first principles of which bodies are composed. The night was *entirely* devoted to study. Often have I plied my unwearied task by the midnight oil. Often has day-light shone through my blind, dimming the light of my lamp, and I have withdrawn it to gaze enraptured on the rising sun. Often have I gone to school wearied and worn out with my contemplations during the night, yet returning in the afternoon with refreshed delight to renew my studies,” &c.

At this period—his childhood—he finished an astronomical work of 700 closely written folio pages, and then commenced a series of philosophical letters, on every thing which the word can be made to comprise—both of which, by the way—prick up your ears, ye publishers!—he now offers to any one of you. After these performances, he went, it seems, to sea, and this, by some process not very usual, made a poet of him; and on his return he made and published divers poems, of which we never heard before. Subsequently, Dr. Chalmers’ Discourses set him astronomizing again, and he now prints expressly—the only sound reason for printing at all—because he has news to communicate.—“All I have stated regarding the atmospheres of the comets—the heat of the planets being alike on all—the hourly creation of new worlds in the depths of space—with many other observations on the economy of the universe, are *entirely my own*, and have never been advanced nor published before.”

*The Northern Tourist, or Stranger’s Guide to the North and North West of Ireland, &c., by P. D. Hardy, Esq.*—This is a Dublin production, and in every respect is creditable to the Irish press. In paper, type, and workmanship, it is of the most respectable character; the engravings, ten in number, besides a good map, are not surpassed, either in beauty of design, or delicacy of execu-

tion, by the very best of the English Annuals; and as to its literary merits, it would be an insult to compare it with any thing of the kind among us, for all the guide-books along the English coasts are proverbially of the most contemptible description. Not one in a score of them is got up by any body of any taste, sense, or knowledge. The beautiful volume before us is confined to the north and north-west coasts of Ireland, embracing Belfast, and the Giant’s Causeway, and whatever is remarkable along the entire line of that coast. Every source of information appears to have been consulted, and the writer’s local acquaintance with the scene is obvious. The writer observes—of the district he has thus visited, described, and illustrated—“I consider it to be fully equal, in every point of view, to the same extent of country in any other division of his majesty’s dominions, not only as to its general aspect, the numerous natural curiosities, and monuments of antiquity, with which it abounds, and the richness and variety of its scenery—but, what is of still greater importance in the estimate of a benevolent mind, as regards the appearance, mode of life, and manners of its numerous inhabitants.” It is of the north of Ireland this is said—would it could be predicated of the south and west!

*Poems, by Charles Crocker.*—Here is another volume of verse: by a maker of shoes, whom the advice of foolish friends and friendly fools have absurdly precipitated into print, under the notion, forsooth, of the “publication being productive of profit and advantage to him.” Have these advisers guaranteed the cost of publication? If not, they are as equitably liable, or even as legally, as those are who venture to recommend insolvent customers. This Charles Crocker, it seems, learned to read, write, and cypher at a free-school at Chichester—at nineteen he had served an apprenticeship of seven years in shoemaking, and by hook or by crook made some acquaintances with Milton, Cowper, Goldsmith, Collins, &c., and now, at thirty-three, has made lots of verses, and a family of children. He tells his own tale simply enough; but what has the world to do with so simple a tale? If making verses be a miracle at Chichester, let the good folks enjoy the wonder and the fruits—they have a Gazette or a Chronicle, we suppose, and that is the proper receptacle. Crocker seems to derive enjoyment from the stringing of syllables, and we hope nothing we say—nay, we are sure it will not—will prevent his proceeding as long as he finds pleasure in the manufacture; only let him not print again. The verses have

polish, but no thought—no subtle, no fresh thought: and without this what is poetry? and without new phrases and fancies, what is the use of mere verses? They are the tasteless fruits of mere imitation, and only help to shew how insignificant the talent, or rather the art of verse-making has become.

*Military Reminiscences, extracted from a Journal of Active Service in the East Indies, by Colonel James Welsh, of the Madras Establishment. 2 vols. 8vo.*—After an active life, spent in the Company's service, into which he entered at fifteen, and quitted it at the end of forty years, without reaching the higher honours of his profession, Colonel James Welsh finally returns to enjoy the otium of his native land, and communicate the pith of his journals, kept, apparently, through the whole of his lengthened career. All cannot be first; in the conflicts of claim and pretension some must come short of their real deserts, and such seems long to have been Colonel Welsh's case, till Sir Thomas Munro was made governor of Madras, when his merits, or his interest, secured him honourable and profitable appointments. The Reminiscences, so far as they are merely military, cannot be very attractive, except to professional men, consisting as they do, for the most part, of his personal, and, subaltern as he was, of course limited experience—incidents detached from every thing relative to the policy of the governments, in the conduct of the commanders. When relating his campaigns against Scindiah, he says of himself—"Having never troubled my head with the intricacy of state affairs, I have never learned the real cause of the war"—very different from his friend and patron Munro, who commenced political speculating with his first campaign, and was as ready to decide upon the merits of his commanders, as a cadet, as when he was president of Madras. But though no statesman, Colonel Welsh was, apparently, what is better, a man of good sense, integrity and humanity. He execrates tyranny, and approves of gentleness, and so far as his personal influence went, and doubtless as far as his power extended, carried his conciliatory views into execution. The volumes abound with topographical details—anecdotes of his comrades—sketches of the country, manners, customs, characters, and especially sporting feats—the whole described with simplicity, without any effort at embellishing in matter or manner. The views of the towns, and particularly of the hill-forts, are very numerous, and acceptable. There is no getting adequate conceptions of these matters from verbal description.

M.M. New Series.—VOL. X. No. 55.

Masulipatam must be a charming residence.—

Having remained at Point de Galle for three years, early in 1799 it was my unhappy lot to be appointed Fort-Adjutant and Postmaster at Masulipatam, a place far exceeding Calcutta in heat, without any of its counterbalancing advantages. Of all the semi-infernal stations in the East Indies, the interior of this fort is the most trying to an European constitution. Erected on a low sandy swamp, and having one face washed by a branch of the Kistnah river, it is exactly ten degrees and a half more to the northward than Point de Galle, and three more than Madras. The vicinity to the sea might also have been expected to do something towards cooling the air, but the nature of the soil completely counteracts its balmy effects, and the inhabitants, both inside and out, are in a continual stew from one end of the year to the other. The soldier's usual description is, indeed, extremely apposite—that "there is only a sheet of brown paper between it and Pandemonium!"

His details relative to the Southern Poligars are of considerable interest: but little is known of that war. While declining to decide upon the justice or policy of the severity with which they were treated, and to which Colonel Welsh attributes the subsequent explosion, he ventures to express an opinion that liberality and kindness would have been the best way of securing their allegiance. He was then (1801) both a staff and regimental officer, and having thus, he says, the means of obtaining accurate information, he enters more into detail, because, he adds, "I do not believe that any account of this service has ever been given to the public; and it was customary, while gallant fellows were falling, covered with glorious wounds, to put down the casualty in our newspapers, as if they had died in their beds, thus—Deaths: lately, to the southward, Captain —, or Lieutenant —," &c. &c.

Co-operating with the Company's army were still some of the Poligars. One of them, mortally wounded, desired that he might be immediately carried to Major Macauley, who was at the time surrounded by his English officers. The old man, who was placed upright in a chair, then said, with a firm voice—"I have come to shew the English how a Poligar can die." He twisted his whiskers with both hands as he spoke, and in that attitude expired.

In the Mahrattah war, the Pettah of Ahmednugger, a well fortified place, was carried at once by assault. The fort—the strongest Colonel Welsh ever saw on a plain—quickly surrendered. It was, however, a matter of little wonder, he observes, when our ally, Gokliah, a Mahrattah chief residing in our camp, with a body of horse, wrote thus

to his friends at Poonah:—“These English are a strange people, and their general a wonderful man; they came here in the morning, looked at the Pettah wall, walked over it, killed all the garrison, and returned to breakfast! What can withstand them?”

Colonel Welsh records the surprise of a native at a small water-mill erected for grinding corn, and adds, “it was indeed fully equal to that of the Bengalee, who, upon being questioned respecting an English gentleman, who had recently erected a wind-mill, exclaimed—‘What kind of man this Englishman? Catch horse and make work! catch bullock and make work! and catch wind and make work!’”

At the siege of Elitchpoor, a story of some *naïveté* is told of Colonel Wallace—

“We had been one night working very hard at a battery half way up the hill, and afterwards cleared a road up to it, but no power we possessed could move our iron battering guns above a few hundred yards from the bottom, so steep and rugged was the ascent. I was just relieved from working by a fresh party, and enjoying a few moments’ rest on some clean straw, when the officer commanding the working party came up to Colonel Wallace, and reported that it was impossible to get the heavy guns up to the battery. The Colonel, who was Brigadier of the trenches, exclaimed—“Impossible! hoot mon! it must be done! I’ve got the order in my pocket!” These words, although they failed to transport the guns into the battery, fully illustrated the true character of this noble and devoted soldier.

Crossing a ferry once at Chowhaut, he saw a boy of fourteen or fifteen row a boat across the river with one of his feet, while sitting on the stern, and actually make it move with several people in it, as fast as the one on which Colonel Welsh was standing.

Here was a resource of unsophisticated nature displayed to advantage; and it recalls to my mind a feat somewhat similar, which I once witnessed when out snipe-shooting at Pallamecottah: a nallah was full from bank to bank, and I observed a naked native child, five or six years old, go up to a buffalo, and, with a small switch, drive it into the stream, and no sooner had the tractable animal taken to the water, than the infant driver, laying hold of his tail, kept himself above water till they reached the opposite bank, when they parted company. I have even my doubts whether they were not perfect strangers before this so-*relatable rencontre*.

Speaking of Vellore (1823), he describes the condition of the King of Candy—

The King of Candy is, I believe, still alive in the same place; he has many attendants, is liberally supplied, and permitted to go about the fort in the day-time, with considerable state. Being an uncommonly large and corpulent man, with horrid features, and excessively dark, he has such an idea of the consequence attached to corpulency,

that he actually stuffs his garments in front with a large pillow, every time he goes out in an open palanquin. He is reported to have lost his kingdom by violence and oppression, his own subjects having joined the English in his overthrow; and even now, when a state prisoner, without a shadow of power, he at times gets into the most indecent and violent fits of rage, and makes the whole fort of Vellore resound with his voice, in terms of reproach or abuse of his attendants. This monster is too well used; a remark not generally applicable to the situation of state prisoners.

Colonel Welsh’s account of the Syrian College, for the education of Christian priests, at Cotyam, in Travancore, is of some interest. We do not remember meeting with similar details anywhere.

*O’Donoghue, a Poem, by Hannah Maria Bourke.*—A long metrical tale of a Prince of Killarney, in seven cantos, inscribed, successively, with the words Chase, Prophecy, Feast, Combat, Spell, Midnight Hour, Departure, without any other key to the contents, or any thing in the shape of epitome, to give the reader a hint of the subject before he begins, or direct him to particular passages. If this be intended to entrap him into the perusal of the whole, the scheme will fail of its object. A tale in verse, in its very announcement, is an alarming—a repulsive thing. Why?—simply, we suppose, because nothing new, or more strictly, nothing fresh, is anticipated by any body of any experience in modern books. The machineries, if not the materials of poetry, are worn to rags; every body uses the same language, and metaphors, and allusions—the same turns, tones, and cadences. The common-places of versification, in short, are become too common to be longer tolerated. Besides, a tale of any complexity is not for verse, and its shackles, at all—the days when such things were wonderful are for ever gone by. Prose is more polished than it used to be—has become more susceptible of all the charms variety and flexibility can give—can more readily shake off the customary suits of fashionable dress, and certainly convey the conceptions of the brain and the heart more directly and distinctly than verse at any length, in the ablest hands, ever could accomplish. Short pieces, prompted by simple topics—single incidents—flights of fancy, unelaborated—excited feelings—touches of emotion, or workings of passion—these, in their effects, rather than their causes or occasions, are all that can be now listened to as poetry. To read metrical tales is a labour, when at the best; what must it be when mediocrity handles threadbare topics? Place two tales, both unknown, one in verse the other in prose, before twenty cultivated persons, and we doubt if, in twenty trials, one will



be found to take the poem. Out of some hundreds, perhaps two or three younglings might be daped.

Not quite to overlook Hannah Maria Bourke, we will take a specimen—no matter where—

And now beneath the sable lash  
Of his bright eye there shot the flash  
Of kindled wrath, as when lightnings fly,  
Through night's dark gloom, across the sky:  
Thus, like to that electric fire,  
Sparkled the flashes of his ire;  
For now a wild and shrilly shout  
Proclaimed the hunters on their route,  
And that the stag had left his lair  
Beside the Mucross inland Mere:  
And now upon the dark blue tide  
A small black speck was seen to glide,  
Like as upon Ganges' stream,  
At sunset, flits the solar beam;  
As quick as light then glided o'er  
A chieftain's curragh (a leather boat) to the shore:

The monarch blew a blast, to guide  
The frail skiff to the island's side;  
And saw, with pleasure, flatter light,  
The pendant of the Darlo knight  
Waving, like Sappho's plumage fair,  
O'er the clear surface of the Mere.

That, we think, will do; those who like it know where to find more of the same quality, while those who can see that all is said by rote, will feel there can be no thought, and to go on must be lost labour.

*An Historical Sketch of the Danmonii, the Ancient Inhabitants of Devonshire and Cornwall, &c., by Joseph Chattaway.*—We expected, from the preface, in a small compass, to get at the cream of the story, antiquities and tradition of British Cornwall; and we have found nothing but a dry outline of fabulous or unauthenticated events from the days of Brutus, the great, great grandson of Æneas, and his companion Corinaeus, the kinsman of Æneas, the killer of the giant Gogmagog at Plymouth, and first king of the Danmonii, in the year 1148 B.C., down to the deposition of Condor, by William the Conqueror—with scarcely a grain of common sense from beginning to end. Mr. Chattaway considers the monkish historians (though obviously he knows nothing of them but from scraps at second hand) as worthy of all credit, save only where they are manifestly endeavouring to aggrandize their own establishment; and, accordingly, with a corresponding faith, we suppose, and a becoming gravity, he relates, on their authority, how the “primitive inhabitants of Britain were giants, the offspring of the thirty-one daughters of Dioclesian, king of Syria, who having assassinated their husbands on their nuptial night, by the persuasion of their elder sister, Albina, their father commanded them to be put into a ship with-

out either rudder, sails, or pilot, when after enduring incredible hardships, they were cast on this island (to which Albina gave her name, calling it Albion), and by demons became the mothers of the aboriginal Britons.”

Mr. Chattaway's familiarity with the common chronology of historical facts is very striking, and fully settles the question of competency for his undertaking. “Pythias,” he says, “in the reign of Alexander the Great, sailed from Marseilles to the 68th degree of north latitude, and made such reports as, though they gained him the credit of being a notorious liar, led to a new expedition in search of the Tin Islands, in the year 350 B.C.”—that is fourteen years before Alexander's reign began.—During the reign of Claudius, and in the year 49 A.D., the Britons, it seems, rebelled from the Romans, in which rebellion the Danmonii took the lead, because they were burdened with taxes, and harassed by the pride and insolence of the soldiers—that is long before the Romans visited the West.—The Romans, again, are represented as withdrawing their troops from Britain, in the year 410; that is, forty years before the fact, according to the usual accounts, and Mr. Chattaway gives no reason for changing the date.

A Cornish vocabulary closes the volume. Dolly Pentreath, a fish-woman of Mount's Bay, was, it seems, the last who spoke the language as her mother tongue, she being above twenty before she could speak English. She died in 1780, at the age of 102, and was buried in the church-yard of her native parish, St. Paul's, near Penzance, where a monument was erected to her memory, on which was an epitaph in Cornish and English. So says Mr. Chattaway's text; but, in his notes, it appears that neither monument nor epitaph can be found, nor can the place of her burial be identified.

*Memoirs of the Life and Works of George Romney, &c., by the Rev. John Romney, B.D., formerly Fellow of St. John's, Cambridge.*—A new biography, in these biographical times, of this eminent painter, by some competent authority, was not, it seems, at all superfluous. Cumberland's is but a sketch, and Hayley's, notwithstanding his long intimacy with the artist, neither correct nor friendly. The only man living in possession of the requisite materials was his son, and certainly the only one sufficiently interested to correct mistakes, and remove misapprehensions. Romney was of the class of the self-taught—came late into the profession—was little connected with artists—was no R.A., and did not wish to be—was a man of

a sensitive temperament and retired habits—was misunderstood, and made enemies. Hayley had a good deal of levity in him, and was as likely, with not half the smartness, to say things for mere effect as Cumberland, and, which was not Cumberland's case, for want of thought. According to the present biographer, Hayley gave unfavourable turns to matters that would well bear a better construction. "His friendship," the author says, "was grounded on selfishness, and the means by which he maintained it was flattery. By this art he obtained a great ascendancy over the mind of Romney, and knew well how to avail himself of it for selfish purposes. He was able, also, by a canting kind of hypocrisy, to confound the distinctions between vice and virtue, and to give a colouring to conduct that might, and probably did, mislead Romney on some occasions. He drew him, likewise, too much from general society, and almost monopolized him, and thus narrowed the circle of his acquaintance and friends. By having intimated an intention of writing Romney's life, he made him afraid of doing anything that might give offence. There was a wrong-headedness in the general conduct of Hayley, arising from the influence of powerful passions, that disqualified him for being a judicious and prudent adviser; yet he was always interfering in Romney's affairs and volunteering his advice, and I have too much reason to believe, that whatever errors Mr. Romney may have committed, they were mainly owing to the counsel or instigation of Hayley." This may be just, but is severe, and the same tone pervades the whole book. The biographer will not suffer any one to utter a word unfavourably of his father. Fuseli said, pithily, Romney was made for the times, and the times for him, by which he meant, that the public wanted nothing but portraits, and Romney could paint nothing else. The biographer says,—*"Fuseli would have painted portraits too, if he could have done them as well as Romney."* Cumberland ventured to say Romney had no dislike for money—for which the biographer twits him with his own poverty, and a loan which he received from Romney. Garrick once quizzed a stiff family picture he saw in Romney's studio—"but how," observes the biographer, "could candour be expected from the intimate friend of Reynolds?" Reynolds's jealousy of Romney, indeed, perfectly haunts the biographer—he detects it at every turn, and on occasions where surely nobody else could discern it.

Romney was born near Dalton, in Lancashire, the son of a carpenter and

joiner, and employed with his father till twenty-one, when his bent for painting becoming more decided, he bound himself to an itinerant portrait-painter for five years, but before the period expired he released himself, and set up on his own account, in the neighbourhood of his native place. After a year or two's residence—having probably exhausted the sitters among the natives—he repaired to London in 1762, where he worked hard till 1773, advancing his prices from time to time to twelve guineas. He then visited Rome; and on his return, in 1776, on the strength of his foreign studies, took a house in Cavendish-square, raised his prices, got quickly into repute, pushed Reynolds from his stool, and for the next twenty years was unrivalled as the fashionable portrait-painter of the day. In 1796, he had attacks of paralysis, and in his last days sunk into absolute idiocy, dying in 1802, at the age of 68. He had married early. When he went to London he left his wife behind, and never saw her but twice afterwards. The son calls this a resolution to forego the endearments of domestic life for the noble purpose of providing for the future welfare of his family—while Hayley ascribes it to a settled design of abandoning her from the first. An elaborate apology follows—much of it quite unintelligible—but finally, the estrangement is laid upon the shoulders of the calumniating Hayley.

The chief point of interest for the world is the artist's works. These, exclusive of his endless portraits, though numerous, are little known. They were never, save a very few of them, exhibited; and many of them the biographer is apprehensive will be confounded with Reynolds's, and he have the credit of them—though the two styles, we believe, are sufficiently distinguishable. The anecdotes connected with some of them are interesting. Lady Hamilton, while under Charles Greville's protection, sat habitually to Romney. Twenty-three pictures are enumerated for which she assumed different characters; and, according to the author, it was in Romney's studio she practised the attitudes for which she was afterwards so celebrated.

*Tales of Other Days, by J. F. A., with Illustrations by George Cruikshank.*—We mean to throw no reflection upon Mr. Cruikshank's morals, when we say that he seems to be, beyond all comparison, better acquainted with the Devil than any artist that ever lived. He is not like one who has obtained an occasional and unsatisfactory glimpse of him in a dream, a grotesque vision of the night, after having supped full of horrors, ac-

cording to Fuseli's recipe. But he appears to have had better opportunities of taking his notes and making sketches. He has evidently been on a more familiar footing than the rest of his brethren; he seems to have so much knowledge of the stage-business of the infernal theatre, as almost to justify a conclusion that he has been admitted behind the scenes. The best of it all is, that he can turn our terrors and twinges to "quips and cranks and mirthful wiles." He has made the Devil the principal comic actor of his time; he has endeared him to us by the drolleries with which he has surrounded him. He has made his horns more ludicrous than Falstaff's with the buck's head: and the glass slipper of Cinderella, gives place, in beauty, to the fascinations of his cloven foot. The volume before us presents us with some additional marvels of this kind. The frontispiece awakens a mixed sensation—we know not whether we are to laugh or be agitated. The dark figure with his hands resting on his knees, is the herald of much mystery, and the white dots that form his eyes are overpoweringly expressive. There are six

or seven of these illustrations, engraved in a most masterly style by Thompson and Williams. They carry the art to its height, and we may almost defy it to advance farther. The tales, of which there are twelve, have appeared before, but they are well entitled to this re-appearance. The style of them is quaint and pleasant enough, and the subjects are sufficiently varied. There is an air of antiquity about them that is in keeping with the design, and the habits and costume of the dramatis persone have been carefully attended to. We like Roger Clevelly, the Magic Phial, and Friar Rush, especially. The Fifth of November wants an illustration; we would have given much to have seen Cruikshank's notion of Guy Fawkes. The illustration of the Three Suitors is exquisitely beautiful—the tale is not so complete. One of the best, is that in which the fiend has disarmed his antagonist, by curling his sword, so that it is left hanging on his own. The volume is not only an elegant but an amusing one, and will be found a rare prize on a winter's evening.

#### FINE ARTS' PUBLICATIONS.

*Portrait of His Majesty King William.*—Popularity is a fine thing, for it reconciles us to very indifferent portraits, and makes us find an interest where, but for the charm that hangs about the subject, there would be very little. Influenced by this feeling, we look upon certain bad portraits of our present monarch, with more satisfaction than would be excited by the finest resemblances of some kings that we could name. The engraving before us, is the best that we have seen, and will be an acceptable offering, at this loyal moment, to all classes of His Majesty's subjects. It is a mezzotint, somewhat over-finished, by Dawe. The composition is not remarkable for grace, nor will the engraving be renowned as a likeness; yet it is, as we have said, the best that we have hitherto seen.

The portrait of *Adelaide, Lady Ribblesdale*, which is now before us, forms the seventieth contribution to the "Portrait Gallery of the Female Nobility," published in *La Belle Assemblée*, and is in every way worthy to be admitted into such a collection of graces. It is remarkable for the extreme softness and feminine beauty of its expression, a modest elegance and unaffected simplicity, that realizes every thing we could desire in the portrait of a truly English lady. The picture is by Mrs. Carpenter; and the taste and purity of the composition,

in the execution of the head especially, has been skilfully caught and appreciated by the engraver.

We have been delighted by a glance at the first specimen of *Views in the East, comprising India, Canton, and the Shores of the Red Sea*. This first part contains three engravings: viz. "The Tomb of Humaioun—Delhi," from a drawing of Purser's, by Miller; "Taj Mahal Agra," a most lovely and liquid view from the pencil of Prout, finely engraved by Wallis; and "Tiger Island—Canton," executed by Goodall, from a design by Stanfield; the whole being copied from original sketches by Capt. Robert Elliot, R.N. What these original sketches may be, we know not, but the genius of the several artists is distinguishable in every touch and outline. They have made them their own, but not, we hope, to the sacrifice of fidelity and correctness. It would be a pity, were they to destroy or lose sight of nature, while they are clothing it in poetry. Capt. Elliot, who must himself be the best judge, should place a gentle check upon the imaginations of his improvers; for it must be very difficult to colour and heighten a scene from the conceptions of another, without resorting sometimes to poetical invention. The view by Prout is perfectly Indian in its character; the white columns and cupolas, contrasted with the dark view



in the fore-ground, look like a hall of enchantment. We almost envy the happy negro, standing in the smooth water filling his jars, as if he had never heard of Abolition. But the succeeding view of Tiger Island, forms a striking set-off to the placidity of its predecessor. The boats seem struggling in the water. It is an admirable engraving. The historical and traditional accounts of the country and its productions, combine information with brevity; and the entire work, published in monthly parts, will form a series of illustrations of Heber's, Monro's, and other works relating to the East.—We desire no better or more beautiful illustrations than this first number contains.

A very different but scarcely less lovely set of landscapes, is presented to us in the fifth part of the *Illustrations of the Waverley Novels*. It contains from the Abbot, "St. Mary's," by Prout; from the Heart of Mid Lothian, "Holy Loch," by Harding; from Old Mortality, "Bothwell Castle," by Reinagle; and from Peveril of the Peak, "Peel Castle," by Gastineau. We say much, when we express our conviction that they will not disappoint the expectations which the excellence of the preceding views has excited.

The three portraits forming the seventeenth Number of the *National Portrait Gallery*, are those of Sir Abraham Hume, extremely well engraved, but not strikingly like; the Archbishop of Canterbury, from a painting of Owen's, by Holl, an engraving of great merit; and the gallant Sir Thomas Picton, from a picture by Sir W. Beechey, of the soldierly or intellectual dignity of which, we can say but little.

*Panorama of Switzerland, from the Summit of Mont Rigli, with a Circular View of the Country.*—For this useful, and we may add, entertaining production, we are indebted to Mr. Leigh, whose list of topographical attractions of a similar kind is already so extensive. We obtain by a single glance along this unprecedented fly-leaf, an adequate notion of the whole extent of the country which it embraces; and as the eye travels on from lake to lake, and from summit to summit, we gather more information than could be gleaned from whole pages of description, or from any thing indeed, short of an actual visit to the country. Those who do, and those who do not visit Switzerland, should possess this panoramic view of it; in the account of its various remarkable objects, they will find, in a compact form, all the information they will require upon the subject.

We mention the publication of the first part of *The History and Topography of the United States of North America*,

edited by John Howard Hilton, A.M., and illustrated with a series of views, with the purpose of returning to it at a future time, when the plan of it shall be more clearly developed, and when we shall be better enabled to decide upon its pretensions. The present number affords promise of a work of great utility and interest. The series of views will exhibit "the most splendid and majestic scenery that nature ever produced, and some of the most elegant and chaste specimens of civic architecture that any nation can boast. Here," say the projectors, "our path is wholly untrodden." We shall accompany them upon it with pleasure, and hope to see an infinite variety of the same neatly executed and interesting plates that decorate the number before us. The work is dedicated to Washington Irving.

One of the finest engravings that we have for some time seen, is now upon our table—a *Portrait of Earl Grey*, by Cousins. It is from the likeness by Sir Thomas Lawrence, and forms a picture which any nobleman might be proud to be the subject of. The attitude is easy, simple, and natural; one of those, in which the painter always succeeded in turning the common-place to elegance. The expression is a fine one; the intellect is brought out, and the *hauteur* kept in the back-ground; there is something of an aristocratic tinge in its character—but the artist has skillfully thrown over it a *suaviter in modo* that entirely redeems it. The plate is executed in the first style of art. No painter could have found a more efficient and faithful interpreter of his design, than Mr. Cousins has proved himself to be, in transferring the softness and brilliancy of Lawrence to the print before us.

We are compelled to regard the appearance of the "Annuals" as an announcement that winter is at hand. Here are the plates of the *Winter's Wreath* for the ensuing year already before us, spreading a chillness over our senses. But their beauty atone for this unwelcome announcement; never did ill-news find fairer messengers. The *Winter's Wreath* is first in the field; and if we are to judge of the volume by the splendour of its embellishments, it bids fair, notwithstanding the increased number of its competitors, to come in for a slice of the golden apple for which the race is run. The plates are twelve in number, besides a decorated page for inscriptions. Of these we particularly admire "St. Cecilia, the English Flower," Dove Dale, the Cottage Farm-yard, A Pass of the Abruzzi, and Cologne on the Rhine; the remaining six are scarcely inferior to them, and all are

executed in a style that cannot fail to enchant all who purchase them, and to make all who do not, envy those who do. Many of these plates are by first-rate artists, and they do honour to the names that are attached to them.

*Portrait of the Princess Victoria.*—This is a beautiful engraving, of an oval form, by Golding, from a picture by Fowler; and affords us a better idea of the youthful grace and beauty of this little princess than any engraving previously published. The head is sweetly executed, and the expression is simple and characteristic. We could not at first sight very easily make out whether the principal object in the foreground is a spaniel, or a hat, with a plume of feathers appended to it. The ornament is a little too conspicuously introduced; but the whole picture is light, delicate, and tasteful, and is worthy of its illustrious and promising subject.

#### FINE ARTS.

*Monument to Shakspeare.*—A committee comprising some highly respectable

names has been formed, for the purpose of raising a monumental trophy to the memory of Shakspeare. All that surprises us in this, is, that it should have been delayed so long. The trophy is to be erected by public subscription—no individual contribution to exceed £3—an amount which it would be far better to increase to £10. The trophy is to be worthy of the progress of the arts and the grandeur of the empire; it is to be placed in a conspicuous part of the metropolis, “which from its being the scene of his glory and the resort of men of every nation, is pre-eminently entitled to be hallowed by so classical a distinction, more especially as this first act of universal homage to a British poet will be paid to the “chiefest” and most comprehensive genius the world ever saw.” We would suggest that the managers of the national theatres, should give a benefit in aid of the subscription; and we trust that there is not a literary man in the kingdom whose name will be found wanting in a list which will do honour to all who are enrolled in it.

#### WORKS IN THE PRESS AND NEW PUBLICATIONS.

##### WORKS IN PREPARATION.

A New Edition is preparing of Major Rennell's Geography of Herodotus, printed from the Author's revised Copy.

Waldensian Researches; during a Second Visit to the Waldenses of the Valleys of Piedmont. By the Rev. S. Gilly: with Illustrations.

Patroni Ecclesiarum; or, a List of the Patrons of the Dignities and Livings of the United Church of England and Ireland.

Tales of a Grandfather; being Stories taken from the History of France. By Sir Walter Scott, Bart., are in preparation.

Also, by the Author of Waverley, Robert of Paris, a Romance of the Lower Empire.

Fragments of Voyages and Travels. By Captain Basil Hall, R.N.

Destiny; a Tale. By the Author of “The Inheritance.”

The Author of The Fall of Nineveh is engaged on The Sea-Kings in England; a Historical Romance of the Time of Alfred.

The Church-yard Lyrist, consisting of five hundred original Inscriptions for Tombs.

Thos. Haynes Bayly, Esq. announces a Poem on the French Revolution of 1830, with Wood-cuts, from Designs by George Cruikshank.

The British Herald, or Cabinet of Armorial Bearings of the Nobility and Gentry of Great Britain is preparing, by Thomas Robson.

Captain T. R. H. de Bourdieu announces Instructions on the subject of Military Positions, with Plates.

We understand that a new daily evening paper will shortly make its appearance, called The Albion, for the purpose of giving a liberal support to the ministry of the Duke of Wellington.

The French Revolution of 1830, the Events which produced it, and the Scenes by which it was accompanied, by D. Turnbull, is soon to appear.

Rosamond, a Tragedy, from the German of Theodore Komer.

The Rev. Mr. Grant promises a Volume on the Character of a Christian Family, entitled “The Rectory of Valehead.”

A Popular System of Architecture, with Engravings, and References to well-known Structures, is preparing. By Wm. Hosking.

The Rev. J. Brown announces a work, entitled Christus in Cælo.

The Fallacies of Dr. Wayte's “Anti-Phrenology” Exposed, in a Critical Review of his Observations on the Modern Doctrine of the Mind, is to be shortly published.

Elements of Surgery. By Robert Liston, Surgeon to the Royal Infirmary of Edinburgh.

The Father's Eye is announced by Mrs. Sherwood, together with the Two Paths; or, the Lowly and the Lowly Way; and the Mountain Oak.

Gwillan y Bardd, (the Bardic Vineyard,) being the Welsh Poetical Works of the Rev. Daniel Evans.

A Collection of Psalms and Hymns, in the Welsh Language. By the Rev. Daniel Rees.

The Talba, or Moor of Portugal, a Romance, is announced by Mrs. Bray, Author of *De Foix*.

On the Proceedings of the Royal Society, as connected with the Decline of Science, with Arguments proving that before the Society can regain respect and confidence, a Reform of its Conduct, and a remodelling of its Charter are indispensable, is promised by Sir James South.

Robert Vaughan, Author of "The Life and Opinions of Wycliffe," is preparing Memorials of the Stuart Dynasty.

The Winter's Wreath for 1831, illustrated with 13 Engravings, will speedily appear.

"Wilson's American Ornithology," with the continuation by Charles Lucien Bonaparte, will contain upwards of 100 Engravings, with an enumeration of the newly discovered species. By Sir William Jardine, Bart., Author of *Illustrations of Ornithology*.

Professor Jameson is preparing for Constable's Miscellany, an edition of Wilson's great work on American Ornithology.

The Lyre and the Laurel, two volumes of the Fugitive Poetry of the XIXth Century, is announced.

A Manual of the Land and Fresh-water Shells hitherto discovered in Great Britain, is preparing from the most perfect Specimens in the Cabinet of the Author, W. Turton.

Mr. Kennedy, the Author of *Fitful Fancies*, announces *The Arrow and the Rose*, with other Poems.

A work on "Australia and Emigration" is preparing. By Robert Dawson, Esq.

Poems entitled, "Lays from the East" are announced. By Captain C. Campbell.

A work on the Celtic Manners of the Highlanders, &c., from the pen of Mr. Logan, will shortly appear.

The Proprietors of the *Friendship's Offering* announce a *Comic Offering*, under the Superintendence of Miss L. H. Sheridan.

Mrs. J. S. Prouse has a volume of Miscellaneous Poems in the press.

The Nature and Cure of Consumption is preparing. By James Kennedy, M.C.S.

The Brazen Serpent is announced. By Thomas Erskine, Esq. Advocate.

A History of the Covenanters, from the Reformation to the Revolution in 1688, will shortly appear.

Lives of Captain Hugh Clapperton and Dr. Oudney are preparing.

Scripture the Test of Character. An Address to the Influential Classes of Society. Dedicated to the Queen.

A Memoir of the late Rev. Dr. William Ritchie, Professor of Divinity in the University of Edinburgh.

Major Leith Hay is preparing a Narrative of the Peninsular Campaigns, extending over a period of nearly six years' service in Spain and Portugal, from 1808 to 1814.

The French Keepsake, embellished with 18 Engravings on Steel, will appear at the usual period.

Elements of Greek Accentuation. Translated from the German of Goettling.

Elements of Greek Prosody. Translated from the German of Dr. Franz Spitzner.

A New Volume of the Transactions of the King and Queen's College of Physicians in Ireland. Illustrated with Engravings.

The forthcoming Volumes of Lardner's Cyclopædia are the Military Memoirs of Arthur, Duke of Wellington, and the Life and Reign of George the Fourth.

The Romantic Annals of France, from the time of Charlemagne to the reign of Louis XIV., will form the New Series of "The Romance of History." By Leitch Ritchie.

The Lives of the Italian Poets. By the Rev. Henry Stebbing, with various medallion Portraits, will appear immediately.

Chartley, the Fatalist, a Novel, is to be published in a few days.

Mr. Britton is engaged on the Histories and Illustrations of Hereford and Worcester Cathedrals.

#### LIST OF NEW WORKS.

##### BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

Memoirs of Madame Du Barri, Mistress of Louis XV. of France. Vol. III. 3s. 6d.

Musical Memoirs. By W. T. Parke. In 2 vols. 8vo. 18s.

Dr. Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia, Vol. X., being the History of the Netherlands, by T. C. Grattan, Esq. 6s.

Sir Hew Dalrymple's Memoirs of the Peninsular War. 8vo. 9s.

Newnham's Views of Antiquities of Ireland. In 2 vols. 4to. £7. 7s.

##### FINE ARTS.

Sir Joseph Reynolds' Works, containing 312 Engravings. In 4 vols. folio. £42. proofs, £63.

Fuseli's Lectures on Painting. Second Series. 4to. 21s.

A Dictionary of the Architecture and Archaeology of the Middle Ages; including the Words used by Old and Modern Authors in treating of Architectural and other Antiquities: with Etymology, Definition, Description, and Historical Elucidation. Illustrated by numerous Engravings. By John Britton, F.S.A. Part I. royal 8vo. 12s.; medium 4to. 24s.; imperial 4to. £1. 11s. 6d.

Robinson's Designs for Farm Building, royal 4to. £2. 2s.

Robinson's Villa Architecture, royal 4to. £1. 11s. 6d.

Wetten's Designs for Villas, royal 4to. £1. 16s.

##### LAW.

The Law relating to Highways, Turnpike-Roads, &c.; with Precedents of Indictments, &c., for Nuisances to the same.



By John Egremont, Esq. Vol. II. 8vo. 7s. 6d.

Chapman's Practice of the Superior Courts at Westminster. 12mo. 3s. 6d.

Williams's Abstracts of the Acts for 1829-30. 8vo. 8s.

Rumsey's Wycombe Corporation Case. 8vo. 12s.

Greenwood's New Forgery Act Statutes. 12mo. 8s.

#### MEDICAL.

On the Formation of Tumors, and the Peculiarities that are met with in the Structure of those that have become Cancerous. By Sir Everard Home, Bart. 8vo. with plates, 5s.

Practical Remarks on the Nature and Effects of the Expressed Oil of the Croton Tiglium; with Cases illustrative of its Efficacy in the Cure of various Diseases. By Michael John Short, M.D. 8vo. 5s.

On the Recent Improvements in the Art of Distinguishing the various Diseases of the Heart. By John Elliotson, M.D. folio. 21s.

Laurence on the Venereal Diseases of the Eye. 8vo. 12s.

Dublin Medical Transactions. New Series. Vol. I. post 8vo. 15s.

Gannell on the Use of Chlorine in Consumption. 8vo. 4s.

A Rationale of the Laws of Cerebral Vision; comprising the Laws of Single and of Erect Vision. By John Fearn, Esq. 8vo. 6s.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

Economy of the Mouth and Teeth. 18mo. 4s.

Whole Art of Dress. 18mo. 5s.

Smart's New Literal Translation of Horace. 12mo. 5s.

Campbell's (Lieut. E. N. S.) Dictionary of Military Science. 8vo. 10s. 6d.

Gunter's Confectioner's Manuel. 12mo. 6s. 6d.

Woodward's Synoptical Tables of British Organic Remains. 8vo. 5s.

Northcote's Conversations. By William Hazlitt. post 8vo. 7s. 6d.

White's Natural History of Selborne. New Edition. By Sir W. Jardine. 12mo. 6s. 6d.

Anthologie Francaise; or, Specimens of French Poetry, with Notes, &c. 12mo. 6s. 6d.

Murray's Family Library. Vol. XV. Contents—History of British India. (3 vols.) Vol. II, by the Rev. G. R. Gleig. Vol. XVI. Demonology and Witchcraft. By Sir W. Scott, Bart.

Family Classical Library. No. IX. Virgil, vol. II. 18mo. 4s. 6d.

Obedience. By Mrs. Sherwood. 18mo. 1s. 6d.

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#### POETRY.

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3 P

## PATENTS FOR MECHANICAL AND CHEMICAL INVENTIONS.

*New Patents sealed in August, 1830.*

To William Mason, Margaret-street, Cavendish-square, Middlesex, axletree maker, for his improvements on axletrees, and also the boxes applicable thereto.—24th August; 6 months.

To Thomas Barratt, St. Mary Cray, Kent, paper-maker, for his improvements on machinery for making paper.—31st August; 6 months.

To Augustus Applegarth, Crayford, Kent, printer, for his improvements in printing machines.—31st August; 6 months.

To William Losh, Esq., Benton-house, Northumberland, for his improvements in the construction of wheels for carriages to be used on railways.—31st August; 6 months.

To Edwin Budding, of the Thrupp, Stroud, Gloucester, machinist, for his inventing a new combination and application of machinery, for the purpose of cropping or shearing the vegetable surface of lawns, grass-plats of pleasure-grounds, &c. constituting a machine which may be used with advantage, instead of a scythe, for that purpose.—31st August; 2 months.

To John Hanson, Huddersfield, York, plumber and brazier, for his improvements on locomotive carriages.—31st August; 6 months.

To Edwin Clayton, Bridleshim-gate, Nottingham, baker, for an improved mode of manufacturing dough or paste, for the purpose of baking into bread.—31st August; 2 months.

To Thomas Thacher, Birmingham, Warwick, sadler, for an elastic, self-adapting saddle.—7th September; 6 months.

To Peter Williams, Hollywell, Flint, surgeon, for an apparatus or contrivance for preventing accidents in carriages, gigs, and other vehicles, by instantly and effectually liberating horses or other animals from the same, when in danger or otherwise, and for locking and securing the wheels thereof, in cases of danger, emergency, or otherwise.—7th September; 6 months.

To Charles Blacker Vignoles, Furnival's-inn, London, and John Ericson, Brook-street, Fitzroy-square, Middle-

sex, civil engineer, for certain additions to the engines commonly called locomotive engines.—7th September; 6 months.

To William Cook, Redcross-square, Cripplegate, London, fine-worker, for his improvements on cocks for supplying kitchen-ranges or cooking apparatus with water, and for other purposes—to be called fountain cocks.—7th September; 6 months.

To Henry George Pearce, Liverpool, master-mariner, Richard Gardner, and Joseph Gardner, of the same place, for an improved fid.—7th September; 6 months.

To James Chadley, Gloucester-street, Queen-square, surveyor, for his improvements in forming bricks, tiles, and chimney-bars, applicable to the building of the flues of chimnies.—13th September; 6 months.

To Seth Smith, Wilton-crescent, St. George, Hanover-square, Middlesex, builder, for his improvements in chimnies for dwelling and other houses and buildings.—14th September; 2 months.

To Francis Molyneaux, Hampstead, Middlesex, gentleman, and William Bundy, Kentish Town, machinist, for improvements in machinery for spinning and twisting silk and wool, and for roving, spinning, and twisting cotton, flax, hemp, and other fibrous substances.—21st September; six months.

To William Chard, of Haywood-house, Bordsley-green, Warwick, gentleman, for his improvements in the construction of boats and other vessels, a part of which improvements are applicable to the construction of carriages.—21st September; six months.

*List of Patents, which having been granted in the month of October 1816, expire in the present month of October 1830.*

14. Joseph Kirkman, London, for his improved method of applying an octave stop to pianofortes.

25. Louis Fauche Borel, London, for his method of making shoes and boots without sewing, so as to keep out the wet.

— Lewis Granholm, London, for his method of rendering articles made of hemp or flax more durable.

## BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIRS OF EMINENT PERSONS.

WILLIAM HUSKISSON, ESQ., M.P.

Certainly we are not amongst those who regarded Mr. Huskisson as one of the greatest men of the age. His free-trade system, which he probably imbibed from the late Earl of Liverpool, has been, and will yet be, productive of the most ruinous consequences; and he was one of those who sanctioned and promoted the breaking-up of the British Constitution, by the passing of the Popery Bill. However, though we may think lightly of him as a politician, or as a statesman, he was amiable as a man; and it is impossible to contemplate the melancholy circumstances of his fate, without feeling the deepest commiseration for him, and for his bereaved widow.

Mr. Huskisson was born about the year 1769. His mother was sister to Dr. Gerund, physician to the English embassy to Paris, and the intimate friend of Hebratius and Franklin. Dr. Gerund left his niece a considerable property. At the breaking out of the French revolution, he is said to have been in apprenticeship, as a surgeon, at Paris; and it is further alleged, that he became an active and violent member of the Jacobin Club, and subsequently, of the London Corresponding Society. This may be all calumny.

It is understood to have been at Paris, that Mr. Huskisson was first seen and noticed by the Marquess of Stafford; and, finding him to be well acquainted with French affairs, of which the English ministry of that period were notoriously ignorant, his lordship regarded him as a person whose services might be useful to Mr. Pitt. To Mr. Pitt, and to Mr. Dundas, he accordingly introduced him; and he became private secretary to the latter. By his talents and assiduity, he gave great satisfaction; he was placed in the home department, under Mr. Dundas; and soon afterwards, he was elected M. P. for the borough of Morpeth, with the present Earl of Carlisle. He married, in 1799, a daughter of the late Admiral Milbanke. On his marriage, Mr. Dundas procured for him a grant of a pension to his wife of £600 a year, the payment of which was to take place at his death, or on his retirement from office. In 1802, he offered himself for Dover, with Mr. Trevannion and Mr. Spencer Smith, but was unsuccessful. In 1804, on the death of Lord Eliot, he stood for Liskeard: the return was double, but Mr. Huskisson was declared duly elected. At a later period he was returned for Chichester, through the influence of the Duke of Richmond. In the House he frequently spoke upon financial affairs, on which his information was extensive, if not profound.

Mr. Huskisson was, in succession, appointed Receiver-General of the Duchy of

Lancaster, and a Commissioner of the Board of Trade. When Mr. Pitt retired from office, previously to the formation of Mr. Addington's ministry, he procured from his Majesty a sign manual, granting to Mr. Huskisson a pension of £1,200 a year. When Mr. Pitt returned to power, Mr. Huskisson became chief Secretary to the Treasury. He retired from office on the formation of Mr. Fox's cabinet, but returned with Mr. Perceval, and resumed the secretaryship. In 1809, when the duel occurred between Lord Castlereagh and Mr. Canning, in consequence of differences which arose out of the ill-fated Walcheren expedition, Mr. Huskisson accompanied the latter in his retirement from the administration. He was afterwards President of the Board of Trade; and, under the ministry of his friend, Mr. Canning, whom he succeeded as member for Liverpool, he was appointed Secretary for the Colonial Department.

Excepting upon one occasion, we are not aware that Mr. Huskisson ever appeared in print. He was the author of a pamphlet entitled "The Question concerning the Depreciation of our Currency stated and examined."

His accession to the Wellington cabinet, and subsequent dismissal by the military Duke, must be yet full in the recollection of the reader. From the feeble and unsettled state of the administration, however, the friends of the ex-secretary had been for some time loud in their report that he was speedily to be recalled to place. Whether the report were well-founded is unknown, but it seems not improbable, as we have had proof sufficient that the premier is not over nice in his measures. Howsoever it might be, death has prematurely put an end to the speculation.

It was on Wednesday, the 15th of September, as had been previously arranged, that the ceremony of opening the new Liverpool and Manchester railway took place. The Duke of Wellington, Prince Esterhazy, Earl Wilton, Sir Robert Peel, Mr. Huskisson, and several other persons of consideration, who had been invited on the occasion, left Liverpool, in the splendid car of the Northumbrian, in grand procession. The procession stopped at Parkside, near Newton, to take in fuel and water for the engines, eight or nine of which were present. Here it was that the lamentable accident occurred which deprived Mr. Huskisson of life, and cast a gloom over the proceedings of the day. The parties had, contrary to the request of the proprietors, alighted, and had been engaged in desultory conversation. The rapid approach of the Rocket, another of the engines, formed the signal for them to resume their stations on



the car. Only an instant before, Mr. Huskisson had turned from a gentleman, exclaiming—"Well, I must go and shake hands with the Duke of Wellington on this day at any rate." He did shake hands with him very cordially. The rapid approach of the car placed several persons in jeopardy; amongst them, Mr. Huskisson, who, from the narrowness of the way, was apprehensive of being crushed between the two machines. There were no steps by which to ascend the car; and, in the consequent confusion, Mr. Huskisson, in a second attempt to climb over the side, seized hold of the door, which gave way, and he was precipitated into the road, his right leg doubled up and getting across the rail-road of the Rocket, which instantaneously passed over the leg and thigh in that position. From its velocity, it had been impossible to stop the Rocket in time. Lord Wilton and others rushed to the spot; the door of one of the Company's adjacent hovels was procured; and, having placed the sufferer upon it, they obtained the instant aid of Dr. Brandreth of Liverpool, and Dr. Hunter of Edinburgh, who happened to be in the procession. A temporary tourniquet having been applied to the thigh, he was immediately conveyed, upon one of the engines, to the house of the Rev. Mr. Blackburne, at Eccles. There he was laid upon a couch; but it was found unsafe to attempt amputation; and, as no favourable rallying of the system occurred, his sufferings were terminated by death at nine in the evening. He had previously made some alteration in his will, and had received the sacrament, evincing the utmost fortitude and resignation. As soon as it was ascertained that he was dead, Mrs. Huskisson, who had witnessed the fatal accident, and had never for a moment left his side, was removed, almost by force, into another apartment. On the following morning an inquest was held upon the body; a proceeding which perfectly exonerated the conductors of the Rocket from all imputation of blame.

Under the dreadful circumstances of the case, the Duke of Wellington most properly declined attendance at the splendid dinner, which had been provided in honour of his visit at Liverpool.

On Saturday, the body was privately conveyed from Eccles to Liverpool; and it was subsequently arranged that it should be interred in the new cemetery there, at the expense of the town. A subscription was opened for defraying the expenses of the funeral, and for raising a monument to the memory of the deceased. To those arrangements, Mrs. Huskisson was with difficulty prevailed on to assent. The funeral took place on Friday, the 24th of September, and we extract the following account of it from the *Liverpool Mercury*.

"The funeral, which has just terminated, was one of the most extraordinary public

spectacles ever witnessed in this country; and, indeed, we heard some gentlemen who have attended a Royal funeral at Windsor, declare, that of our deceased member was a more imposing sight of the two. The number of spectators sets all calculation at defiance. The windows of every house in the long line of the procession, and the roofs of many of them, were filled with spectators. In St. Peter's church-yard the Blue-coat Hospital children were stationed, while the church windows were crowded. The belfry, and the steeple also, contained as many as it could hold. Each lamp-post had its occupant, and the trees in front of the Lyceum, and in St. Mark's church-yard, were bowed down with persons clinging to every branch.

"The procession itself, which swelled as it proceeded, has been calculated, by a competent judge, to amount to upwards of sixteen hundred gentlemen in mourning. Outside of the railings, within which this procession moved, it has been calculated that there were upwards of sixty thousand spectators between the Exchange and the Cemetery. We shall not guess at the number of persons within the Cemetery. Every place where there was standing-room was occupied, and it is supposed that there were from twenty to thirty thousand persons looking on or endeavouring to get a sight of the ceremony. The procession set out from the Town-hall, at about a quarter past ten o'clock, and reached its destination in about an hour.

"One signal gun was fired when the body was put into the hearse, and another when the corpse entered the gates of the Cemetery.

"All the arrangements, which we can only glance at *en passant*, were admirable, and reflect equal credit upon the managing committee, the police, the undertaker, and upon the great body of the people, who behaved in the most orderly and becoming manner.

"When the procession arrived at the Cemetery, the great majority of the gentlemen who formed it descended through the arch into the lower ground, where they took their stand on the gravel walks, whilst about one hundred and fifty of the party, including the committee, clergymen, and some of the gentlemen connected with the press, entered with the hearse into the Grecian Chapel, where the funeral ceremony was performed with great solemnity and effect by the Rev. Jonathan Brooks.

"The reading of the burial service occupied about twelve minutes, after which the committee, clergy, and those who were admitted into the chapel, moved slowly out, and descending the stone archway, repaired slowly and solemnly to the burying-ground below, in the centre lawn. The sight from this place, looking upwards, was peculiarly striking. When the Rev. Mr.

Brooks commenced that part of the funeral service which is delivered at the grave, the hats of thousands of the spectators were instantly removed, and all eyes were bent with intense interest towards the spot where the mutilated remains of their late esteemed representative were about to be consigned to their last home.

"Those who were stationed near the grave were evidently much affected by the closing scene; and one of the chief mourners (General Huskisson,) bedewed the grave of his lamented brother with tears, which never ceased to flow from the commencement to the close of this painful scene.

"At the conclusion of the melancholy and imposing ceremony a gun was fired; the procession then left the ground, and the assembled thousands around dispersed after paying the last tribute of respect to the memory of the deceased. We omitted to mention in the proper place that the shops, public offices, &c. were closed until the termination of the ceremony, and that the church bells were tolled during the day."

On the day preceding the fatal accident, Mr. Huskisson visited the Liverpool Exchange. As he passed through the rooms he was greeted with enthusiastic cheers; and afterwards addressed the assembly in a speech, of which the following is an extract:—

"Gentlemen,—This loyal town is about to receive the visit of a distinguished individual of the highest station and influence in the affairs of this great country. I rejoice that he is coming among you. I am sure that what he has already seen in this county, and what he will see here, will not fail to make a great impression on his mind. After this visit he will be better enabled to estimate the value and importance of Liverpool in the general scale of the great interests of this country. He will see what can be effected by patient and persevering industry, by enterprise, and good sense, unaided by monopoly or exclusive privileges, and in spite of their existence elsewhere. Gentlemen, he will, I hope, find that if you are not friendly to monopoly in other places, it is not because you require or want it for yourselves. He will see that you know how to thrive and prosper without it; that all you expect from government is encouragement, protection, facility, and freedom in your several pursuits and avocations, either of manufacturing industry or commerce. I have heard, with just satisfaction, and from many concurrent quarters, that every thing connected with these interests is in a more healthy and promising state than it was last year. I rejoice at the change for the better. I hope and believe it will be permanent. But do not let us be supine, and think that the energies under which difficulties are diminishing, may relieve us from the necessity of unremitting exertion. In foreign coun-

tries you have powerful rivals to encounter; and you can only hope to continue your superiority over them by incessantly labouring to lighten the pressure upon the industry of our own people, and by promoting every measure which is calculated to give increased vigour, fresh life and greater facility to the powers which create, and to the hands which distribute the almost boundless productions of this great country. I trust, gentlemen, that by a steady adherence to these views and principles, I shall most faithfully represent your wishes and feelings in parliament. So long as we are in unison upon these points, I shall be most happy and proud to continue to be your representative, under the sanction of your confidence, and as long as health and strength shall be vouchsafed to me to fulfil the duties of the station which I now hold, as one of your members in the House of Commons. I am persuaded, Gentlemen, that by this course I shall best consult your prosperity; and that whatever advances the general interests of this great mart of commerce, will but advance all the other great interests of the country; and first and foremost, that interest which is the oldest and the greatest of all—the landed interest, upon which, as the example of this country so well demonstrates, industry and commerce have already conferred so many benefits."

#### WILLIAM HAZLITT.

Mr. William Hazlitt, from whose vigorous but eccentric pen the reader will find two papers in the present number of the *Monthly Magazine*,\* and who has, since their reception, paid the great debt of nature, was the son of a dissenting minister. He was originally intended for a painter, and through life he seems to have entertained an intense love for the fine arts. Some copies of his, from pictures in the Louvre, by Titian and Raphael, have been spoken of as very spirited and beautiful. His own feeling, with reference to the beauties of nature and of art, especially in their relationship to each other, may be inferred from this brief passage in one of his papers:—"One of the most delightful parts of my life was one fine summer, when I used to walk out of an evening, to catch the last light of the sun, gemming the green slopes of the russet lawns and gilding tower or tree, while the blue sky, gradually turning to purple and gold, or skirted with dusky grey, hung its broad marble pavement over all, as we see it in the great master of Italian landscape. But to come to a more particular explanation of the subject:—The first head I ever tried to paint was an old woman with the upper part of the face shaded by her bonnet, and I certainly laboured at it with great perseverance. It took me numberless sittings to do it. I have it by me still, and sometimes look at

\* See pages 409 and 445.

it with surprise, to think how much pains were thrown away to little purpose—yet not altogether in vain, if it taught me to see good in every thing, and to know that there is nothing vulgar in nature, seen with the eyes of science or of true art. Refinement creates beauty everywhere: it is the grossness of the spectator that discovers nothing but grossness in the object.”

From some cause with which we are unacquainted, Mr. Hazlitt was induced to relinquish the pencil for the pen: instead of painting pictures, it became his delight to criticise them; and it must be allowed that in his critical strictures, when his strong and violent prejudices stood not in the way of justice, he was one of the most judicious, able, and powerful writers of his time. “His early education,” as a cotemporary has observed, “qualified him to judge with technical understanding, and his fine sense of the grand and of the beautiful, enabled him duly to appreciate the merits and deficiencies of works of art, and to regulate the enthusiasm with which he contemplated their beauties.”

Mr. Hazlitt's first acknowledged literary production was “An Essay on the Principles of Human Action,” in which much metaphysical acuteness is said to have been displayed. His “Characters of Shakspeare's Plays,” though inferior in depth of observation and soundness of criticism, to the strictures of Schlegel on the productions of our great bard, attracted much notice, and obtained much credit for the writer. Mr. Hazlitt delivered, at the Surrey Institution, a Course of Lectures (afterwards published) on the English Poets. For a time, he was the theatrical critic of the *Morning Chronicle*, and in that paper, when Kean first came before a metropolitan audience, he was one of his most strenuous and cordial supporters. During a long period, he wrote political and critical articles in the *Examiner*; and he has been an extensive contributor, at times, to our own Magazine, and other periodicals. Amongst the most popular of his writings are several volumes collected from periodical works, under the titles of “Table Talk,” “The Spirit of the Age,” and “The Plain Speaker.” His “Round Table,” a series of Essays which he wrote in conjunction with Leigh Hunt, for the *Examiner*, was regarded as a failure.

Mr. Hazlitt's largest and most elaborate performance is “The Life of Napoleon,” which is in four volumes. In this, though tinged with party feeling, the writer displays much deep philosophical remark. Mr. H. was one of the writers in the Supplement to the *Encyclopædia Britannica*; he has also published “Political Essays and Sketches of Public Characters,” a “View of the British Stage,” an account of “British Galleries of Art,” “A Letter to William Gifford, Esq.,”

“Lectures on the English Comic Writers, delivered at the Surrey Institution,” “The Literature of the Elizabethan Age,” and “The Modern Pygmalion.” As far as we can charge our memory with a recollection of this production, it formed the history of one of the author's amours—a most extraordinary one—with his own veritable love-letters, and other documents equally delectable and *recherchée*.

Mr. Hazlitt recently published a volume of “Notes on a Journey through France and Italy.” At the very moment, as it were, of his death, his last labour issued from the press in an exceedingly pleasant and amusing volume, entitled, “Conversations of James Northcote, Esq., R.A.,” by William Hazlitt.” For the matter of the volume, however, as may be inferred from its title, Mr. Northcote seems to be chiefly answerable. Many, if not all of the “Conversations,” had previously appeared, as detached papers, in periodical publications of the day.

Notwithstanding his inaccuracies of style, and his love of paradox, Hazlitt was a man of genius. In politics he was rather a radical than a whig; he opposed, with all the bitterness of sarcasm, the existing state of things; his animosities were unqualified—his hatred was rancorous.

Mr. Hazlitt had, we believe, been twice married. He died in Frith-street, Soho, on the 18th of September. His death was occasioned by organic disease of the stomach, of many years' standing. He retained the entire possession of his faculties to the latest moment of his life; and, almost free from bodily pain, he died with perfect calmness of mind. His funeral, at St. Anne's, Soho, on the 25th, was strictly private. The report that he died in a state of destitution is happily incorrect. He had, within two or three months, received considerable sums from a great publishing house, for his “Conversations of James Northcote,” and other works; and also various other sums, of consequence in the aggregate, for his writings in periodical works. For the future support of his son, the only person dependant on him, it is too probable that he had been unable to make any provision.

#### MR. BARRYMORE.

MR. BARRYMORE, who died at Edinburgh, on the 14th of July last, at the age of 72, will be remembered by many of our old play-going friends, as a very useful third-rate performer—chiefly in tragedy—at the theaters of Drury-lane and the Haymarket. His real name, we have heard, was Blewit. His father was a hair-dresser at Taunton, in Somersetshire. Young Blewit—or Barrymore—was placed in the counting-house of Mr. Ladbroke, in London; but, possessing a convivial turn, he at once fell into expensive habits, and imbibed a taste for theatrical pursuits. For



these, his genteel appearance, and somewhat pompous address—which he always retained—were considerably in his favour. His *entrée* on the stage was made in the west of England; but—no unusual case—so slight were his emoluments, that they scarcely afforded him the means of subsistence. At length, he was seen at Brighton, by the late George Colman. There, contrasted with his brother actors, he appeared to the modern Terence possessed of powers that might be useful in London, and he was accordingly engaged by him for the Haymarket Theatre. Mr. Colman, however, who, strange as it may seem, had selected our hero for his vocal powers, soon repented his bargain; and Barrymore was dismissed with a pecuniary compensation in lieu of performance. Fortunately for the adventurer, Mr. Du Bellamy about this time retired from the London stage; and, in the hour of distress, the proprietor of Drury-lane Theatre engaged him as his successor, or rather substitute, until a performer of higher merit could be found. He made his *début* as *Young Meadows*, in *Love in a Village*; but his reception was not of the most flattering nature. For several years he remained upon an insignificant salary, appearing occasionally in tragedy, comedy, opera, farce, &c. until a favourable opening occurred by the removal of Mr. Farren, who went to Covent-garden Theatre. Mr. Barrymore was immediately invested with most of his parts, which were not inconsiderable. By his spirited performance of *Carlos*, in *Isabella*, he first made a favourable impression on the public. Soon after this, Mr. Bannister, jun., *alias* “Jack Bannister”—now, as we have recently heard him called, “old Mr. Bannister,”—happening to be indisposed at a time when he should have personated *Charles Oakley*, in *The Jealous Wife*, Barrymore offered to read that part, at a very short notice. He accordingly commenced, with the book in his hand; but, putting it into his pocket, in the second act, and proceeding with great spirit, he was rewarded with the most flattering applause, and soon afterwards, he obtained a considerable increase of salary. The death

of Mr. Brereton, and the desertion of Mr. Palmer—old John Palmer, who went to ruin himself and others at the Royalty Theatre—concurred still further to his advancement; and, at length he succeeded in establishing himself in public favour. For many seasons he was a leading actor at the Haymarket. The most effective part, however, that we recollect having seen him perform, was that of *Osmond*, in Monk Lewis’s melo-dramatic play of *The Castle Spectre*.

Barrymore’s figure and face were unexceptionable; his voice was clear and strong; but his action and deportment were constrained; and, in his conception of character, there was little of intellectual discrimination—in his performance, little of the electric fire of genius.

Mr. Barrymore had several years retired from the stage. His son is considered skilful in the arrangement of pantomime and spectacle; and has, we believe, been engaged in the management of many of the minor theatres.

#### EDWARD FERRERS, ESQ.

In August, at his seat, Baddesley Clinton, Warwickshire, died Edward Ferrers, Esq. This gentleman entered, in 1809, into the Warwickshire Militia, in which, at the period of his decease, he held the rank of major. He contracted, in 1813, a matrimonial alliance with the Lady Henrietta-Anne, second daughter of the Marquess Townshend. In a man of Mr. Ferrers’s good sense, adventitious circumstances, the gifts of fortune, and a genealogy exhibiting a long line of illustrious ancestry, produced only the most salutary influence; for, while he traced, as emblazoned on the windows of his ancient hall, a direct descent from the heroes of the Norman conquest, and intermarriages with not a few of the highest families of England, these accessories served not to foster a sickly vanity, but to kindle in his breast an ambition of embodying in their representative, so far as might be, an unimpaired, yet perfectly unostentatious pattern, of the *vera nobilitas*.

## MONTHLY AGRICULTURAL REPORT

THE same variable weather, characteristic of the whole past season, continues; perpetual and quick alternations of wet and dry, heat and cold. The quality of the corn will necessarily partake of this variety in the season. Corn, fortunately dried in the fields, will be a fine sample; but the greater part, it is to be feared, has not shared that good fortune. Nor ought blame to be cast too hastily on the farmer for clearing his lands on the first appearance of fair weather, the corn being in a questionable state; since, aware of the variable character of the season, he made choice of, in his judgment, the minor evil, dreading most a repetition of moisture. Thus far, the accounts of superabundance, particularly in the wheat crop, are fully maintained, and that part which has been saved in good condition will prove a heavy and fine sample. The present year has run counter to an old saw. We always said, after our grandfathers—"a dry summer for the wheat crop." Now, our farming sages attribute the weight and goodness of the wheat to the fertilizing quality of the rains, an effect which they have indubitably had upon poor, sandy, and arid lands; and the uncommon large produce of such inferior soils has helped, in a material degree, to augment the national stock. The great wonder is, how lands, loaded and exhausted as our's almost universally are, could, possibly, in such a state, bear so abundant a produce. As there is scarcely ever a benefit without its countervailing evil, may we not apprehend that such an anomaly will have the unfortunate effect on the minds of our farmers, as to persuade them that clearing land is labour and expense cast to the winds. It would seem, however, that few of them need any persuasion to such effect. The continent, according to recent accounts, has not shared our good fortune. In Russia, and the northern parts of Germany, the crops have failed. The government of France has forbidden exportation; and as the crops have also failed to the southward, there will be a considerable demand for exportation to the Mediterranean. This will cheer our farmers by its necessary effect of preventing prices from suffering that great reduction which has so long been expected in our markets. They have not, indeed, hitherto been overstocked with new wheat, little of which has been offered in a fit condition for grinding. It will be to the interest of the landlords to be as forbearing as possible in the collection of their Christmas rents, that their tenantry may be enabled to hold their corn for an improvement of its condition and for a market.

Harvest will be protracted to a still later period than we stated in our last report: according to our latest letters from the northern extremities of the country, there is corn, particularly oats, which has not yet assumed the harvest yellow—such will not be cut until nearly the middle of next month. Wheat sowing will be necessarily late this year, during the whole of which, harvest operations, instead of following in usual and regular succession, have run one into the other. The low clay lands, foul as they are, will work badly, and being so sodden with wet, it will be almost impracticable to draw any manure upon them. Both oats and barley, though failing upon many parts of the poor soils, it is supposed, will be generally large crops; but of the latter, fine malting samples, which begin already to be inquired for, will not be abundant. Where oats have succeeded, they are said to be the largest crop within memory, both in corn and straw. Lattamath turnips, on some favoured soils, are spoken well of, and are said on others to have made a poor progress. The turnips, though they escaped the fly, are very backward in the bulb. The seeds have not greatly improved from want of a genial summer warmth, and the young clovers have been pinched, and even mildewed, and the potatoe haulm blacked by the severity of the night air. Quantity, not quality, will be the characteristic of the meadow clover, and sainfoin hays of the present year. A decisive opinion of the bean crop is not yet given, but there seems little apprehension of a failure; as to pease, they are estimated at half a crop. Of potatoes the supply will be satisfactory, both in quantity and quality. Of hops no hope exists of any thing like a crop. As to fruit, as well as other produce, we sages have most happily enacted the Comedy of Errors; instead of the predicted scarcity, or almost fruit famine, we hear of so great abundance in some parts of the country, Suffolk particularly, that the growers scarcely know what to do with it; and Covent-garden Market exhibits such plenty and variety of every species, that as a spectacle it is most pleasant and exhilarating. The plenty of all culinary vegetables is most ample.

On the whole our accounts from the country are by no means of that despairing tone which so generally prevailed a few months past. With some exceptions, we look upon them as rather consolatory and promising. We lately noticed a favourable change in the sentiments of our Berkshire friends, who had previously been amongst the loudest complainants; as to those of Herts they had never despaired, and are now declaiming in heroics on the immense productions of the present season, and the goodness of the times, wondering at, and even doubting the just grounds of complaint in other districts; like a certain class of doctors, who, blessed with a robust constitution themselves, prescribe the strongest remedies to all patients alike. Herts is a fine, light and profitable country to farm in, and profits much by the culture of kitchen vegetables. From Lincolnshire also, the accounts are favourable, and the harvest described as the most successful and pleasant both to farmer and labourer.

From the cattle and horse markets, little of novelty presents. Pigs, it seems, have

taken a start, and are determined to be once more worth breeding. All the great marts and fairs have been, as usual, overstocked with cattle, and a difficulty experienced of converting any but of prime quality, into money; in the meantime, the breeders complain they are too cheap, whilst the purchasing graziers insist they are too dear. It remains for the consumers to prove them both in the wrong. Sheep are most in request, as the rot must, in some degree, have diminished their numbers. Of horses, the story is one already ten times told. Wool, dead and brined so long, has not only encountered resurrection, but is making a start to grace and cheer every succeeding report.

Now for our *memorabilia*. Our letters yet continue to question strongly the presumed great benefits of mangold, in the usual cumbersome phraseology, called mangel-wurzel; and to assert the superiority (undoubtedly so in *quality*) of rutabaga, or the Swedish turnip. Of Cobbett's corn, maize, *actum est*, it has fallen a second time, very probably, to rise no more. He should have known that experiment was made of it in Arthur Young's early days, when it was weighed in the experimental balance, and found wanting. But Cobbett is a man of first impressions, with which he generally scorns to enter into any arguments on insignificant topics of right and wrong. We have lately been favoured with a long scientific article from the north, on the fly, and on drugs for the prevention of diseases in corn, chiefly the mildew. Knowledge of the remedies, it seems, has been lately imported from Flanders, to wit, verdigrease, blue vitriol, arsenic, and the nostrums of certain druggists, the composition of which is not to be divulged. Now, the aforesaid drugs, with a long additional list, were tried in this country, more than half a century past, as preventives of smut, but soon laid aside, on a preference of the old remedy of simply brining and liming. There has long been a party, particularly in Scotland, who assign all the maladies of corn to a seminal origin exclusively, or to the operations of insects; in the latter case, allowing the insects their share in the mischief, the figure of *hysteron proteron*, or setting the cart before the horse, is palpably obvious; for no man ever saw *original* blight insects upon sound and unblighted corn. The transformed fly, indeed, or *aphis*, may be seen upon the corn, but so far as we have hitherto observed, without evidence of any damage; the Scotch fly may, peradventure, be of a more voracious and dangerous character; surely so, indeed, since it is said in the present season to have trespassed on the wheats, to the serious amount of one quarter per acre.

We are far from disputing the possibility of a seminal origin, and the power of infection in impure seed, although formerly we did question the probability of it in the case of smut, on the strength of our own, and the experience of others, and most particularly on the apparently decisive experiments of Sir John Call, and the known fact that harvests, in which smut and all the varieties of malady in corn had prevailed, and, of course, much impure seed had been sown, were immediately succeeded by others, in which the corn was harvested in its usual purity. Neither do we pretend to deny the possible use of preventive remedies, one case only being excepted, which is, their being opposed by a blighting season, when their utmost power will be of no avail; for although they may have destroyed the seminal infection, they are utterly powerless when opposed to the infection of the atmosphere. This view need not be styled theoretical, since the actual facts are open and obvious to all who will take the pains to make use of their eyesight and assiduity, pains which we imposed upon ourselves formerly during nearly twenty years, we may venture to say, almost daily. Wheat shall be in the most blooming and glossy state of health, colour and luxuriance, a blighting wind shall arise, attended with cold and moisture, continuing for several days: the first symptoms of blight is a loss of colour and gloss or burnish, next a roughness of the surface of the leaf is superinduced; should a timely and favourable change succeed, the symptoms of early blight soon vanish, and the previous luxuriance returns; but should the atmospheric rigour continue to the length of time required to mature vegetable disease, happily not often the case in our climate, it proceeds in due course through all its varieties, well known by the terms mildew, rust, brand, and smut. What countryman can have been unobservant of such effects in a blighting season, and of the opposite in a genial one? Our seminal critics may, indeed, pass scurvy jests upon the wind, as did their predecessors in Gil Blas, on another occasion; but the former will be found in an equal dilemma with the latter. A cold and damp wind, particularly from the east and north, is the prime agent in all vegetable maladies. Nevertheless, we have some few unfortunate lands in this country which, from the coldness and dampness of the soil and of the surrounding atmosphere, seldom fail to produce diseased grain, even in the most genial seasons.

Erratum in our last report—*chilled for drilled*.

*Smithfield*.—Beef 2s. 6d. to 3s. 8d.—Mutton, 2s. 8d. to 4s. 2d.—Veal, 3s. 8d. to 4s. 8d.—Pork, 4s. to 5s. dairy.—Lamb, 3s. 8d. to 4s. 2d.—Rough fat, 2s. 4d. per stone.

*Corn Exchange*.—Wheat, 48s. to 78s.—Barley, (grinding) 26s. to 38s.—Oats, 20s. to 33s.—London 4 lb. Loaf, 10d.—Hay, 42s. to 105s. per load.—Clover, ditto, 70s. to 115s.—Straw, 30s. to 42s.

Coals in the Pool, 28s. 7d. to 36s. per chaldron.

*Middlesex, September 20.*

M.M. New Series.—VOL. X. No. 58.

3 Q



## MONTHLY COMMERCIAL REPORT.

**SUGAR.**—The market was rather dull last week, but prices were well supported: the sales were estimated at 2,500 hogsheads and tierces. The deliveries of West India last week were very large, 4,075 hogsheads and tierces, being 483 less than last year; and of Mauritius, 4,996 bags, being 1,337 bags more than the corresponding week of last year. Goods suitable for home supply are but small, but the demand lately has been limited; the refined is very dull; Molasses 1s. lower, and dull. Havannah sugar consists of a rather large parcel of white by private contract, at a reduction of 1s., 30s., and 41s.; some brown, 20s. and 22s. 6d.; and some yellow, 24s. and 26s. 6d. There were no sales of Brazil sugar. About 4,000 bags of Mauritius sold last week at rather higher rates. Bengal sugar of the late sale, 1s. 6d. profit. At a late public sale 3,374 bags of Mauritius sugar; the whole went off heavily at a reduction of 6d. to 1s. per cwt. — *West India Molasses.* It is reported a sale has been affected at 1s. reduction; 350 puncheons new St. Vincents, 22s. 6d.; Trinidad, 22s.

**COFFEE.**—St. Domingo coffee sold good ordinary at 34s. By public sale about 250 casks of Jamaica sold freely, maintaining the late advance, chiefly fine ordinary to fine fine ordinary, 43s. and 50s.; large parcels of Demerara and Berbice, 42s. and 48s. At public sales 244 casks, 451 bags, British plantation, 1,307 bags St. Domingo; the latter ordinary and fair ordinary, for which there were no offers made above 28s. 6d.; the Jamaica heavily at a reduction of 1s. and 2s. The Colonial markets are dull.

**RUM, BRANDY, HOLLANDS.**—The sales of proof Leewards, about 19, have been considerable; the market looks firm; several contracts for Jamaica are also reported, 2s. 10d., and 3s. 2d. The purchases of Brandy have been more extensive than usual; first marks 4s. 8d. and 4s. 9d., and yesterday 5s. was paid. In Geneva there is no alteration.

**HEMP, FLAX, AND TALLOW.**—The Tallow market is dull. The ships passing the Sound are more numerous than was expected; the prices of Tallow are in consequence rather lower, and the market is dull. Flax is without variation; Hemp rather lower.

*Course of Foreign Exchange.*—Amsterdam, 12. 5½.—Rotterdam, 12. 6.—Antwerp, 12. 5.—Hamburg, 13. 14.—Altona, 00. 00.—Paris, 25. 55.—Bordeaux, 25. 85.—Berlin, 0.—Frankfort-on-the-Main, 153. 0.—Petersburg, 10. 0.—Vienna, 10. 12.—Trieste, 00. 00.—Madrid, 36. 0.—Cadiz, 36. 0½.—Bilboa, 36. 0.—Barcelona, 36. 0.—Seville, 36. 0½.—Gibraltar, 47. 0½.—Leghorn, 48. 0.—Genoa, 25. 70.—Venice, 46. 0.—Malta, 48. 0½.—Naples, 39. 0½.—Palermo, 118. 0½.—Lisbon, 44½.—Oporto, 44. 0½.—Rio Janeiro, 22. 0.—Bahia, 28. 0.—Dublin, 1. 0½.—Cork, 1. 0½.

*Bullion per Oz.*—Portugal Gold in Coin, £0. 0s. 0d.—Foreign Gold in Bars, £3. 17s. 10½d.—New Doubloons, £0. 0s. 0d.—New Dollars, £0. 4s. 9½d.—Silver in Bars (standard), £0. 4s. 11½d.

*Premiums on Shares and Canals, and Joint Stock Companies, at the Office of WOLFE, Brothers, 23, Change Alley, Cornhill.*—Birmingham CANAL, (¼ sh.) 292½.—Coventry, 850½.—Ellesmere and Chester, 90½.—Grand Junction, 270½.—Kennet and Avon, 00½.—Leeds and Liverpool, 455½.—Oxford, 635½.—Regent's, 24½.—Trent and Mersey, (¼ sh.) 750½.—Warwick and Birmingham, 280½.—London Docks (Stock), 77¾.—West India (Stock), 190½.—East London WATER WORKS, 126½.—Grand Junction, 61½.—West Middlesex, 80½.—Alliance British and Foreign INSURANCE, 9½.—Globe, 154¾.—Guardian, 28½.—Hope Life, 6¾.—Imperial Fire, 118½.—GAS-LIGHT Westminster, chartered Company, 60½.—City, 191½.—British, 1½ dis.—Leeds, 195½.

## ALPHABETICAL LIST OF BANKRUPTCIES,

*Announced from August 23d, to September 23d, 1830, in the London Gazette.*

## BANKRUPTCIES SUPERSEDED.

J. English, Strand, hosier  
J. Barker, High Holborn, straw-hat-manufacturer  
S. Grovesnor, Wood-street, silk-hat-manufacturer  
J. Hutchison, Liverpool, merchant  
M. Whitaker, Esholt, worsted-stuff-manufacturer  
Berncastle, Nathan Solomon, and Solomon, Samuel, Brighton and Lewes, jewellers.

## BANKRUPTCIES.

[ This Month 82. ]

*Solicitors' Names are in Parentheses.*

Ashton, J., Liverpool, wine-merchant. (Blackstock and Co., Temple)  
Aschersleben, F. K., Austin-friars, merchant. (Hoppe, Sun-court)  
Bell, J., Liverpool, master-mariner. (Norris and Co., John-street)

- Bryan, T., Mining-lane, wine-broker. (Jones, Princes-street)
- Bullock, J., Featherstone-street, ironmonger. (Sharpe and Co., Old Jewry)
- Burton, J., Nottingham, stone-mason. (Willett and Co., Essex-street; Fox, Nottingham)
- Bunn, C., Birmingham, gilt-toy-maker. (Austen and Co., Gray's Inn; Arnold and Co., Birmingham)
- Briarly, A., Kirtan-in-Lindsey, innkeeper. (Browne, Mure-chambers; Thorpe and Co., Kirtan-in-Lindsey)
- Battersby, A., Liverpool, builder. (Smith, Chancery-lane; Bristow, Liverpool)
- Barrow, A., Kirkland, innkeeper. (Thompson, Lincoln's-inn-fields; Wilson, Kendal)
- Brattan, E., Northwich, upholsterer. (Roarke, Furnival's-inn; Barker and Son, Northwich)
- Baley, T., Giltspur-street, baker. (Hill, Aldermanbury)
- Bradley, G., Leeds, brass-founder. (Smith, Son, and Co., New-inn; Duuning, Leeds)
- Barnett, J., Carrickfergus, merchant. (Lowe, Southampton-buildings; Hurry, jun., Liverpool)
- Chase, J., Chiswell-street, apothecary. (Hindmarsh and Son, Cripplegate)
- Cleaver, S., Hungerford-market, cement-maker. (Brooks, Furnival's-inn)
- Cox, H., Sheffield, grocer. (Capes, Gray's inn; Copeland, Sheffield)
- Cunningham, J., Bristol, shopkeeper. (Evans and Co., Gray's-inn; Habersfield, Bristol)
- Comley, G., and G. Jones, and T. Hathaway, Uley, clothiers. (Tanner, New Basinghall-street)
- Chater, E., jun., Lambeth, coal-merchant. (Madox, Austin-friars)
- Clegg, B., Oldham, victualler. (Bower, Chancery-lane; Radley and Co., Oldham)
- Clark, J., Keynsham, basket-maker. (Ivimey, Harpur-street)
- Davies, R., Lisle-street, coal-merchant. (George, Doctors'-commons)
- Drake, G. P., Stepney-green, carpenter. (Williams, Cophall-court)
- Dry, T., Tottenham-court-road, linen-draper. (Sule, Aldermanbury)
- Drake, W. W., Snow-hill, feather-merchant. (Soames, Great Winchester-street)
- Edge, M., Stockport, shopkeeper. (Tyler, Temple; Hunt and Co., Stockport)
- Elliott, T., jun., Goswell-street, tool-maker. (Aston, Old Bond-street)
- Flacke, N. B., Lambeth, livery-stable-keeper. (Rogers, Manchester-buildings)
- Gregson, J. S., Manchester, bookseller. (Few and Co., Henrietta-street; Mousley and Co., Derby)
- Gillgrass, J., Morley, woollen-cloth-manufacturer. (Spence and Co., Size-lane; Scholefield and Co., Leeds)
- Gray, J., (late of Calais,) Islington, banker. (Sharpe and Co., Old Jewry)
- Guyenette, F. J., and S. Geary, Liverpool-street, and S. Geary, Weston-street, builders. (Smith, Cannon-street)
- Gorton, T., jun., Pimlico, bookseller. (Druce and Sons, Billiter-square)
- Garnett, J., Shap, innkeeper. (Addison, Gray's-inn)
- Hedge, N., Colchester, jeweller. (Stephens and Co., London; Sparling, Colchester)
- Handley, W., Birmingham, saddler. (Norton and Co., Gray's-inn; Hawkins and Co., Birmingham)
- Jay, J., Broad-street, upholsterer. (Hamilton and Co., Berwick-street)
- Jarrett, J., and P. T. Tadman, Fenchurch-street, merchants. (Dicas, Basinghall-street)
- Johnson, C., Leeds, victualler. (Chell, Clement's-inn; Bean, Leeds)
- Kay, W., Ripon, saddler. (Lawrence, Lincoln's-inn-fields; Wyche, Ripon)
- Keymer, T., Colchester, woollen-draper. (Big-nold and Co., Bridge-street; Serjeant and Co., Colchester)
- Kerfoot, R., Manchester, builder. (Ellis and Co., Chancery-lane; Morris, Wigan)
- Lanza, G., St. Pancras, publisher of music. (Duncan, Lincoln's-inn-fields)
- Lloyd, J., Peckham-Rye, victualler. (Murphy, Royal Exchange)
- Liddel, J., Kensington, merchant. (Shepherd and Co., Cloak-lane)
- Marsden, G. B., and T. Mather, Manchester, upholsterers. (Bossor and Son, Gray's-inn-place; Warren, Market-Drayton)
- Moore, G. C., Blakeney, grocer. (King, Serjeant's-inn; Shadborn, Newnham)
- M'Ghie, Eliza, and Wakefield, Anne, Manchester, milliners. (Appleby and Co., Gray's-inn; Monk, Manchester)
- Mitchell, R., Crayford, farmer. (Young and Co., Blackman-street)
- Matarol, W. G., late of Pancras-lane, dealer and chapman. (Whiting, Southwark)
- Neve, A., Portsea, linen-draper. (Ivimey, Harpur-street; Low, Portsea)
- Powell, J. C., Chiswell-street, surgeon. (Hindmarsh and Son, Crescent)
- Parris, J. F., Malda Hill, brick-maker. (Davies, Devonshire-square)
- Paylor, W., Knaresborough, confectioner. (Blackstock and Co., Temple; Bardswell, Liverpool)
- Poole, T., Fore-street, linen draper. (Fisher, Walbrook)
- Parker, J., Oxford-street, linen-draper. (Jones, Size lane)
- R-bottom, J., James-street, coffee-housekeeper. (Yates and Co., St. Mary Axe)
- Ridley, W., Wreckenton, miller. (Bell and Co., Bow church-yard; Dawson, Newcastle-upon-Tyne)
- Robson, E., South Shields, boat-builder. (Burn, Doctors'-commons; Bowmas, Newcastle-upon-Tyne)
- Reed, R., Birmingham, gun-maker. (Alexander and Son, Carey-street; Lee and Co., Birmingham)
- Richards, T., Manchester, corn-merchant. (Hord and Co., Temple; Wood, Manchester)
- Rocke, C. A., Tenbury, horse-dealer. (Williams, Gray's-inn-road)
- Skinner, W., Wilmington-square, apothecary &c. (Walker and Co., Lincoln's-inn-fields)
- Shoyer, W., Westin-super-mare, grocer. (Brittan, Basinghall-street; Bevan and Co., Bristol)
- Symmons, G., Atherstone, bookseller. (Wright, Alie-street)
- Scruton, W., St. George's, East, victualler. (Marson, Newington, Surrey)
- Smith, J., Winchester, miller. (Dawson and Co., New Boswell-court; Lee, Winchester)
- Simons, H., Blackmore, grocer. (Clark and Co., Old Bailey)
- Smallbone, J., Titchborne-street, picture-dealer. (Lomat, Great Marylebone-street)
- Scott, J., Bread-street, shawl-warehouseman. (Wingfield and Co., Great Marlborough-street)
- Taylor, G., Manchester, steam-engine-manufacturer. (Norris and Co., John-street; Raymer and Co., Manchester)
- Tomlinson, J. H., Halsted, money-scrivener. (Wiglesworth and Co., Gray's-inn; Wyche, Ripon)
- Turner, F. G., Bermondsey, leather-seller. (Wilkinson and Co., Bucklersbury)
- Thomas, J., Abercarne, grocer. (Poole and Co., Gray's-inn; Cornish and Son, Bristol)
- Taylor, J., jun., Halifax, dealer. (Adlington and Co., Bedford-row; Boardman, Bolton)
- Wilson, T., Manchester, commission-agent. (Appleby and Co., Gray's-inn; Monck, Manchester)
- Wright, L. W., London-road, engineer. (Rixon and Son, Jewry-street)
- Welford, J., Oxford street, auctioneer. (Loaden, Great James-street)
- Woodrow, W., West Coker, draper. (Vizard and Co., Lincoln's-inn-fields; Gregory and Co., Bristol)
- Worts, C., Wapping High-street, ship-chandler. (Clabon and Co., Mark-lane)
- Wilson, R., Bishopsgate-street, woollen-draper. (Wilde and Co., College-hill)

## ECCLESIASTICAL PREFERMENTS.

Rev. J. Swinson, to the perpetual Curacy of Walton-le-Dale, Lancashire.—Rev. W. F. Drake, to be Chaplain to Bishop of Norwich.—Rev. H. M. Wagner, and Rev. E. Everard, to be Chaplains to the King.—Rev. H. H. Dodd, to the Vicarage of Arlington, Sussex.—Rev. H. Moore, to the Vicarage of Willington, Sussex.—Rev. E. M. Hall, to the perpetual Curacy of Idle, York.—Rev. E. S. C. B. Cave, to the perpetual Curacy of St. Peter, Morley, York.—Rev. J. P. Vowles, to be Chaplain to Marquis of Northampton.—Rev. J. Griffith, to the Rectory of Llangynhafel, Denbigh.—Rev. W. M. Mayers, to a Stall in Cathedral Church of St. Patrick, Dublin.—

Rev. J. Darby, to the Rectory of Skenfreth, Monmouth.—Rev. C. Birch, to the Vicarage of Happisburgh, Norfolk.—Rev. G. R. Gray, to the Vicarage of Inkberrow, Worcester.—Rev. F. F. Clark, to the perpetual Curacy of Christ Church, Coseley, Stafford.—Rev. I. Hughes, to the perpetual Curacy of Llangynfelin, Cardigan.—Rev. A. Creighton, to the Vicarage of Stallingborough, Lincoln.—Rev. W. Robinson, to the perpetual Curacy of Wood Enderby, near Horncastle.—Rev. J. Hand, to the Rectory of Hansworth, York.—Rev. T. G. Mouldsdaie, to the perpetual Curacy of Hope, Flint.

## CHRONOLOGY, MARRIAGES, DEATHS, ETC.

## CHRONOLOGY.

August 2. Parliament prorogued from September 14 to October 26, to be then held and to sit for the despatch of divers urgent and important affairs.

24. Meeting of the West India planters at City of London Tavern, Marquis of Chandos in the chair; the annual report of their committee was read and adopted.

25. This day Gen. Baudrand, on a special mission from the King of the French, had a private audience, to deliver letters to His Majesty; to which audience he was introduced by the Earl of Aberdeen, His Majesty's Principal Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, and conducted by Sir Robert Chester, Knt., Master of the ceremonies.—*Gazette*.

25. Revolution broke out in Belgium, when some of the ministers' houses were broken open, robbed, and set fire to.

Sept. 13. Extraordinary meeting of the Netherlands' States-General, convoked by the King at the Hague, "by the pressure of afflicting events."

14. Duke of Brunswick arrived at Dover, after a narrow escape he had made from the metropolis of his dominions, an insurrection having there taken place; his palace being burnt to the ground, and himself obliged to run away to save his life. No one was killed or wounded, nor any private property disturbed: the military refused to fire upon the people.

16. Sessions commenced at Old Bailey.

17. His Majesty signified his consent to become Patron of the Horticultural Society of London.

18. Sapwell, a convict condemned at the Old Bailey for the murder of Long, one of the police, executed at the Old Bailey.

22. News arrived of disturbances in the kingdom of Saxony; the burghers of Dresden rose, overpowered the military, plun-

dered the Town Hall, and destroyed all the public records, and the hotel of the minister, who fled. The King has abdicated and appointed his son Regent, and granted him the succession.

Sept. 24. Sessions ended at the Old Bailey, when 18 prisoners received sentence of death, and 117 of transportation at various periods.

— Prince Talleyrand, *ex-départ* Bishop of Autun, arrived as Ambassador from the King of the French.

## MARRIAGES.

T. H. S. Bucknall Estcourt, M. P., to Lucy Sarah, daughter of Admiral Sotherton, M. P., Notts.—Earl of Roscommon, to Charlotte, daughter of the late J. Talbot, esq., and niece of the Earl of Shrewsbury.—At Wortley, Hon. J. C. Talbot, third son of Earl Talbot, to Hon. Caroline Jane Stuart Wortley, daughter of Lord Wharncliffe.—Captain E. C. Fletcher, (1st L. G.), to Hon. Ellen Mary Shore, daughter of Lord Teignmouth.—E. Hopkins, esq., to Eliza Susannah, daughter of Vice-Admiral Giffard.—Sir Edward Blunt, bart., to Mary Frances, eldest daughter of Edward Blunt, esq., M. P.—Hon. J. St. Clair, eldest son of Lord St. Clair, to Miss Jane Little.—Lieut.-Col. J. P. St. Clair, to Susan, daughter of Sir T. Turton, bart.

## DEATHS.

Harriet Mary, Countess of Malmesbury, 70, mother of the present Earl of Malmesbury.—Mary, wife of Rev. Rowland Hill, 84.—Frances, the lady of Baron Ducie, daughter of Earl of Carnarvon.—Lady Robinson, wife of Rt. Hon. Sir Christopher Robinson.—Rear-Admiral Hunter, 98.—At Bath, Mr. N. T. Carrington, 53, late of Devonport, Author of "Dartmoor," "The Banks of Tamar," "My Native Village," and other Poems; he had lingered



four years in a consumption.—At Easton, Earl of Rochford, 77.—At Aldenham Abbey, Admiral Sir Charles Morrice Pole, bart.—In Portland-place, Lady Boston.—At Sacombe Park, Countess of Athlone.—In Regent's Park, J. Wilson, esq., late M. P. for city of York.—Lady Isabella Douglas, aunt to Earl of Selkirk.—Lady Augusta Mary de Grey, daughter of late Lord Walsingham.—Hon. Mrs. J. Stapleton, daughter of late Lord Southampton.—Right Hon. W. Huskisson, M. P., Liverpool.—Sophia, wife of Vice-Admiral Sir Henry Bayntun.

#### DEATHS ABROAD.

At Albano, near Rome, Sarah Emerson, wife of Lieut.-Col. Manley, of the Roman Dragoon Guards.—At St. Len, near Paris, the Prince de Condé, 75, late Duc de

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## ECCLESIASTICAL PREFERMENTS.

Rev. J. Swainson, to the perpetual Curacy of Walton-le-Dale, Lancashire.—Rev. W. F. Drake, to be Chaplain to Bishop of Norwich.—Rev. H. M. Wagner, and Rev. E. Everard, to be Chaplains to the King.—Rev. H. H. Dodd, to the Vicarage of Arlington, Sussex.—Rev. H. Moore, to the Vicarage of Willington, Sussex.—Rev. E. M. Hall, to the perpetual Curacy of Idle, York.—Rev. E. S. C. B. Cave, to the perpetual Curacy of St. Peter, Morley, York.—Rev. J. P. Vowles, to be Chaplain to Marquis of Northampton.—Rev. J. Griffith, to the Rectory of Llangynhafel, Denbigh.—Rev. W. M. Mayers, to a Stall in Cathedral Church of St. Patrick, Dublin.

Rev. J. Darby, to the Rectory of Skenfreth, Monmouth.—Rev. C. Birch, to the Vicarage of Happisburgh, Norfolk.—Rev. G. R. Gray, to the Vicarage of Inkberrow, Worcester.—Rev. F. F. Clark, to the perpetual Curacy of Christ Church, Coseley, Stafford.—Rev. I. Hughes, to the perpetual Curacy of Llangynfelin, Cardigan.—Rev. A. Creighton, to the Vicarage of Stallingborough, Lincoln.—Rev. W. Robinson, to the perpetual Curacy of Wood Enderby, near Horncastle.—Rev. J. Hand, to the Rectory of Hansworth, York.—Rev. T. G. Moulds, to the perpetual Curacy of Hope, Flint.

## CHRONOLOGY, MARRIAGES, DEATHS, ETC.

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August 2. Parliament prorogued from September 14 to October 26, to be then held and to sit for the despatch of divers urgent and important affairs.

24. Meeting of the West India planters at City of London Tavern, Marquis of Chandos in the chair; the annual report of their committee was read and adopted.

25. This day Gen. Baudrand, on a special mission from the King of the French, had a private audience, to deliver letters to His Majesty; to which audience he was introduced by the Earl of Aberdeen, His Majesty's Principal Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, and conducted by Sir Robert Chester, Knt., Master of the ceremonies.—*Gazette*.

25. Revolution broke out in Belgium, when some of the ministers' houses were broken open, robbed, and set fire to.

Sept. 13. Extraordinary meeting of the Netherlands' States-General, convoked by the King at the Hague, "by the pressure of afflicting events."

14. Duke of Brunswick arrived at Dover, after a narrow escape he had made from the metropolis of his dominions, an insurrection having there taken place; his palace being burnt to the ground, and himself obliged to run away to save his life. No one was killed or wounded, nor any private property disturbed: the military refused to fire upon the people.

16. Sessions commenced at Old Bailey.

17. His Majesty signified his consent to become Patron of the Horticultural Society of London.

18. Sapwell, a convict condemned at the Old Bailey for the murder of Long, one of the police, executed at the Old Bailey.

22. News arrived of disturbances in the kingdom of Saxony; the burghers of Dresden rose, overpowered the military, plun-

dered the Town Hall, and destroyed all the public records, and the hotel of the minister, who fled. The King has abdicated and appointed his son Regent, and granted him the succession.

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— Prince Talleyrand, *ci-devant* Bishop of Autun, arrived as Ambassador from the King of the French.

## MARRIAGES.

T. H. S. Bucknall Estcourt, M. P., to Lucy Sarah, daughter of Admiral Sotherton, M. P., Notts.—Earl of Roscommon, to Charlotte, daughter of the late J. Talbot, esq., and niece of the Earl of Shrewsbury.—At Wortley, Hon. J. C. Talbot, third son of Earl Talbot, to Hon. Caroline Jane Stuart Wortley, daughter of Lord Wharncliffe.—Captain E. C. Fletcher, (1st L. G.), to Hon. Ellen Mary Shore, daughter of Lord Teignmouth.—E. Hopkins, esq., to Eliza Susannah, daughter of Vice-Admiral Giffard.—Sir Edward Blunt, bart., to Mary Frances, eldest daughter of Edward Blunt, esq., M. P.—Hon. J. St. Clair, eldest son of Lord St. Clair, to Miss Jane Little.—Lieut.-Col. J. P. St. Clair, to Susan, daughter of Sir T. Turton, bart.

## DEATHS.

Harriet Mary, Countess of Malmesbury, 70, mother of the present Earl of Malmesbury.—Mary, wife of Rev. Rowland Hill, 84.—Frances, the lady of Baron Ducie, daughter of Earl of Carnarvon.—Lady Robinson, wife of Rt. Hon. Sir Christopher Robinson.—Rear-Admiral Hunter, 98.—At Bath, Mr. N. T. Carrington, 53, late of Devonport, Author of "Dartmoor," "The Banks of Tamar," "My Native Village," and other Poems; he had lingered

four years in a consumption.—At Easton, Earl of Rochford, 77.—At Aldenham Abbey, Admiral Sir Charles Morrice Pole, bart.—In Portland-place, Lady Boston.—At Sacombe Park, Countess of Athlone.—In Regent's Park, J. Wilson, esq., late M. P. for city of York.—Lady Isabella Douglas, aunt to Earl of Selkirk.—Lady Augusta Mary de Grey, daughter of late Lord Walsingham.—Hon. Mrs. J. Stapleton, daughter of late Lord Southampton.—Right Hon. W. Huskisson, M. P., Liverpool.—Sophia, wife of Vice-Admiral Sir Henry Bayntun.

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**BUCKS.**—A meeting of the manufacturers of this county, Northampton, and Bedford, and others interested in the Pillow Lace trade, has been held at Stony Stratford, when it was resolved to petition Her Majesty to patronize and introduce the use of Pillow Lace. The petition has been since presented to the Queen by the Duke of Buckingham; and their Majesties have promised "to pay every attention in their power to the interests of so large a portion of the industrious population of this country." The petition stated that 150,000 persons are dependent on this trade for

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**MONMOUTHSHIRE.**—Mr. Justice Park, at these assizes, complimented the Grand Jury on the very admirable accommodation they had provided for the administration of justice, remarking, "That as nothing is of so much importance to society as the due administration of justice; so, to render it effectual, it is necessary to provide proper accommodation for the Judges, the Members of the legal profession, and the Public. That has been done, so that the public are in a situation in which they can now see and hear the proceedings according to the constitution of the country."

The Calendar exhibited a list of 18 prisoners, who were disposed of as follows, viz. judgment of death was recorded against two, two were sentenced to transportation for seven years, six to be imprisoned, six were acquitted, and against two no bills were found.

**DEVONSHIRE.**—On the occasion of the Anniversary (Aug. 31) of the Foundation of the Devon and Exeter Hospital, the Archdeacon (who preached at the Cathedral on the occasion), said: "Among all the institutions which we possess, there is none more successful than the ancient corporation whose cause we are now assembled to celebrate—the Devon and Exeter Hospital. It has, indeed, during the space of 89 years in which it has been established in this country, been most bountifully supported, and it has amply recompensed that support by relieving the afflicted. Since its commencement no less than 93,000 persons have partaken of the benefits of this institution, and of these the far greater portion have been sufferers under acute disorders, and most of them relieved. Last year there were 1,400 patients, of whom nearly 1000 were inmates of the house."

**BUCKS.**—A meeting of the manufacturers of this county, Northampton, and Bedford, and others interested in the Pillow Lace trade, has been held at Stony Stratford, when it was resolved to petition Her Majesty to patronize and introduce the use of Pillow Lace. The petition has been since presented to the Queen by the Duke of Buckingham; and their Majesties have promised "to pay every attention in their power to the interests of so large a portion of the industrious population of this country." The petition stated that 150,000 persons are dependent on this trade for

their daily bread ; and that their earnings have lately dreadfully failed, and reduced them to seek parochial aid, owing to Pillow Lace not being worn by the nobility, and having become unfashionable.

**OXFORDSHIRE.**—Many very serious acts of riot and devastation having during the last week taken place on the Otmoor enclosures, the magistrates came to the resolution of calling in a military force to the aid of the civil power, and on Saturday a detachment of Yeomanry Cavalry marched into Islip. On Sunday, appearances becoming alarming, application was made by the civil authorities for a reinforcement, and a considerable body of the same regiment was marched during the day to that neighbourhood. The same night the whole force, commanded by Lord Churchill, and under the orders of the High Sheriff, accompanied by some of the neighbouring magistrates, patrolled Otmoor till daylight. A few hours later, reports were received that a large assemblage of people were actually engaged in destroying the fences, &c. The regiment was immediately marched to the spot ; and the Riot Act having been read, they succeeded in capturing a considerable number of the rioters, who were sent off to Oxford by the magistrates, under an escort of yeomanry, but were rescued by a desperate attack of the mob on their way to the castle. Some of them who had escaped have been since recaptured, and tranquillity has been established.—*Oxford Paper*, Sept. 11.

**SCOTLAND.**—In the weaving trade work is very plentiful, and the looms are generally taken up ; but in no former period were the prices ever known to continue so long in such a depressed state. Coloured work of all sorts, much of which is for the home-market, predominates now over all others, and is the only branch in the trade in which there may be said to be much life.—When compared with the October prices of 1827, the rate of paying is found to have suffered a large reduction ; and a very slight glance at the prices shews evidently the tremendous effort necessary to earn even a bare subsistence. The most expert tradesman in the prime of life will scarce exceed on an average 10s. a week ; and even then, from morning till night, he must be almost as constant and durable as the machine he has to compete with. From that downwards to half-a-crown a week may be stated as the usual run of weavers' wages ; and the average, after deducting loom-rent and other items, may fairly be struck at 5s. a week. Within these three months, coloured work has risen from eight to ten per cent., while in the light way there has been no advance. A number of the light weavers have for some time been making their own work in preference to taking out work from the regular warehouses, and after purchas-

ing materials at a poor market, are making better prices.—*Glasgow Chronicle*.

**IRELAND.**—A meeting has been recently held in Dublin for congratulating the citizens of Paris on the late Revolution, when several resolutions were entered into for that purpose ; the Earl of Westmeath was in the chair.

The elections have terminated. There has been more change in the representatives than has occurred at any election since the union. In Leinster, which returns 32 members, there are 12 new men. Munster returns 20 members, of whom 6 are strangers. Connaught returns 12 representatives, amongst whom 4 are new. Ulster, 26, including 10 new members. There are, therefore, 32 new members—more than one-third of the entire. The new members, generally speaking, are ultra-Liberals, or ultra-Tories. Eight Catholics have been returned for counties, and one for the city of Cork. Among them the most singular was the return of Mr. Wyse for Tipperary. The old candidates had been both advocates of Emancipation, and Mr. Hutchinson is the representative and heir to the titles of the late Lord Donoughmore, who for 20 years almost was chosen by the Catholics of Ireland to present their petitions to the House of Lords. Yet has he been thrown out, though his uncle, the present Earl, holds large possessions in the county, is a man of immense wealth, and very liberal politics. It was not so much against the late member the constituents pointed their hostility, as against the aristocracy and squirearchy of the county by whom he was supported ; the people being resolved to make them feel their importance ; in short, a revolution is going on in Ireland—silently but surely. The upper ranks are losing their influence rapidly. The democracy having learned the secret of their strength, are resolved to profit by the knowledge they have acquired, and to meet at the next election the aristocracy foot to foot. As to the absentees, their influence is entirely gone. — At Antrim, when the burgesses were about to leave the room, three cheers were vociferously given for the French Revolution !!!

O'Connell has commenced a Series of Letters to the People of Ireland, the purpose of which is the Repeal of the Union ; Roman Catholic Emancipation being, in his estimation, only a preliminary measure to the objects contemplated by him and his associated spirits ! “ In the history of mankind,” he says, “ there seldom has been exhibited such a pure, fearless, disinterested, and animated spirit of patriotism, as has shone forth in Ireland of late years, and in particular during the late elections . . . I do affirm, that the conduct of the Irish electors exceeds in patriotism that of the French, considering that they (the French !) had the protection of the ballot !”

The first of these is the fact that the number of votes cast in the election was much smaller than in previous years. This was due to a variety of causes, including the fact that many of the voters were absent from the polls on the day of the election. The second cause was the fact that the election was held on a day when many of the voters were engaged in other business. The third cause was the fact that the election was held in a district where the population was much smaller than in previous years. The fourth cause was the fact that the election was held in a district where the voters were much less interested in the result than in previous years. The fifth cause was the fact that the election was held in a district where the voters were much less educated than in previous years. The sixth cause was the fact that the election was held in a district where the voters were much less wealthy than in previous years. The seventh cause was the fact that the election was held in a district where the voters were much less healthy than in previous years. The eighth cause was the fact that the election was held in a district where the voters were much less happy than in previous years. The ninth cause was the fact that the election was held in a district where the voters were much less satisfied than in previous years. The tenth cause was the fact that the election was held in a district where the voters were much less content than in previous years.

But the most important cause of the small number of votes cast was the fact that the election was held in a district where the voters were much less interested in the result than in previous years. This was due to a variety of causes, including the fact that many of the voters were absent from the polls on the day of the election. The second cause was the fact that the election was held on a day when many of the voters were engaged in other business. The third cause was the fact that the election was held in a district where the population was much smaller than in previous years. The fourth cause was the fact that the election was held in a district where the voters were much less interested in the result than in previous years. The fifth cause was the fact that the election was held in a district where the voters were much less educated than in previous years. The sixth cause was the fact that the election was held in a district where the voters were much less wealthy than in previous years. The seventh cause was the fact that the election was held in a district where the voters were much less healthy than in previous years. The eighth cause was the fact that the election was held in a district where the voters were much less happy than in previous years. The ninth cause was the fact that the election was held in a district where the voters were much less satisfied than in previous years. The tenth cause was the fact that the election was held in a district where the voters were much less content than in previous years.